

DECEMBER
NO. 38

SMASH COMICS

SM
★
12

QUALITY
COMIC
BOOK

10¢

FLIP THE COVER
AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
TO MIDNIGHT!

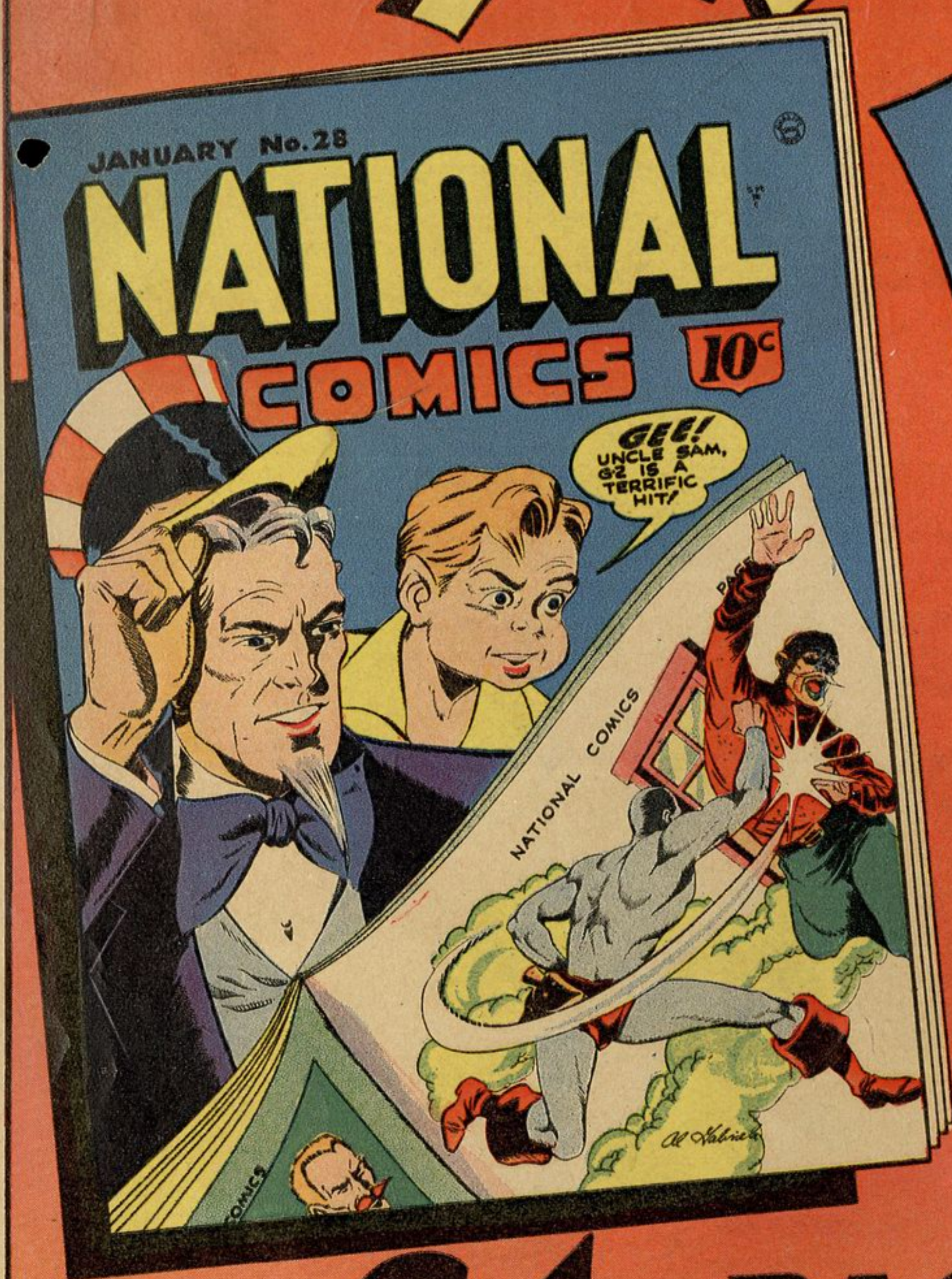
DON'T DO IT,
FOLKS.. THE
CAVEMAN
IS INSIDE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HEY KIDS!



LOOK

64 *of* PAGES

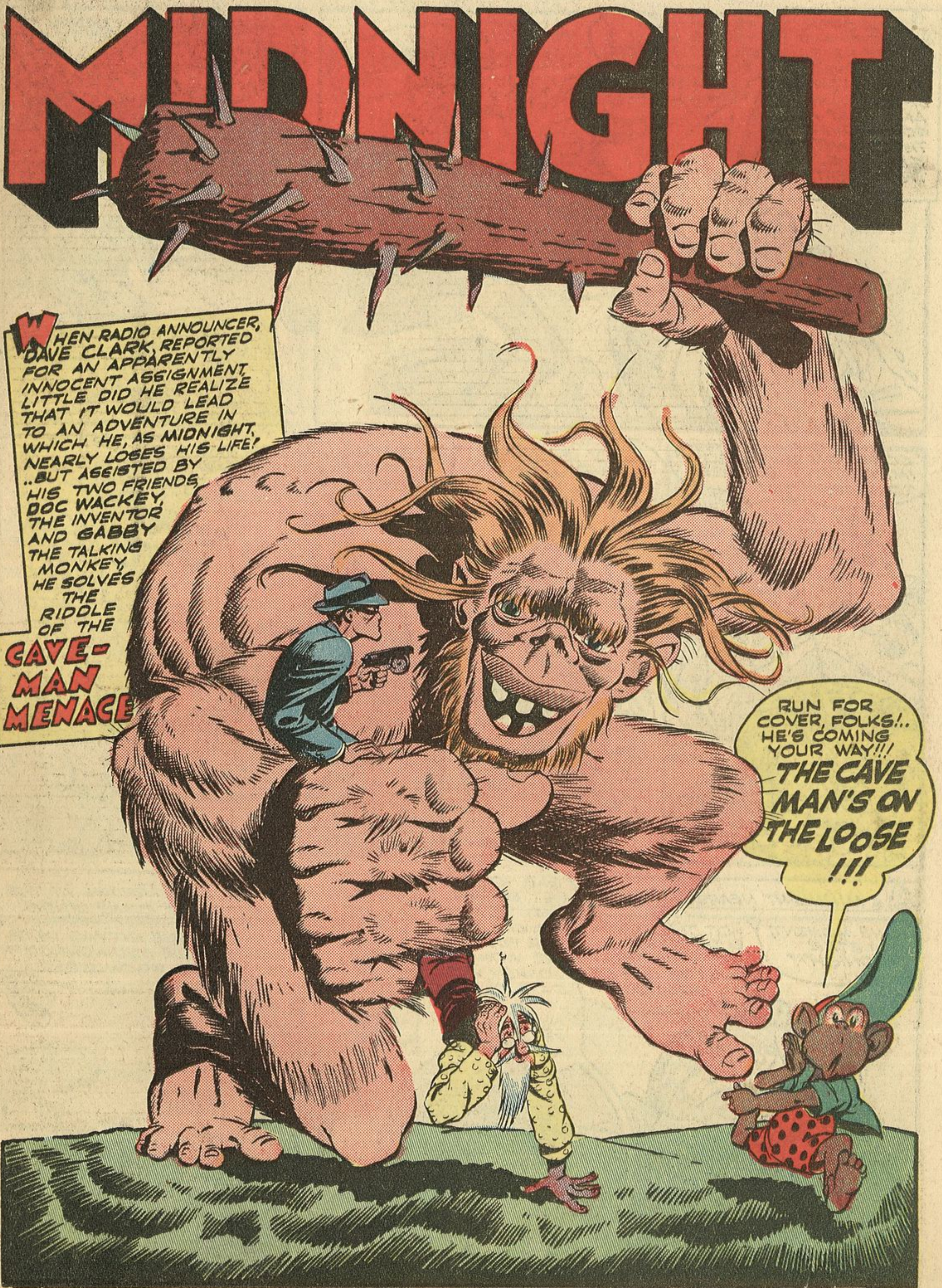
THRILLING, EXCITING ADVENTURE

**RUSH TO YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND, WITHOUT FAIL!**



SMASH COMICS, December, 1942, No. 38. Published monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1942 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.

MIDNIGHT



WHEN RADIO ANNOUNCER, DAVE CLARK, REPORTED FOR AN APPARENTLY INNOCENT ASSIGNMENT, LITTLE DID HE REALIZE THAT IT WOULD LEAD TO AN ADVENTURE IN WHICH HE, AS MIDNIGHT, NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE! ..BUT ASSISTED BY HIS TWO FRIENDS, DOC WACKY, THE INVENTOR AND GABBY THE TALKING MONKEY, HE SOLVES THE RIDDLE OF THE **CAVE-MAN MENACE**

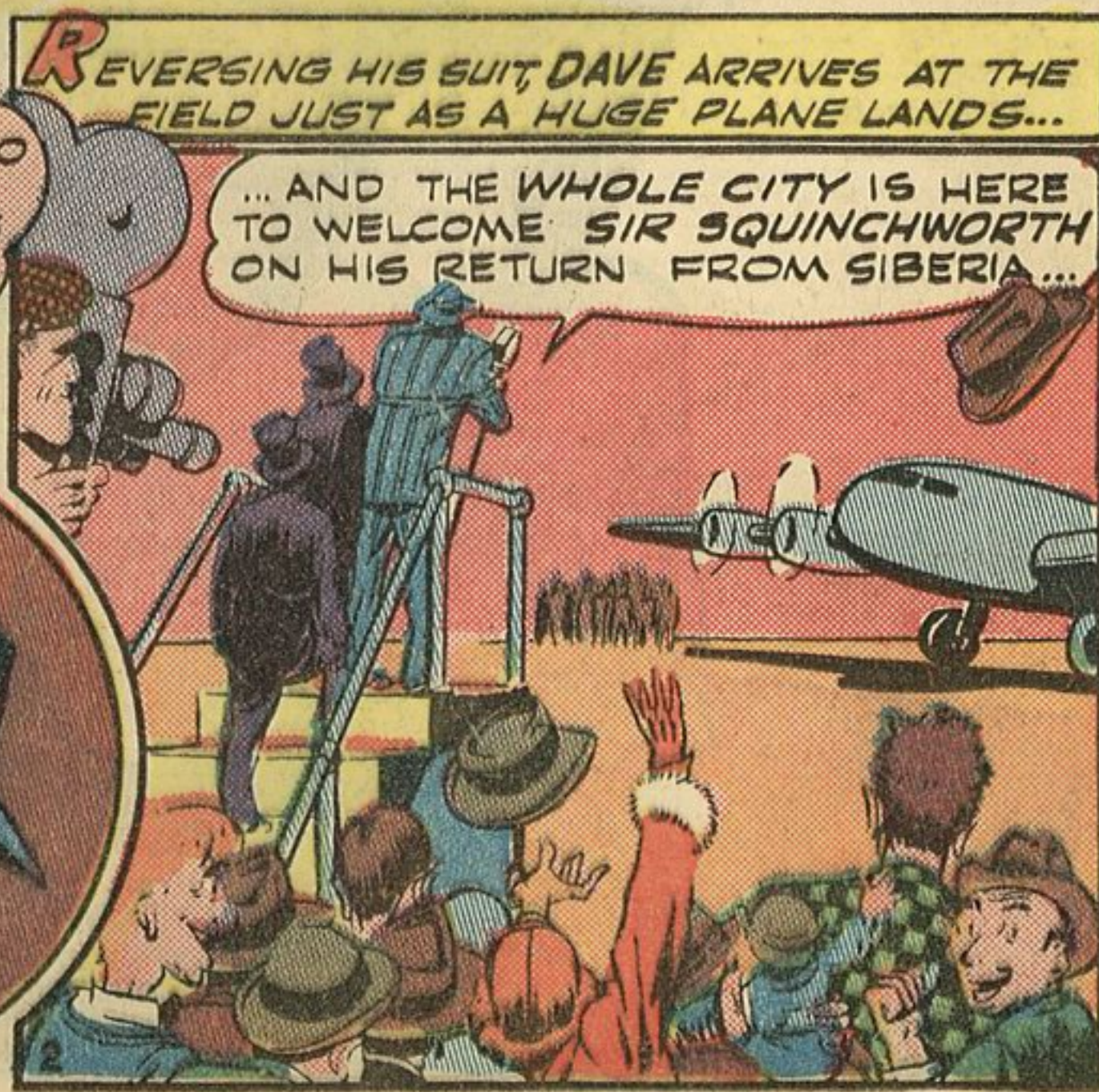
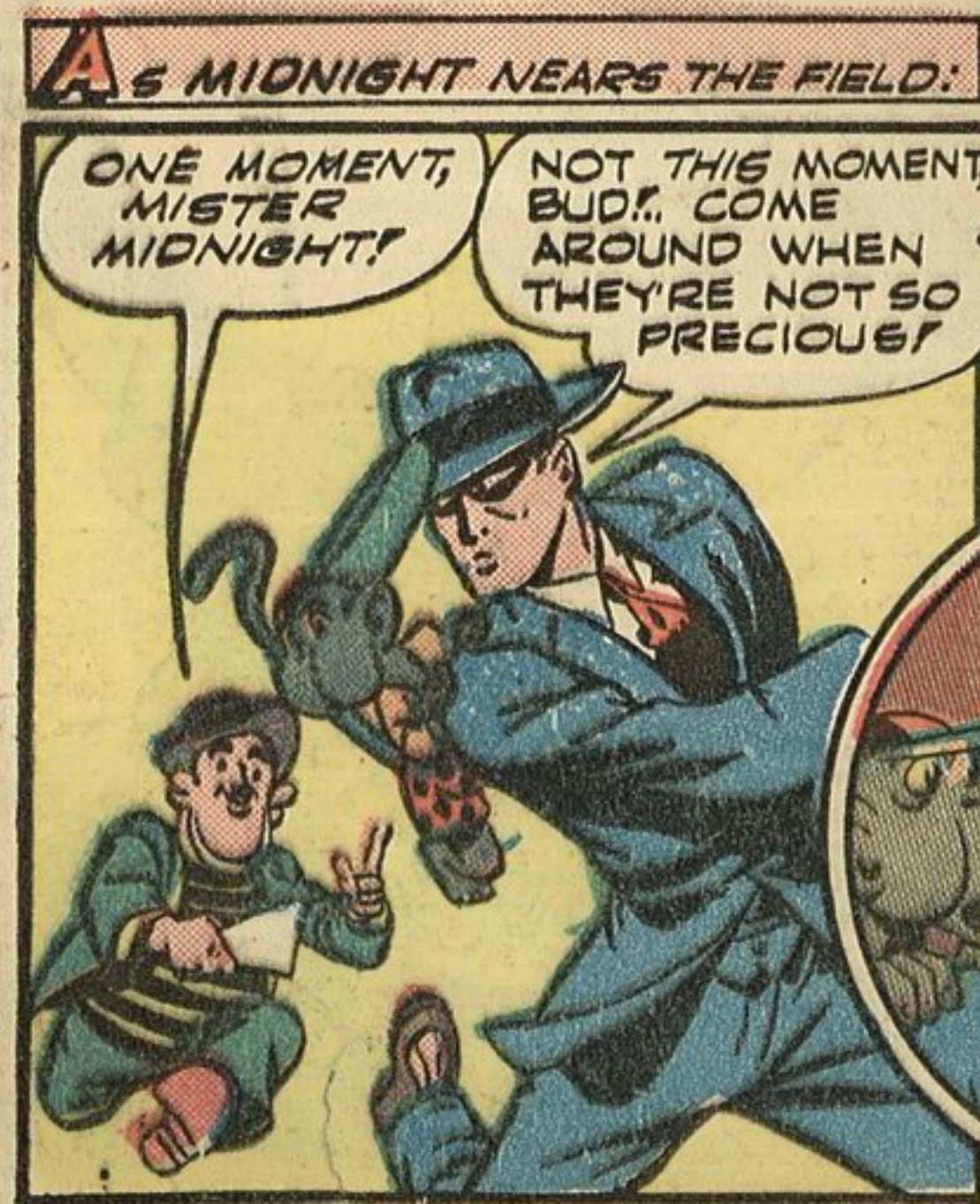
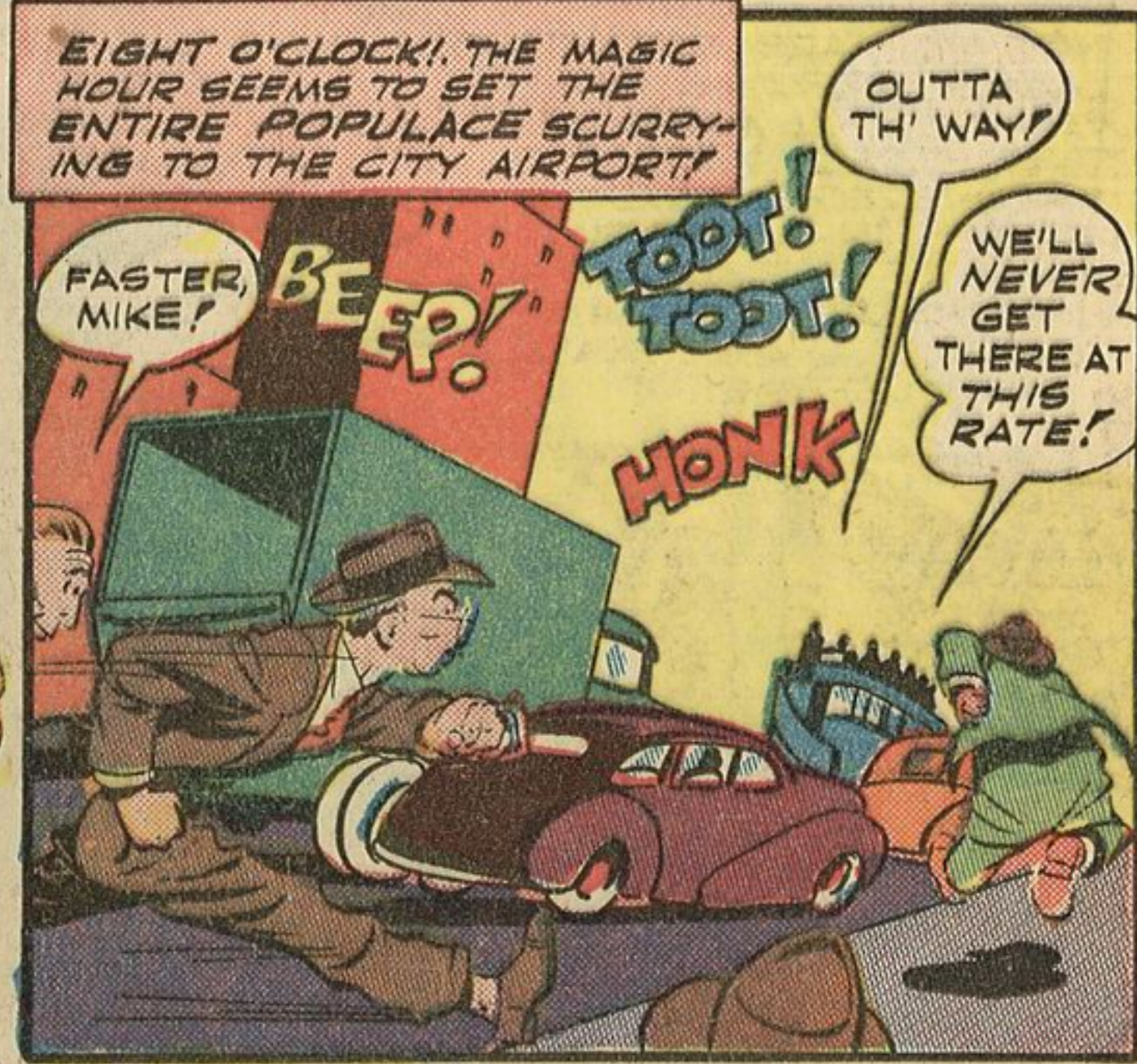
RUN FOR COVER, FOLKS!.. HE'S COMING YOUR WAY!!!
THE CAVE MAN'S ON THE LOOSE !!!

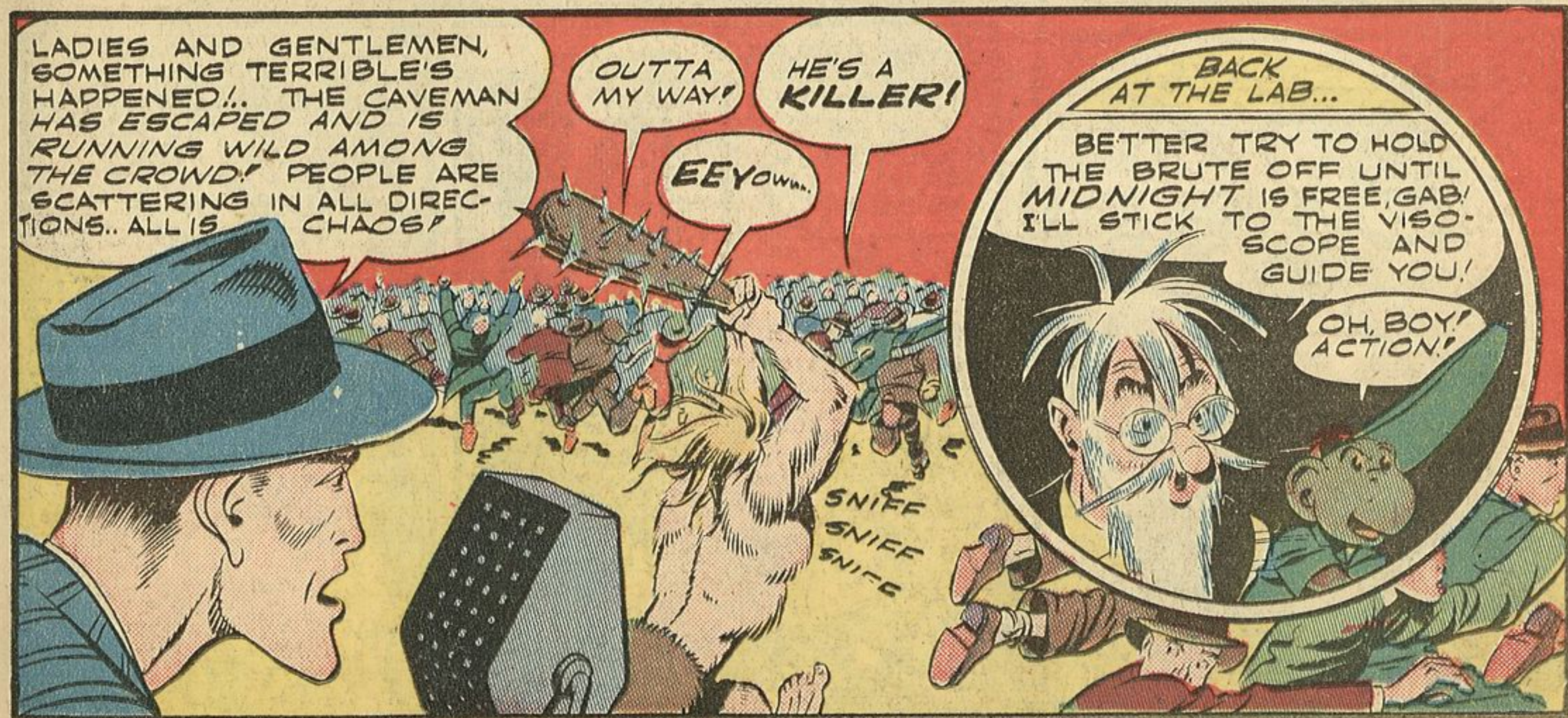
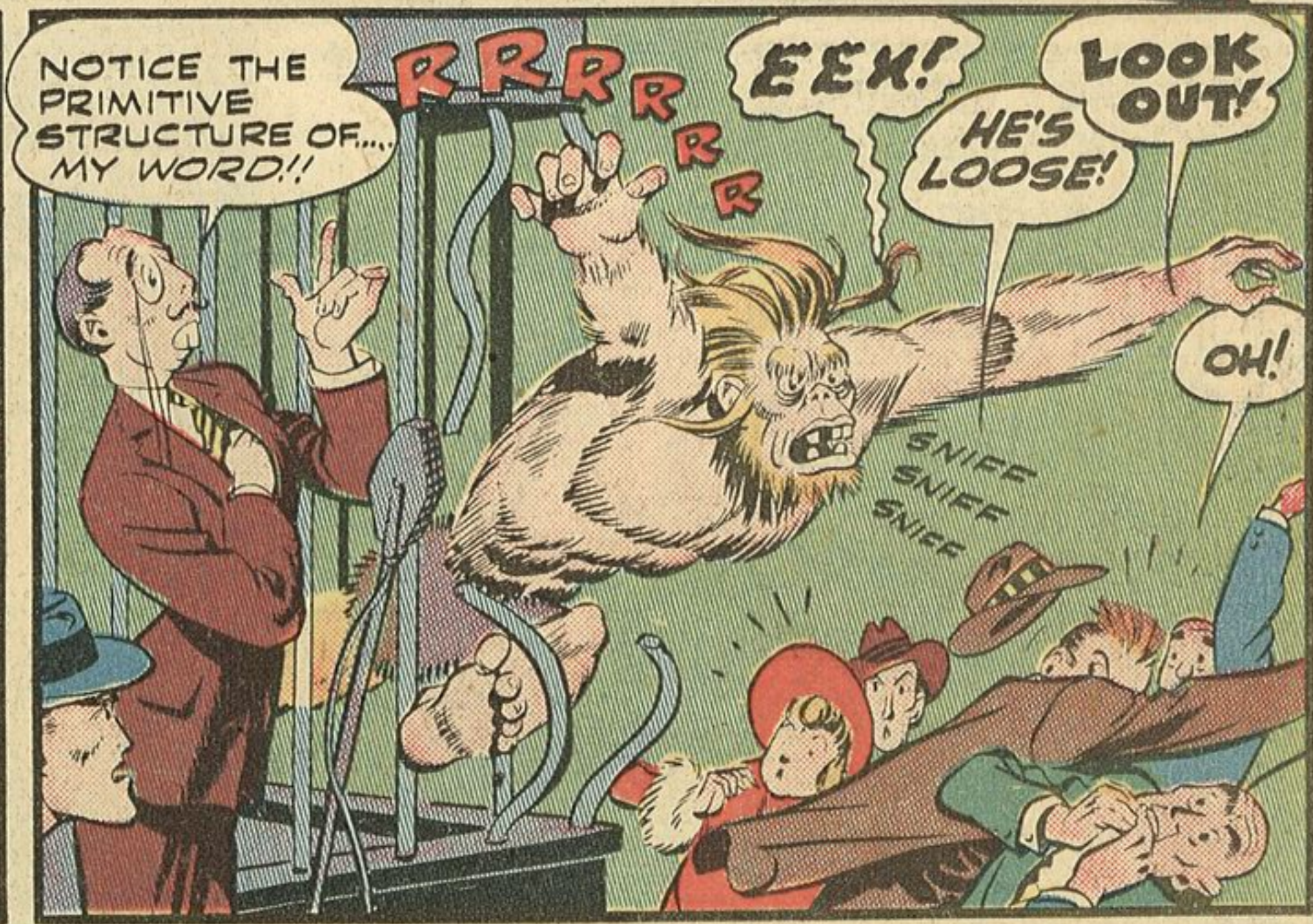
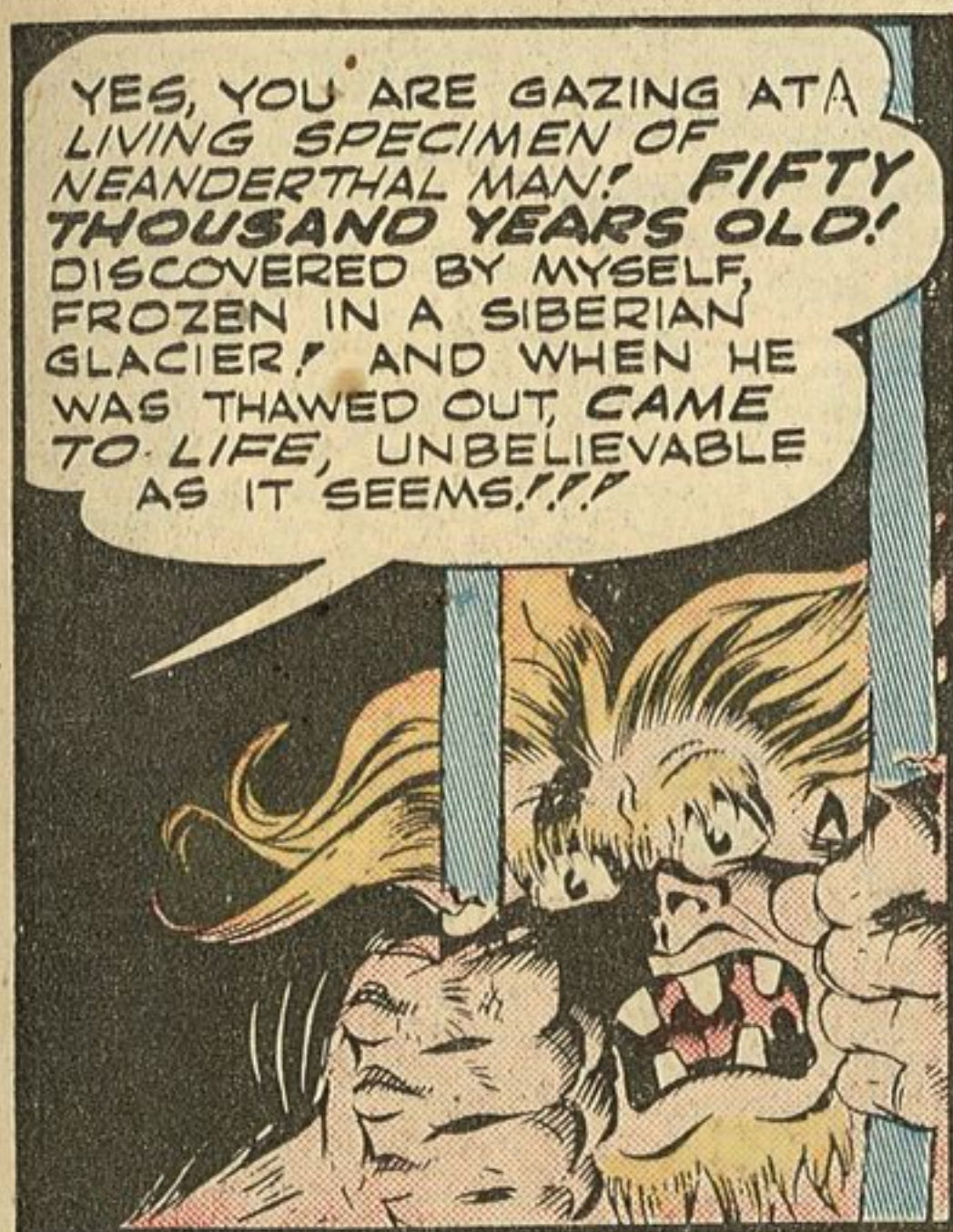
AS WE OPEN, MIDNIGHT AND GABBY HAVE JUST CORNERED TWO CREATURES OF GANGLAND... AND WHAT A GOING OVER THEY ARE GETTING, THESE RATS!



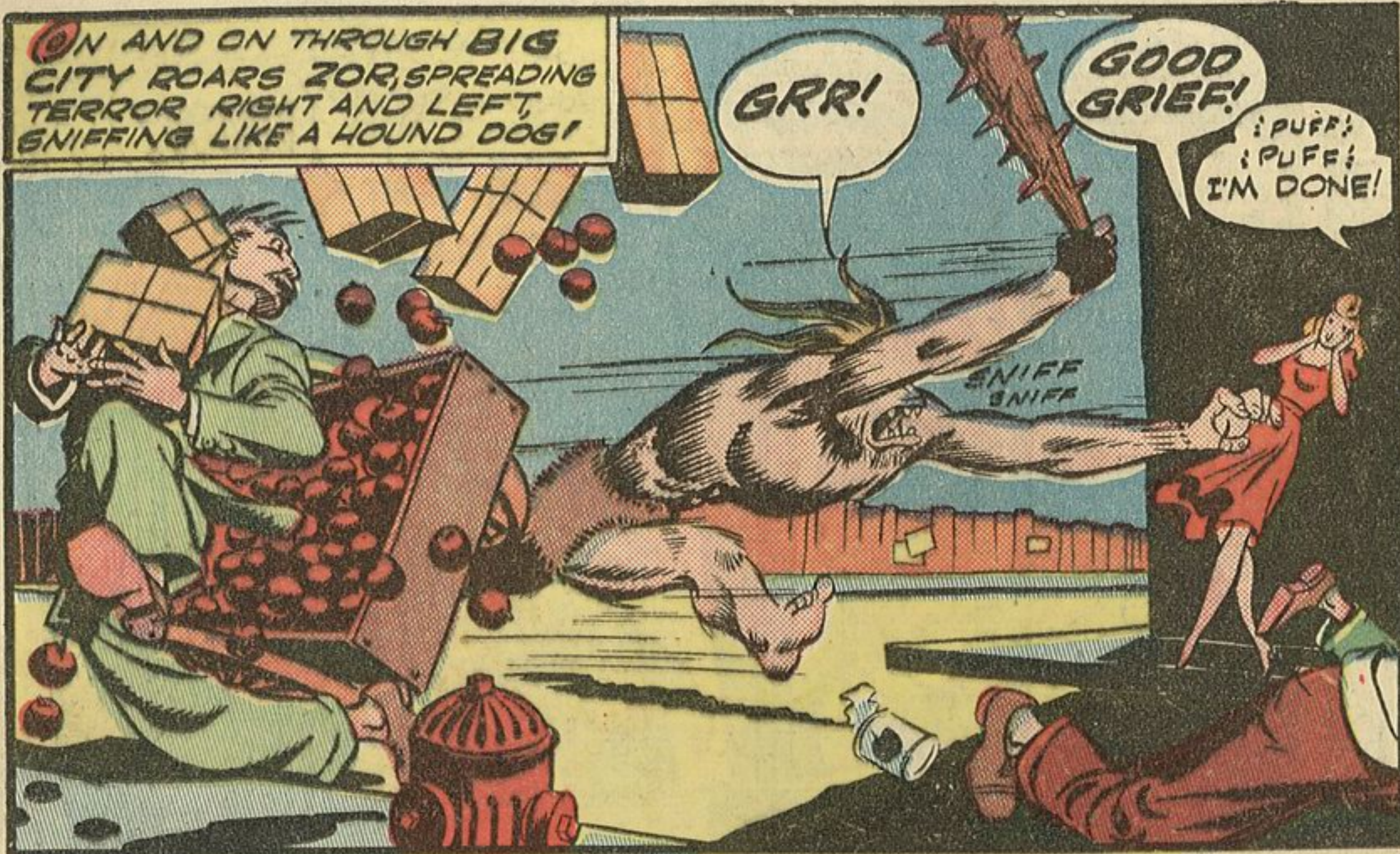
98-99-100!! YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT, SLEEPY!

BOOOOH!





ON AND ON THROUGH BIG CITY ROARS ZOR, SPREADING TERROR RIGHT AND LEFT, SNIFFING LIKE A HOUND DOG!



MEANWHILE...

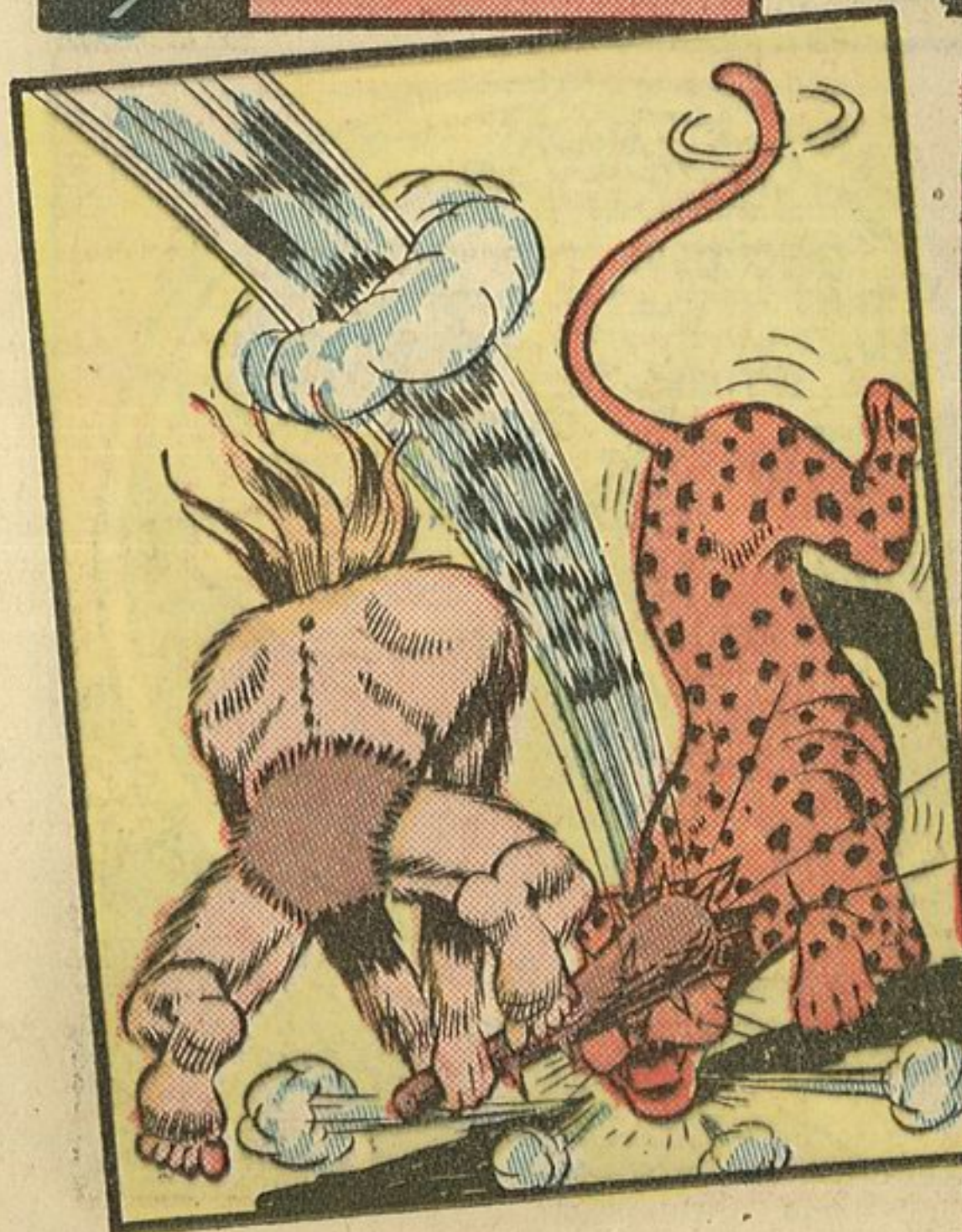


BUT AS HE REACHES THE ZOO!

THEN FOLLOWS A ROUND ROBIN OF MONKEY TALK...



MEANWHILE, ZOR HAS SCENTED HIS PREY...



LATER, MIDNIGHT ARRIVES...





THERE HE IS!

KILL THE BEAST!

OH! OH!.. THE MOB'S CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!.. GOTTA GET YOU TO SAFETY!

ISN'T THAT MIDNIGHT WITH HIM?

HOLD 'IM MIDNIGHT!



GAB! SO THIS IS THE WAY YOU HELP ME?

OMIGOSH! THE CAVEMAN! I PLUMB FORGOT!



WELL... GEE... MIDNIGHT, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO IMPROVE LIVING CONDITIONS FOR MY PALS!.. I'M SORRY... HONEST!

YOU'RE FORGIVEN... COME ON!

THE THREE GO TO DOC'S LAB...



YOIKS!!! TAKE HIM AWAY!! I SAW WHAT HE DID TO THAT LEOPARD!

THAT'S A FINE WAY TO WELCOME A HOUSE GUEST!

I FEEL PUNK!



RELAX, DOC.. HE WON'T HARM A FLEA.. UNLESS HE'S HUNGRY! NOW SIMMER DOWN AND LISTEN TO MY PLANS!

ALL RIGHT, BUT BE SURE TO KEEP HIS FUEL TANK AT THE FULL MARK!

MEANWHILE SIR SQUINCWORTH PORES GLEEFULLY OVER HIS MAIL...



HAW!! HERE'S THE BEST ONE YET... DINGLING BROTHAH'S CIRCUS OFFERS FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ZOR!.. RIGHT SMART OF ME, LETTING HIM ESCAPE... WHEN 'E'S RECAPTURED, HIS VALUE WILL BE DOUBLED!

BUT TWO MONTHS LATER THERE IS STILL NO SIGN OF ZOR...



CAVEMAN, INDEED! I THINK THE WHOLE THING IS A MYTH!... THE OFFERS OFF... SIR!! GOOD DAY!

BUT MISTAH DINGLING.. HI'M SURE HE'LL POP UP SOON...

SPECIAL DELIVERY, SIR!



WAIT A MOMENT!.. SEE!.. DIDN'T HE TELL YOU! THEY'VE CAUGHT 'IM!

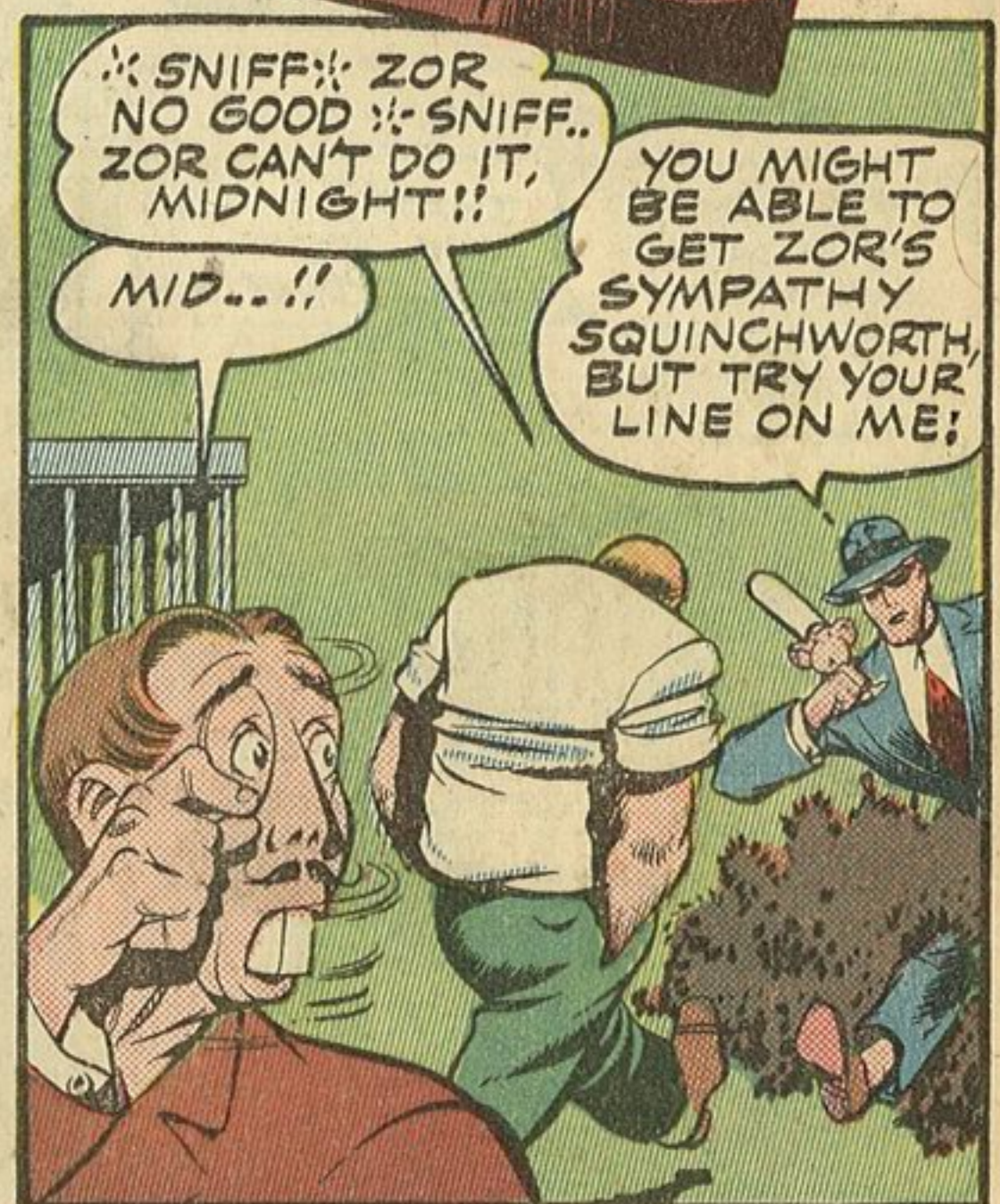
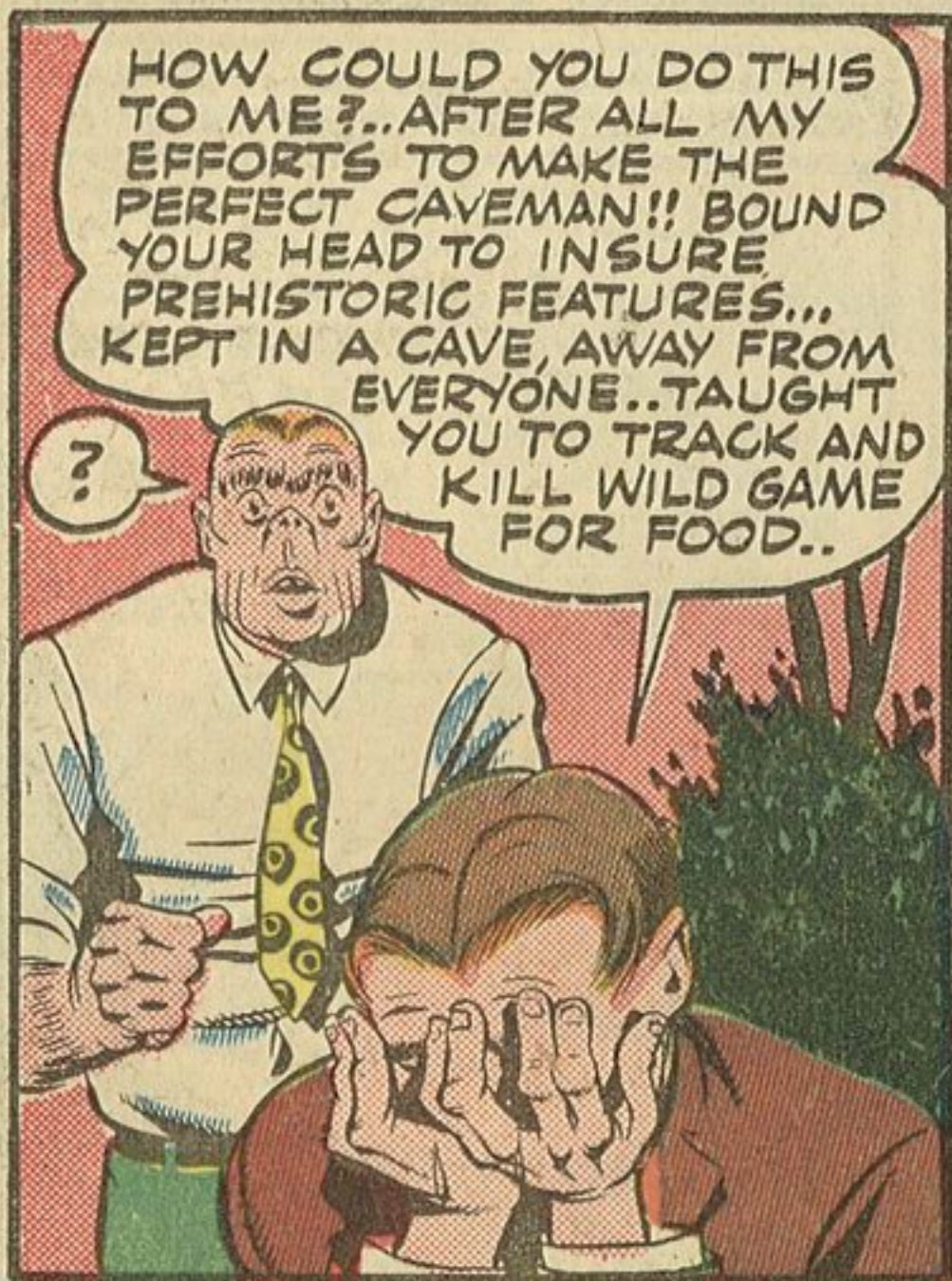
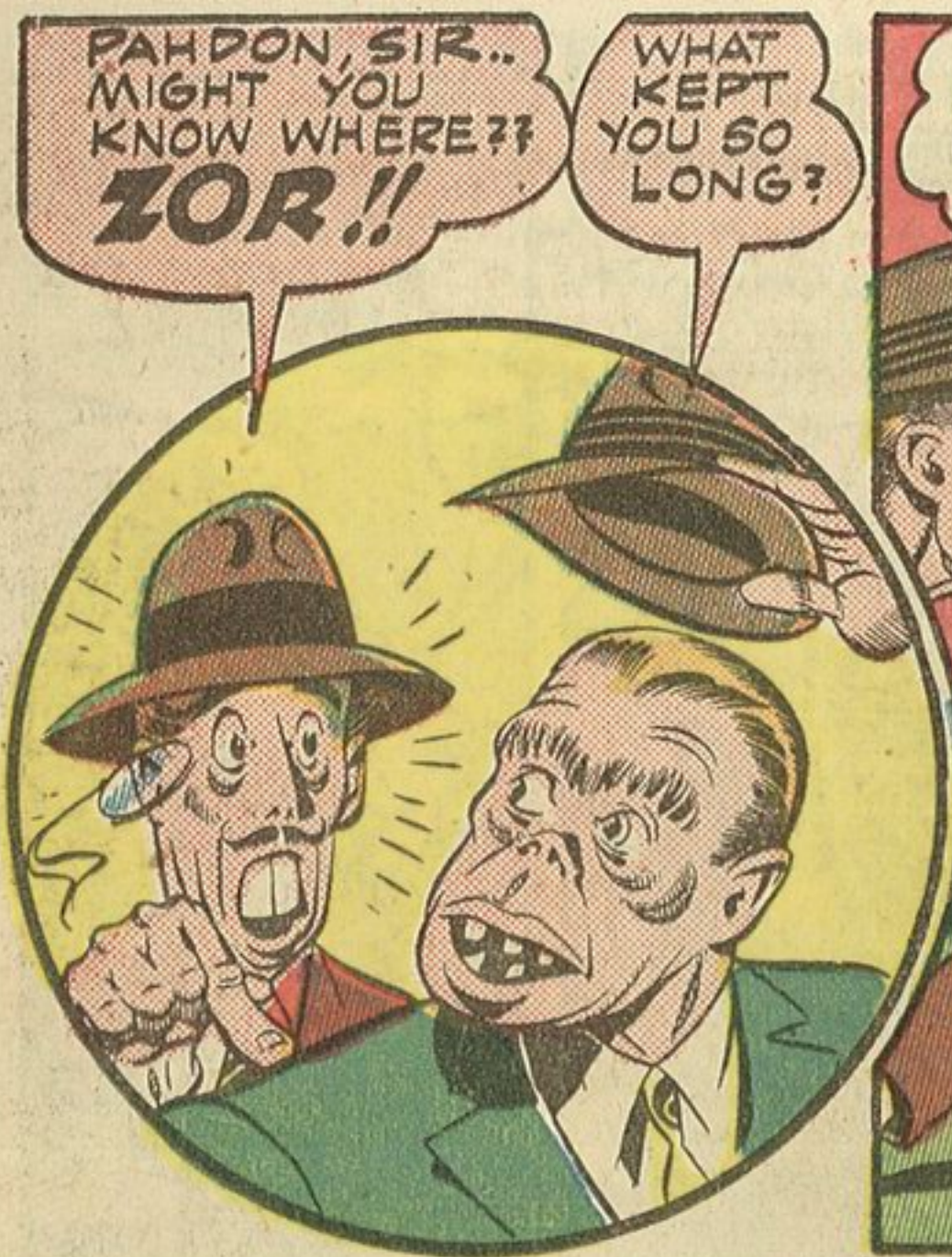
HMmm... I HOPE THIS ISN'T A RUSE!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR SQUINCWORTH AND DINGLY TO REACH THE ZOO WITH A MOBILE CAGE AND TRAINERS...

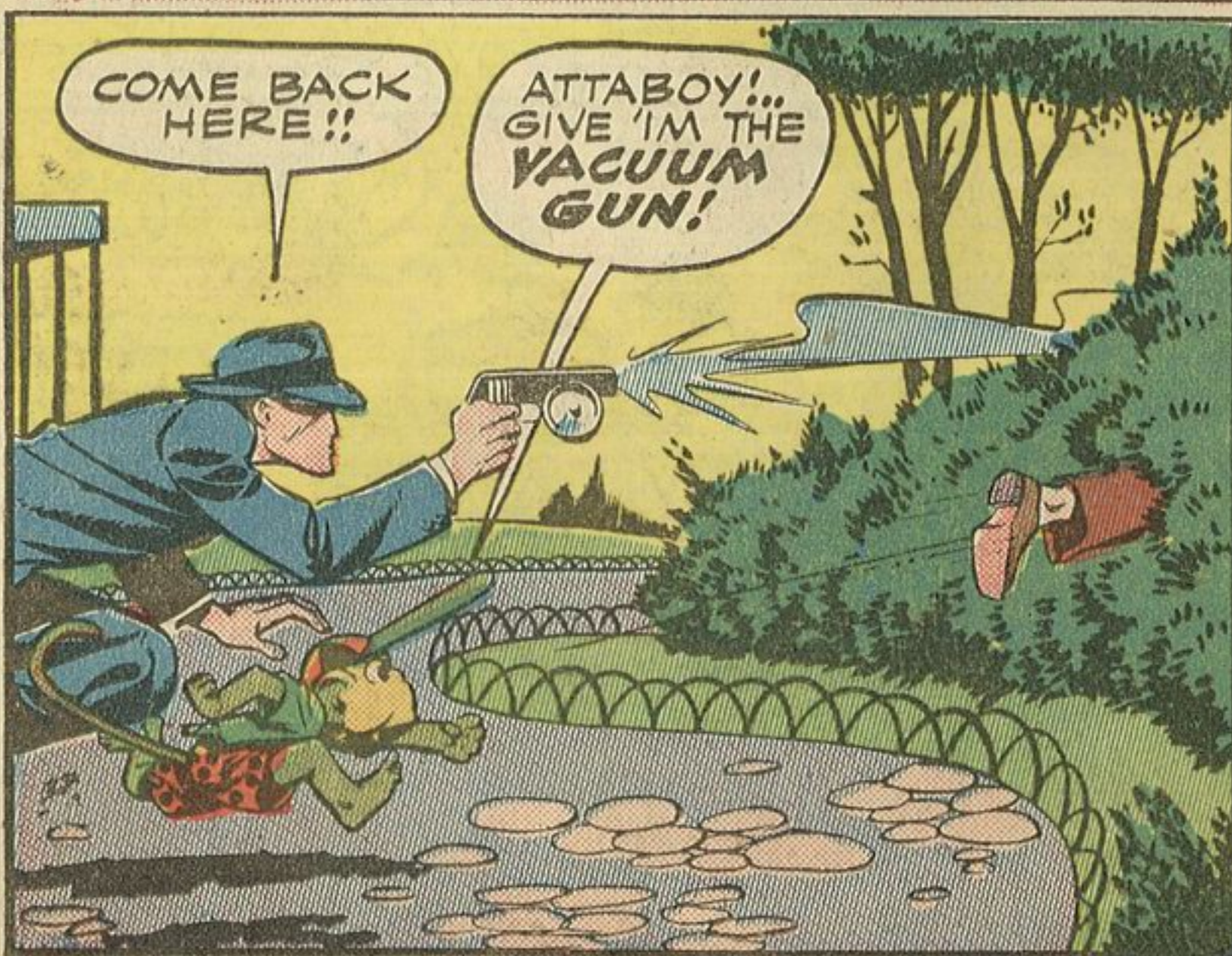


JUST WHERE IS THE LEOPARD CAGE?

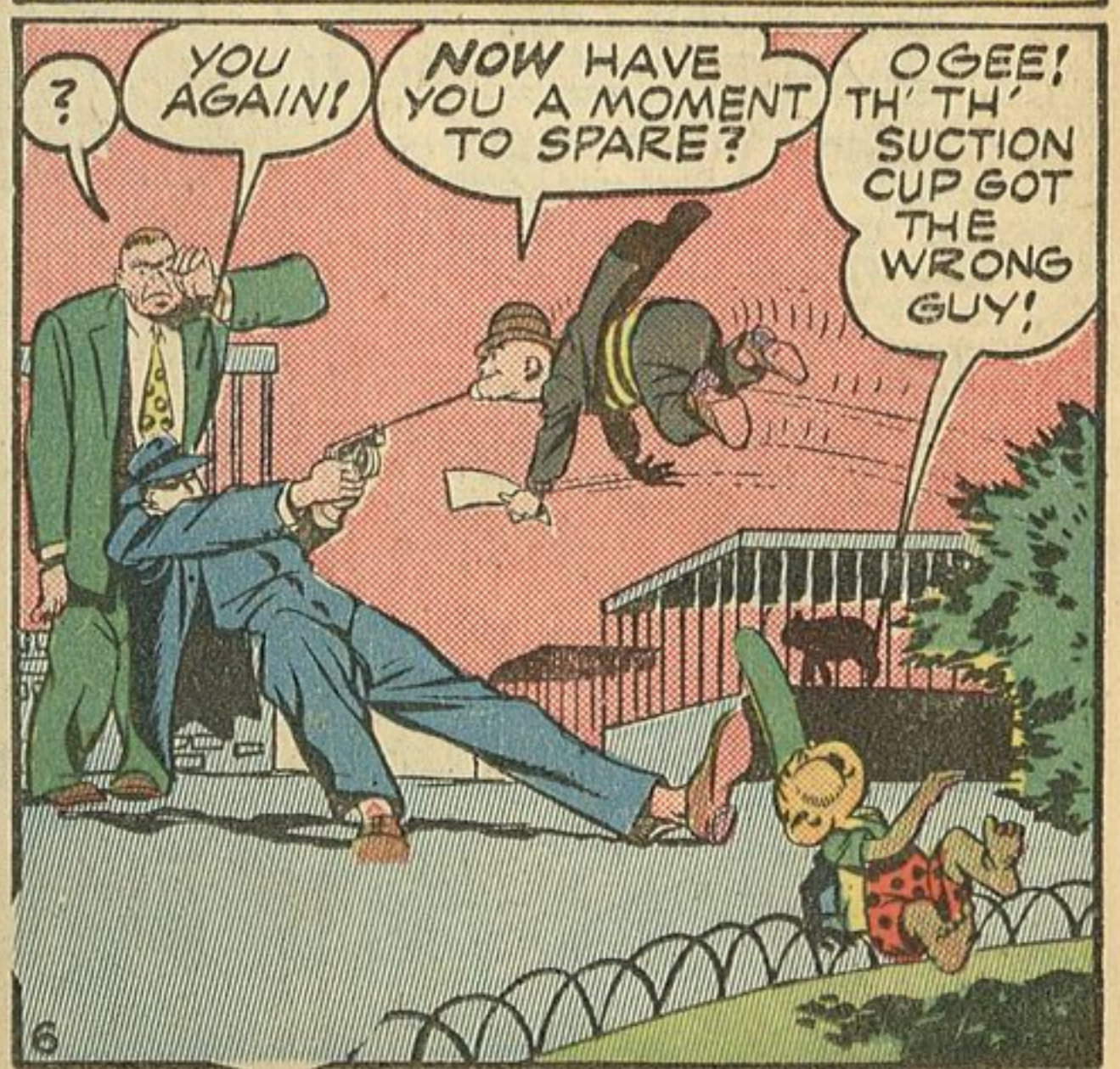
HI'LL AWSK THE GENTLEMAN YONDER!



SQUINCHWORTH IS JOLTED INTO ACTION...



BUT WHEN HE REELS BACK IN...

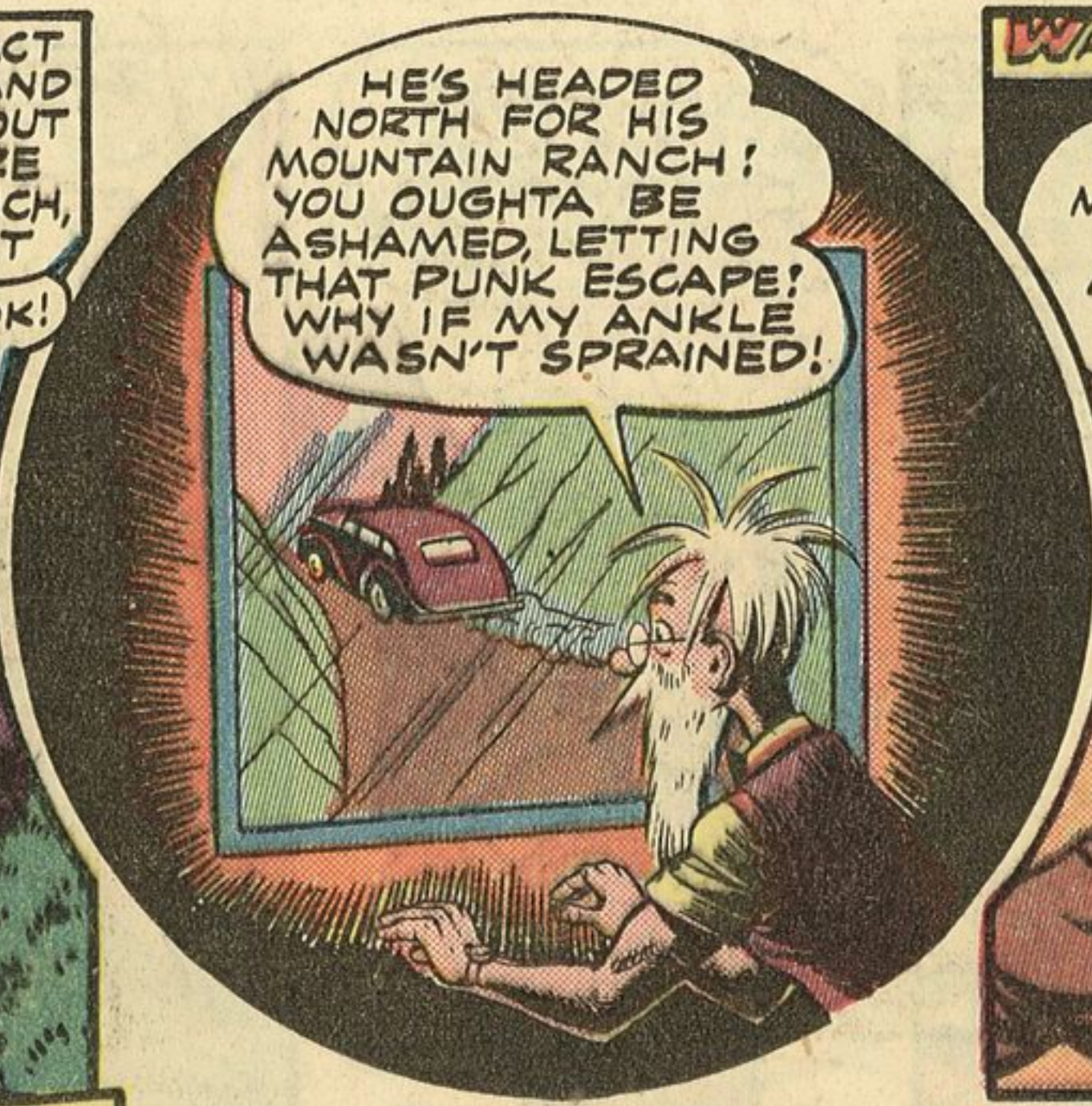




SORRY AGAIN BUD...MAYBE NEXT TIME!

CONTACT DOC, AND FIND OUT WHERE SQUINCH, WENT

OK!



HE'S HEADED NORTH FOR HIS MOUNTAIN RANCH! YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED, LETTING THAT PUNK ESCAPE! WHY IF MY ANKLE WASN'T SPRAINED!



WHEN SQUINCHWORTH GETS HOME,

BAD NEWS MAMA...THAT BLIGHTER MIDNIGHT MESSED UP THE WORKS!

WHAT!



BLUNDERING IDIOT!! DO YOU THINK I'M SPENDING MY LIFE IN THIS DUMP FOR NOTHING?? HE'LL TRACK US DOWN IN NO TIME!!

BUT HOW CAN HE GET THROUGH THE ELECTRIC FENCE AND PIT-FALLS?



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE ZOR IS RATHER WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE TERRAIN HEREABOUTS!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

ULP!

GRR!



P. PROTECT ME, MAMA! YOU KNOW I'M NOT MUCH ON FISTICUFFS !!!

JELLYFISH!..I'LL ATTEND TO YOU! ..AFTER THE DEATH OF MIDNIGHT!

OH, YEAH?



NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!

YOU NO HURT MY FRIEND!

A TALKING MONKEY!

THANKS, GAB!

BAM



ZOR FIX!

POP

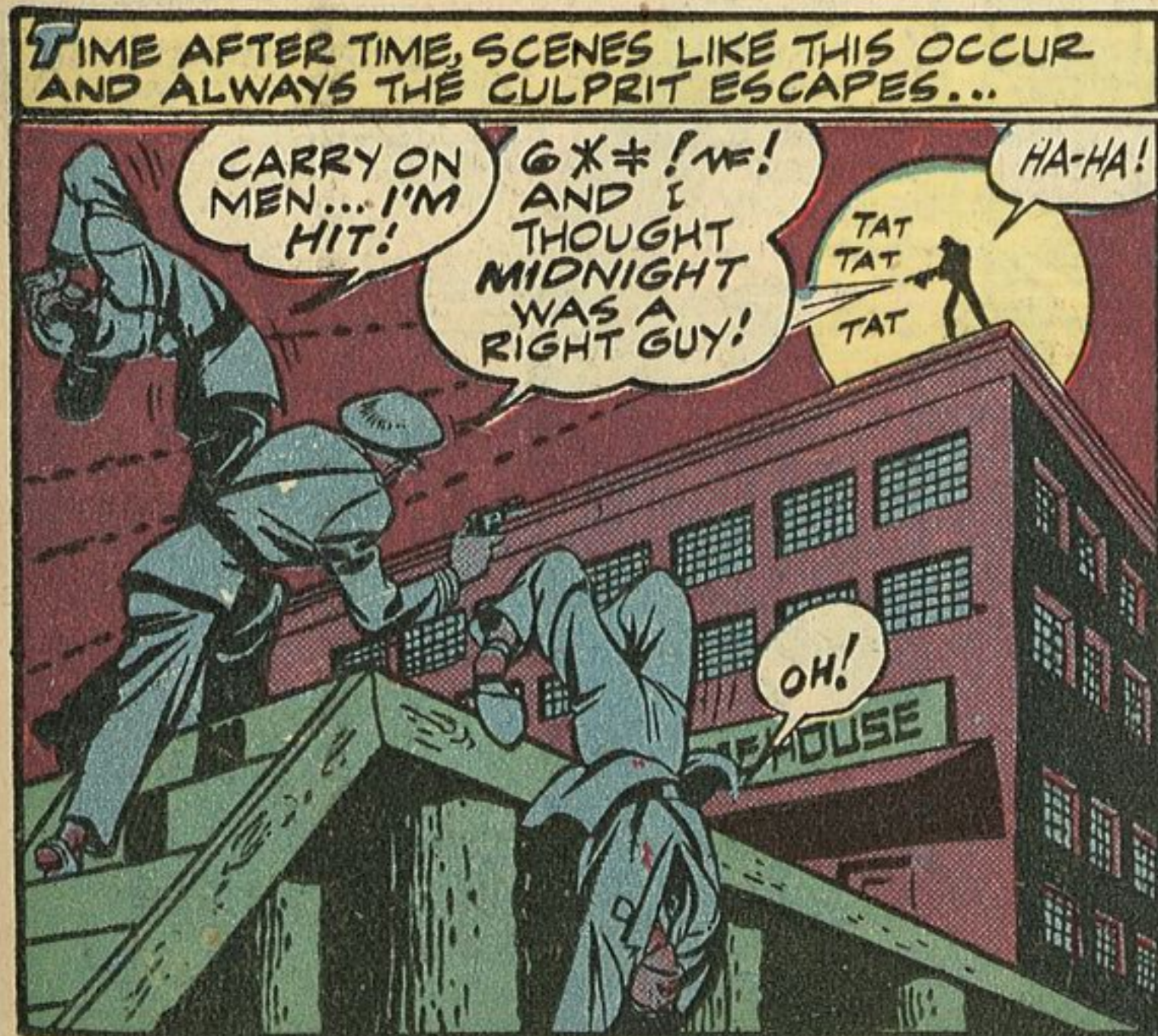
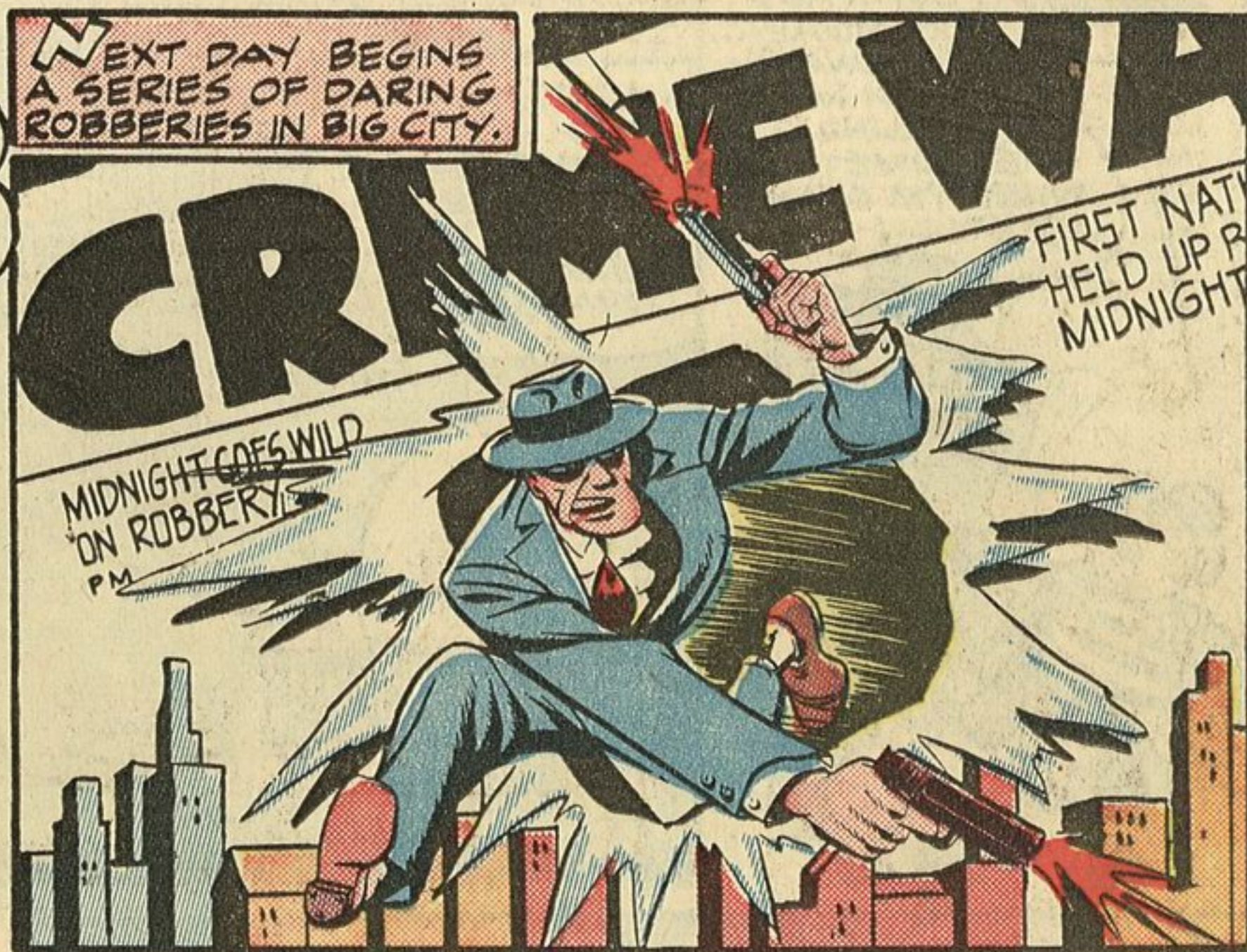
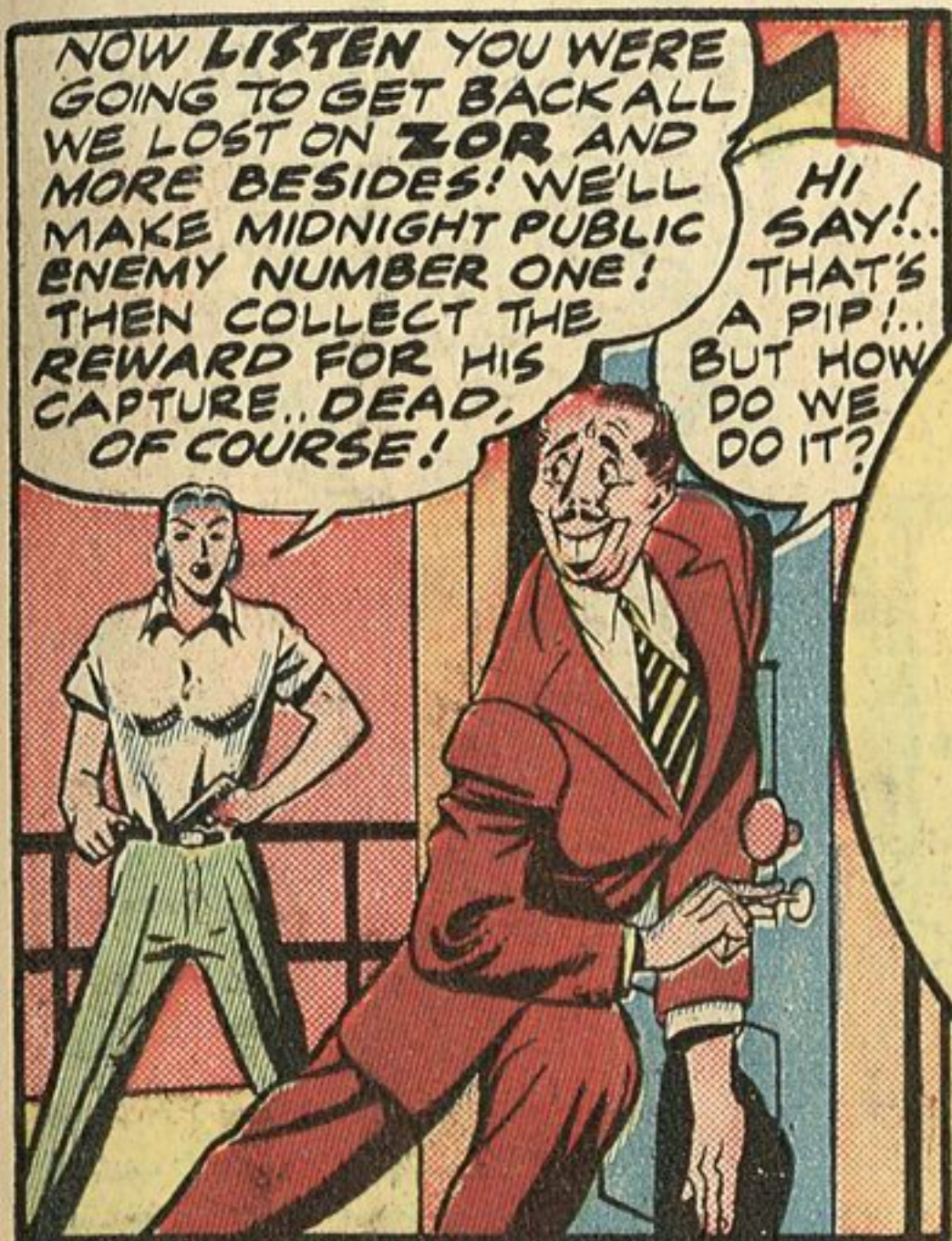


NOW ZOR GET SQUINCH FOR GOOD THIS TIME!

RED FIRE! YOU'VE A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT ETIQUETTE, ZOR!

BUT GAB BEATS ZOR TO THE PUNCH

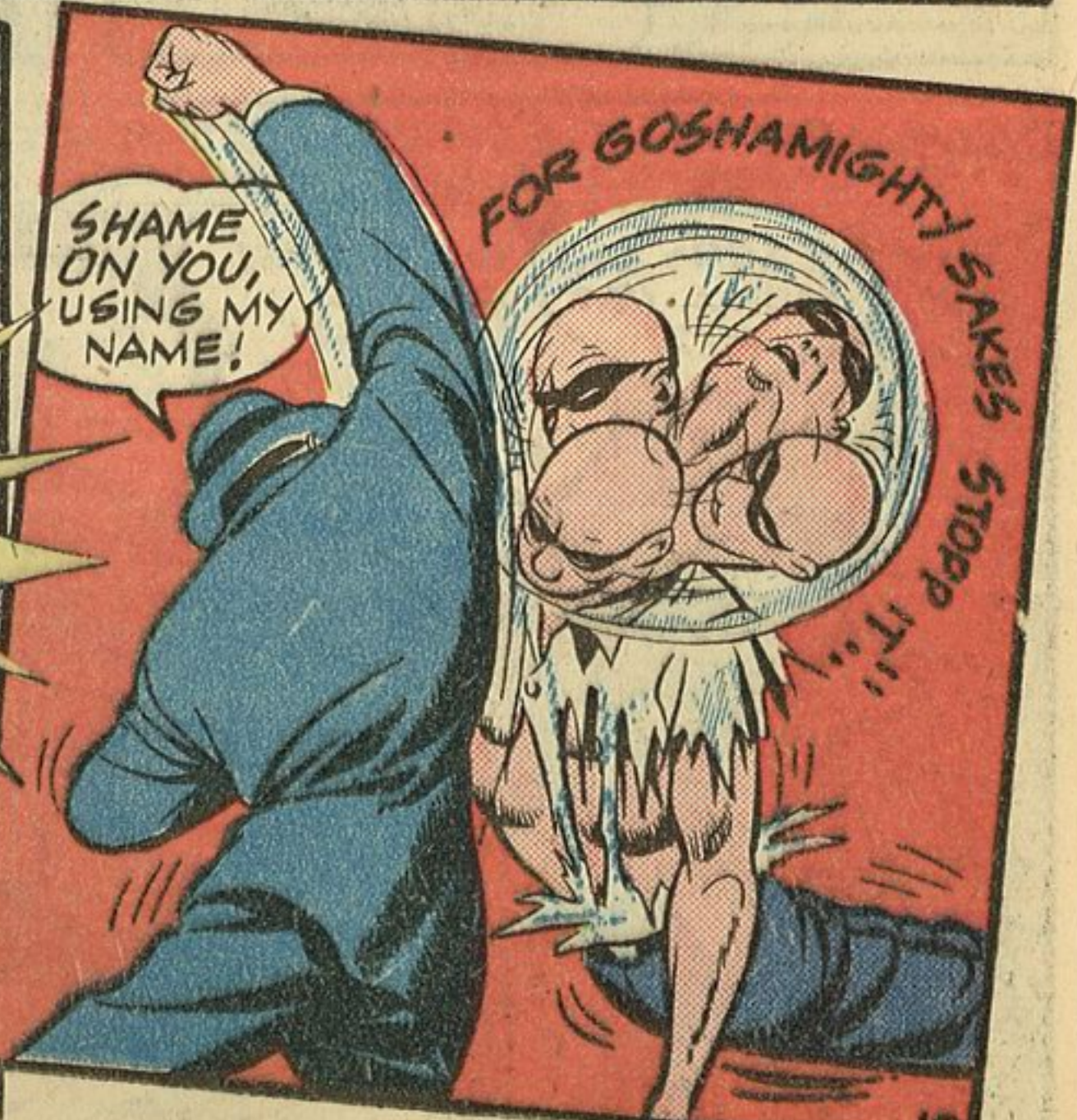
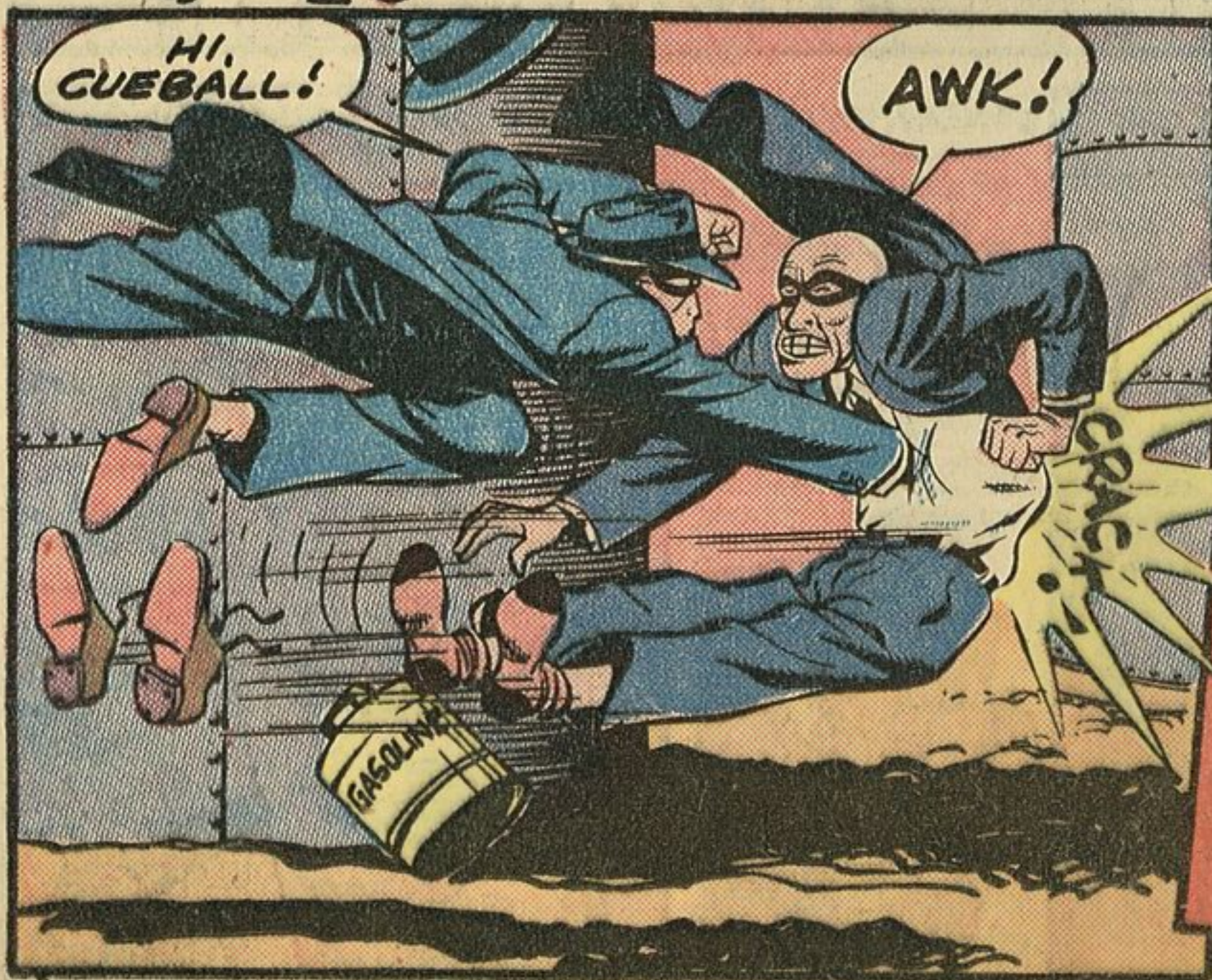


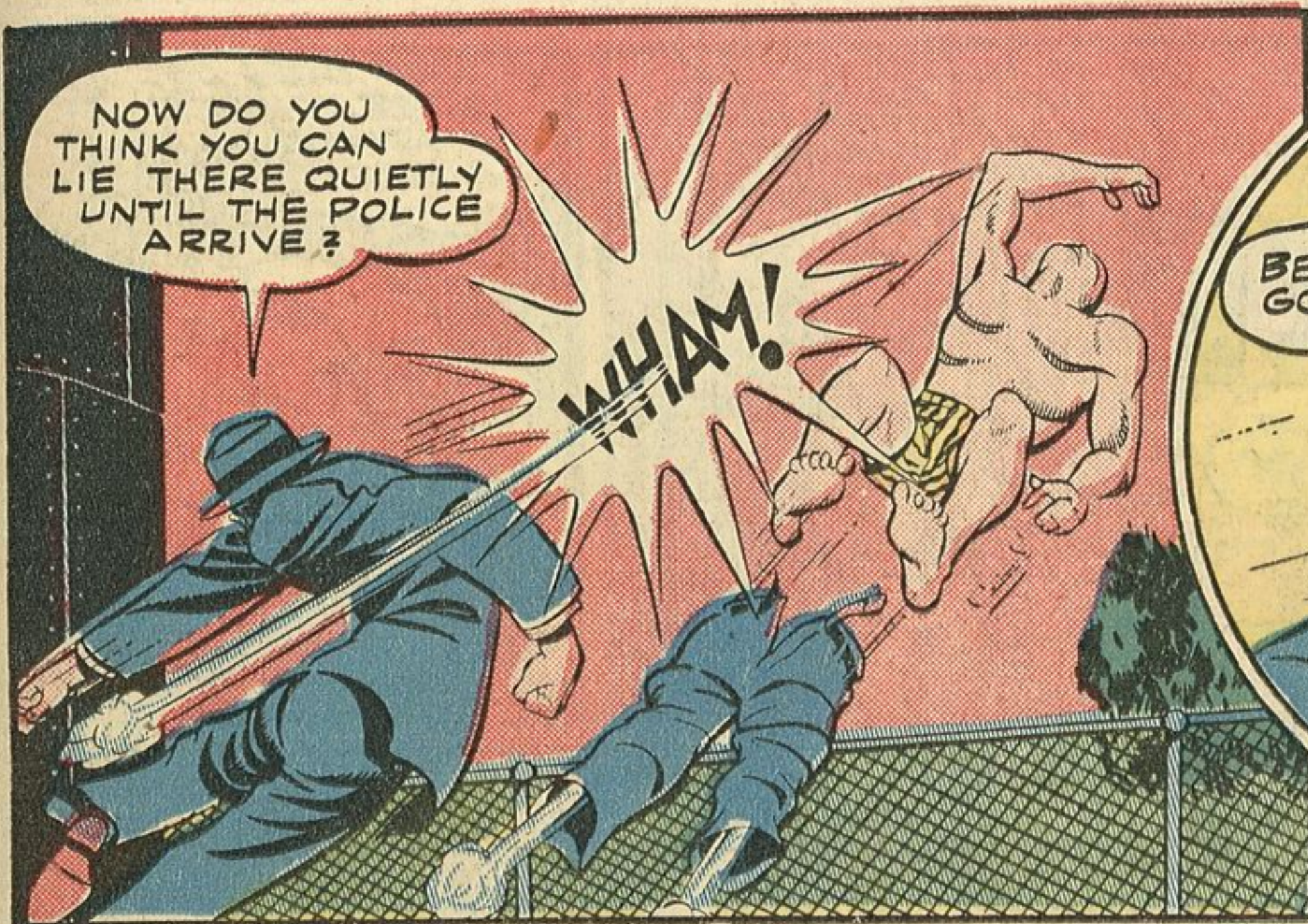




ONCE FREED, THEY RADIO DOC FOR INFORMATION...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!... SQUINCH IS HAVING CUE-BALL SHIV FIRE THE STERLING OIL VATS.. BUT IF YOU HURRY YOU MIGHT STOP HIM!





NOW DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN
LIE THERE QUIETLY
UNTIL THE POLICE
ARRIVE?

WHAM!

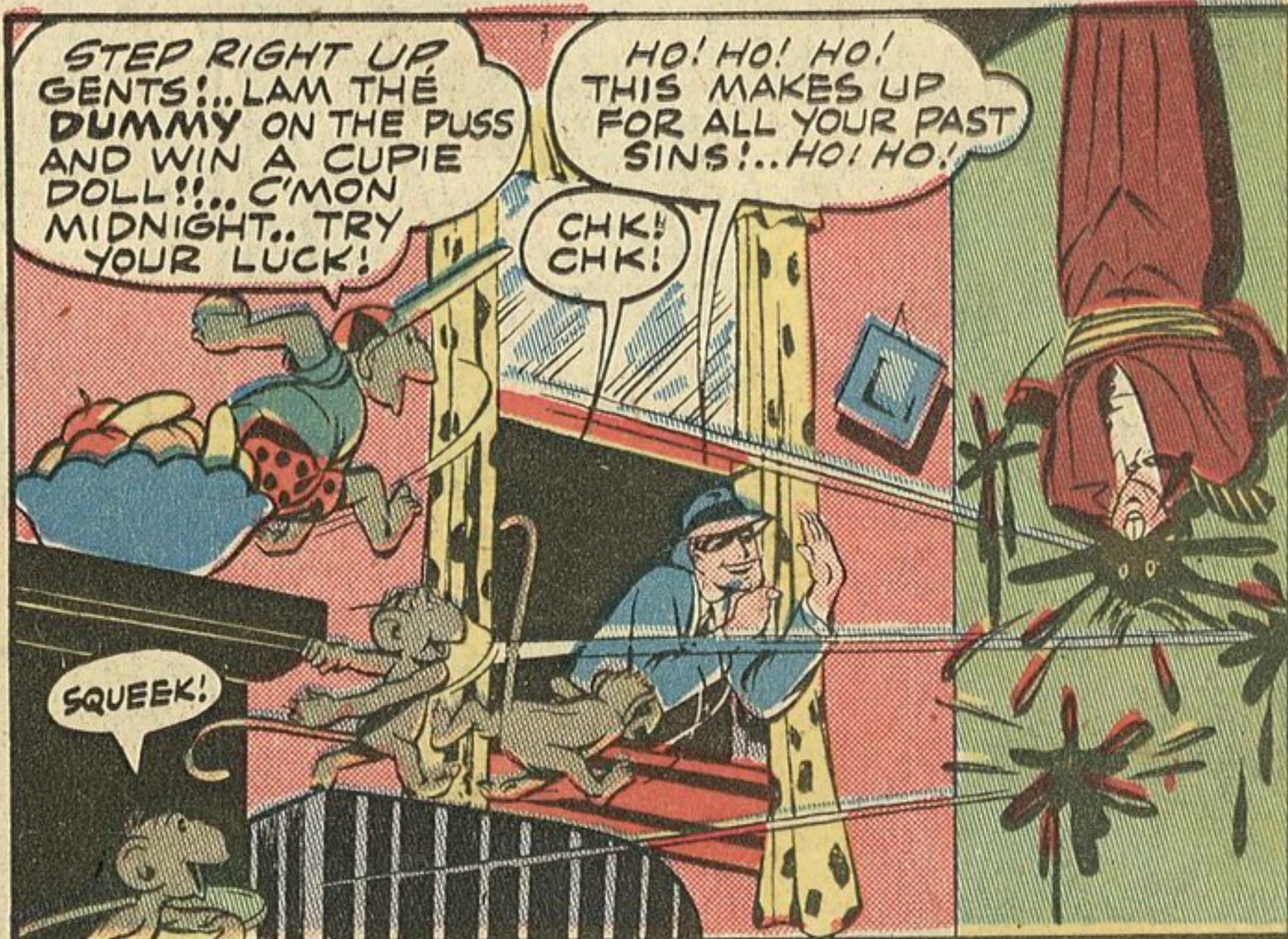


BETTER
GO SEE!

THAT WAS
SHORT!! WONDER
HOW GAB IS
FARING WITH
SQUINCHWORTH!



WELL FOR..
HAW HAW HAW
HO HO HO HA!



STEP RIGHT UP
GENTS!...LAM THE
DUMMY ON THE PUSS
AND WIN A CUPIE
DOLL!... C'MON
MIDNIGHT.. TRY
YOUR LUCK!

HO! HO! HO!
THIS MAKES UP
FOR ALL YOUR PAST
SINS!..HO! HO!

CHK!
CHK!

SQUEEK!



NOW?

PERSISTANT
CHAP,
AREN'T YOU?
OKAY.. I'LL
AUTOGRAPH
THE PAPER
FOR YOU!



DON'T FLATTER
YOURSELF!!
I GOT A MESSAGE
FOR YOU FROM
A PAL O' MINE!

MESSAGE?



TWO FACE?
SEEMS TO ME
I'VE HEARD
OF THE GENT!

ANY
ANSWER?

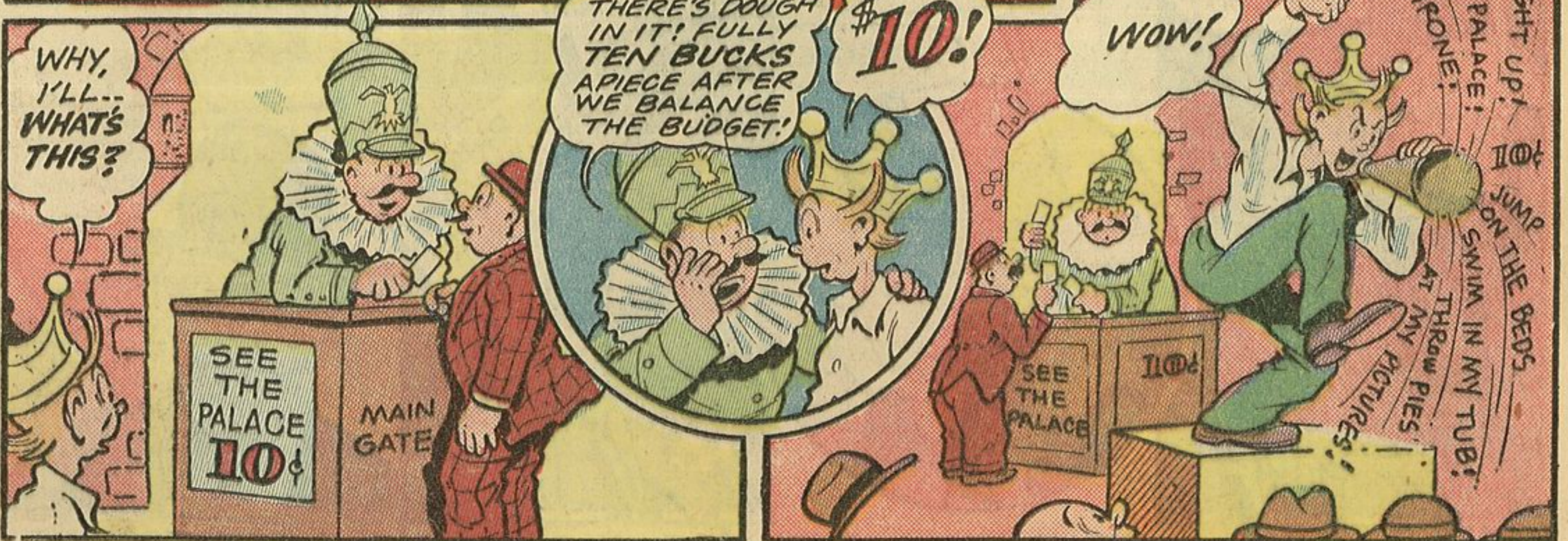
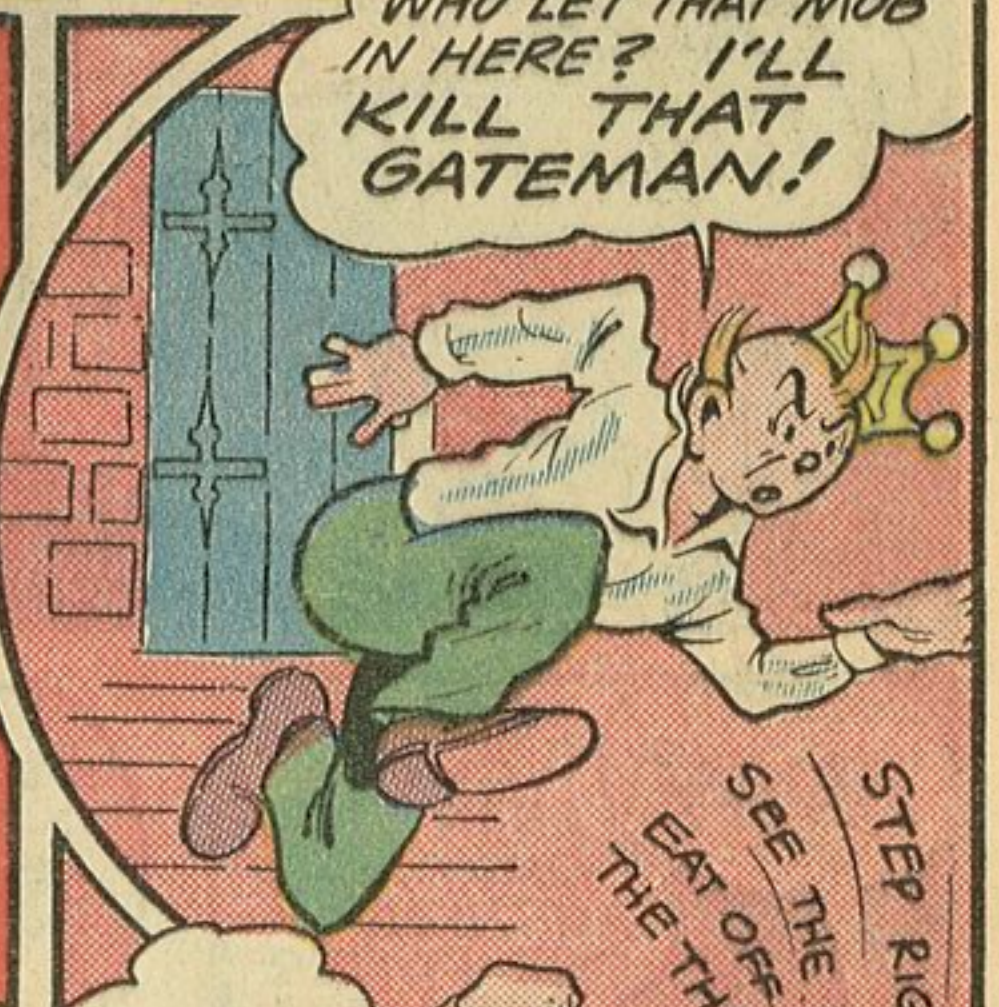
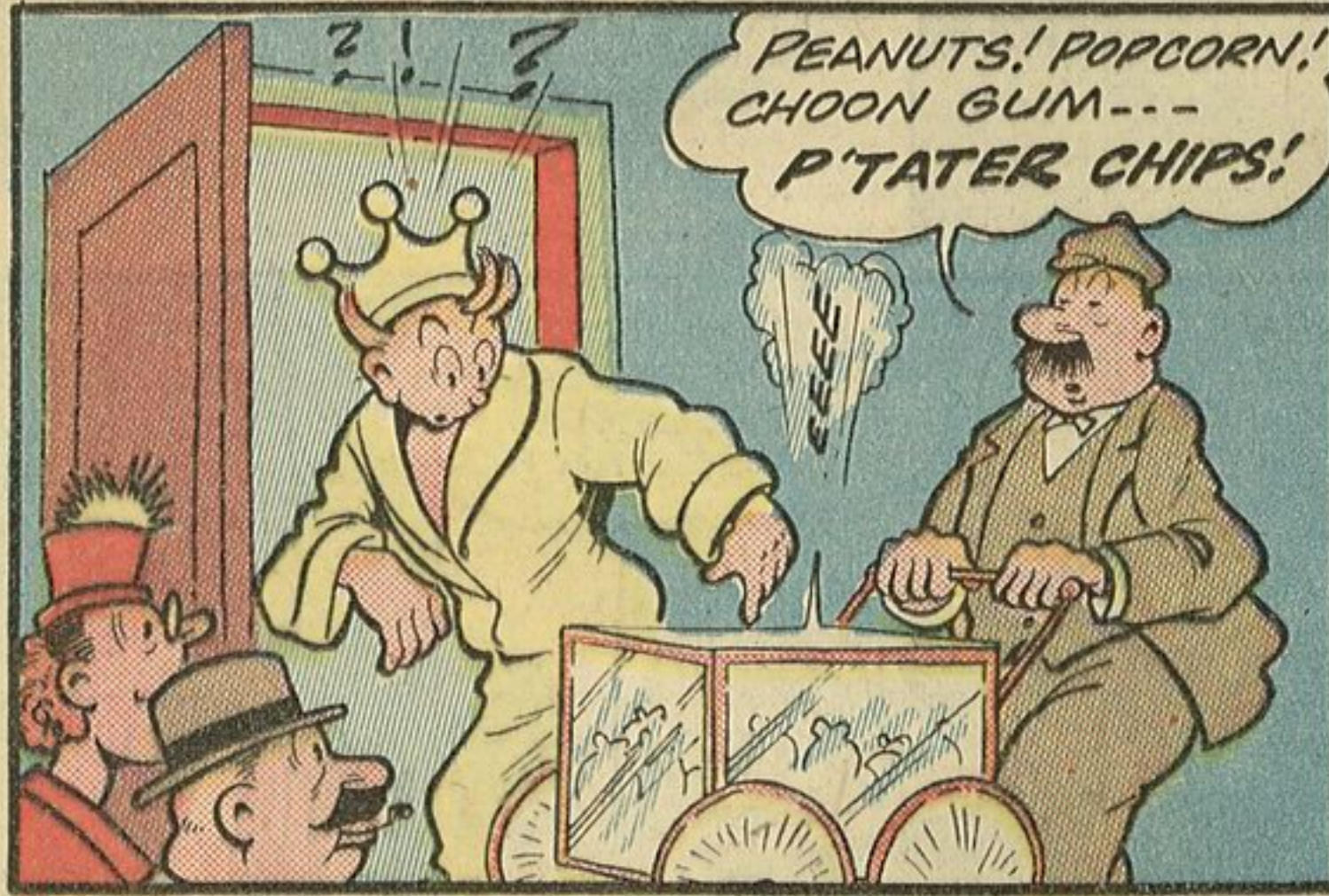
H'MM!



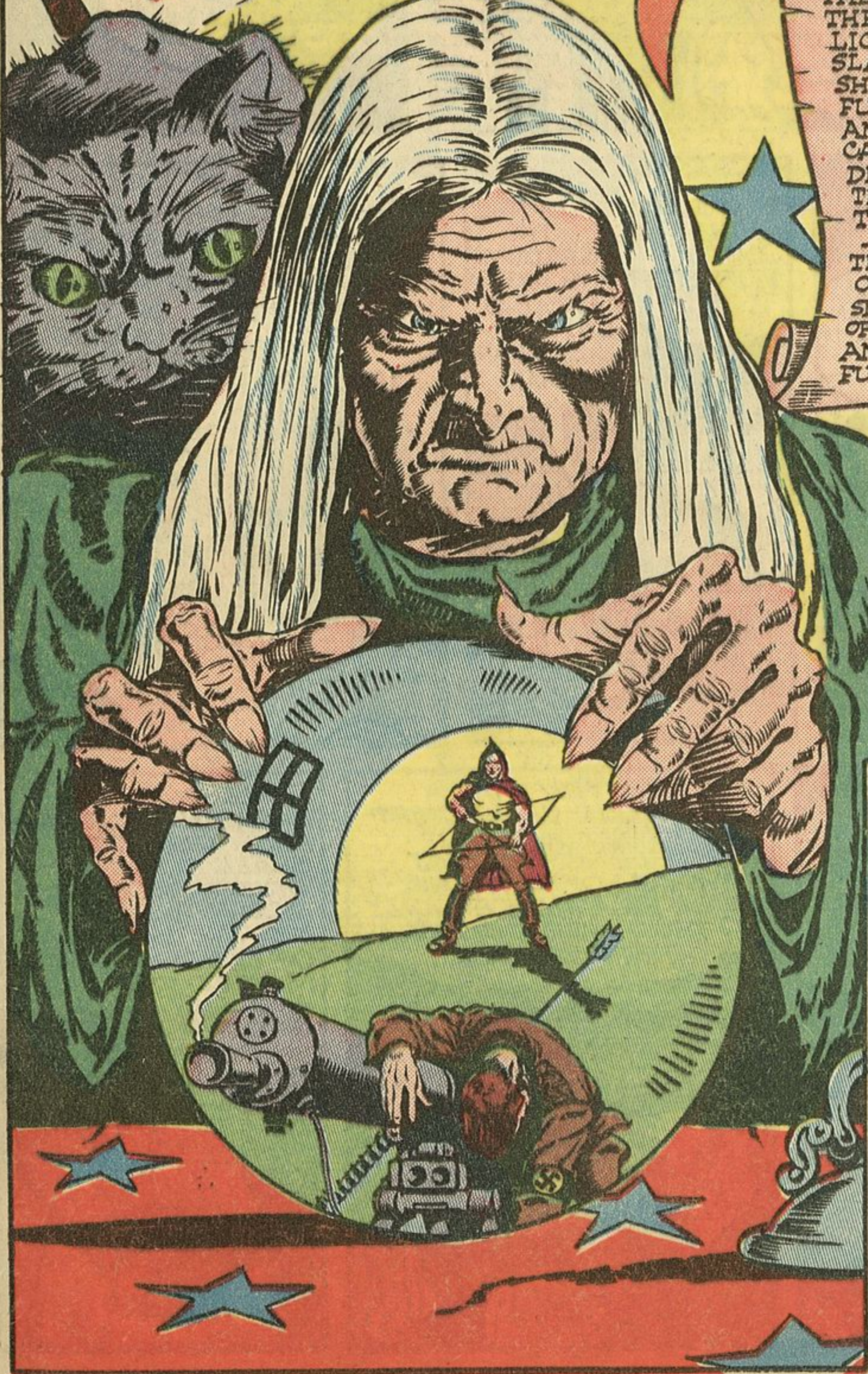
YES...IF YOU'RE IN
THE AUDIENCE
TWO-FACE! I'LL
BE GLAD TO
ACCOMODATE YOU
THE NEXT TIME
WE MEET IN ...
**SMASH
COMICS!**

PHOOIE
ON YOU,
TWO-FACE!

Don't miss the next exciting adventure of Midnight in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.



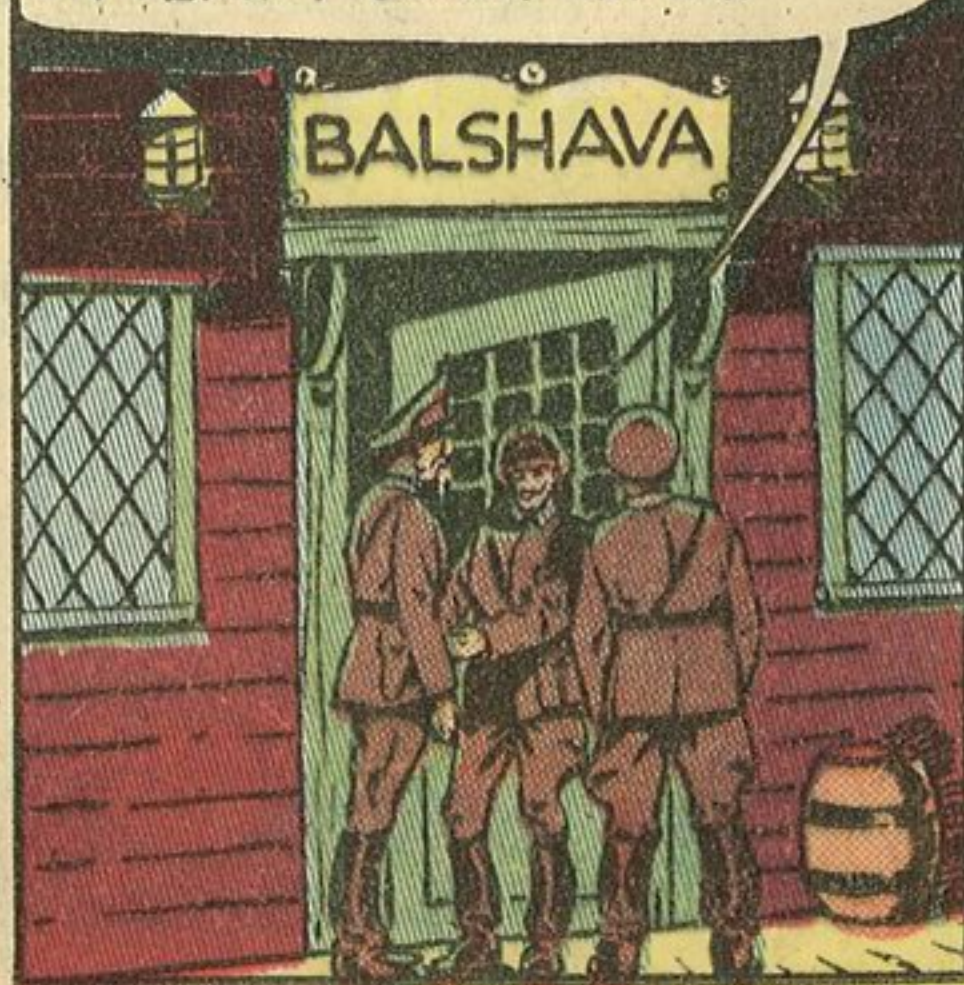
THE MARKSMAN

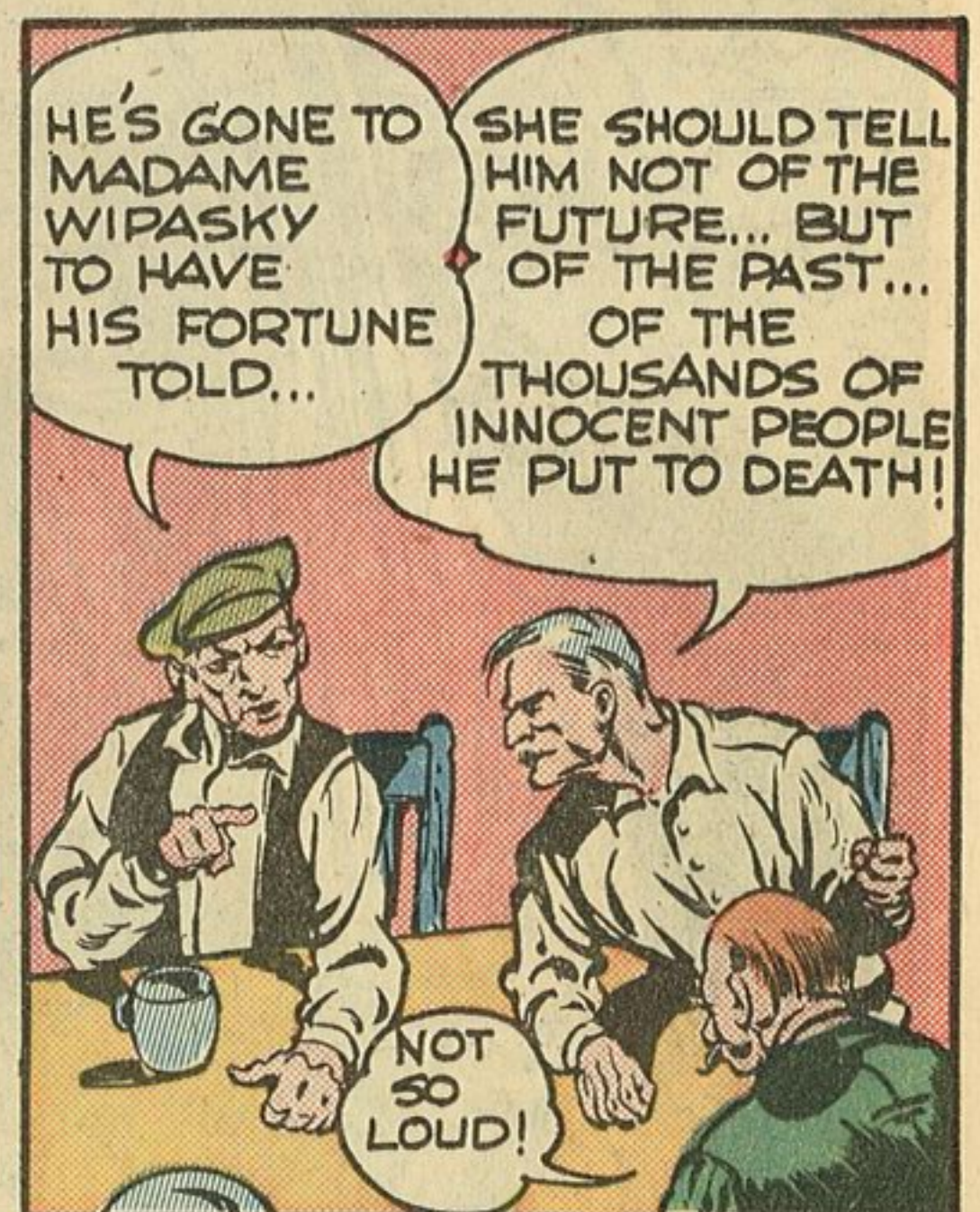


...AND IT IS WRITTEN THAT A DARK CLOUD SHALL DRIFT OVER THE CONTINENT, DISPELLING THE LAST RAYS OF HOPE. THERE SHALL BE A FIERCE LION TO TROD OVER AND ENSLAVE THE POPULACE. ALL SHALL BE DARK AND SORROWFUL... THEN, TOO, SHALL COME ANOTHER FROM THE MOUNTAINS CARRYING THE WEAPON OF DIANA. HE SHALL HUNT DOWN THE LION, AND SLAY HIM ON THE GROUND HE HAS BLOODIED... AND LIKE ALL CLOUDS, THIS DARK ONE SHALL PASS. ONCE AGAIN LIGHT SHALL SHINE DOWN, AND THE SPARK OF HOPE SHALL BE KINDLED AND IT WILL BLAZE TO ITS FULLEST....

INSIDE CONQUERED POLAND...

THIS IS THE PLACE.. STAY CLOSE AND GUARD ME... THE FOOLISH PEASANTS MAY MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE !!





... AND LIKE ALL CLOUDS
THIS DARK ONE SHALL PASS.
ONCE AGAIN LIGHT SHALL BE
KINDLED... AND IT WILL BLAZE
TO ITS FULLEST...

WHAT KIND OF ROT AND
NONSENSE IS THAT? I
CAME TO HEAR MY
FUTURE TOLD... NOT TO
HEAR A LECTURE!

SORRY BUT
I ONLY RE-
PEATED WHAT
THE CRYSTAL
SHOWED...
IT IS THE
TRUTH!

BAH! THE
TRUTH! WHO
WANTS THE
TRUTH FROM
AN OLD
WITCH LIKE
YOU?

HEH HEH!
WILHELM,
YOU ARE
FUNNY...
YOU
ARE
THE
LION!!

YOU... YOU WITCH! THIS
WILL HOLD YOUR
TONGUE FOREVER!!

SHE'S
DEAD?

YOU SHOULD
KNOW ME BY NOW
HERMANN... I
NEVER HAVE
TO SHOOT
TWICE!

WHERE
IS THE
CAR?

UP THE
STREET
I DID'NT
WANT
THE
PEASANTS
TO
SABOTAGE
IT...

TOMORROW I
SHALL GIVE THE
ORDER TO KILL
ALL WITCHES!

THE LEADER WILL
LIKE THAT... NEWS
OF DEATH ALWAYS
BRINGS JOY TO HIM..



HERE WE ARE HERMANN.. YOU MAY DRIVE...



HERMANN! KARL! THEY'RE GONE!!



KARL... HERMANN! DOWN WITH ARROWS IN THEIR NECKS!



THE MARKSMAN!!



BLACK WILHELM IS ESCAPING!!

NOT ESCAPING, VORKA.. MERELY PROLONGING HIS END...



WAIT FOR ME HERE, VORKA.. I'M GOING ON TO THE CASTLE.. WILHELM IS GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR...



AH! GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK HERR WILHELM I HAVE SOME... RATHER BAD NEWS...

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH BAD NEWS... SAVE IT UNTIL TOMORROW...



OPERATIVE Z-3 REPORTS VAST ALLIED AIR ATTACK OVER THIS SECTOR... THEY WILL ARRIVE TONIGHT!

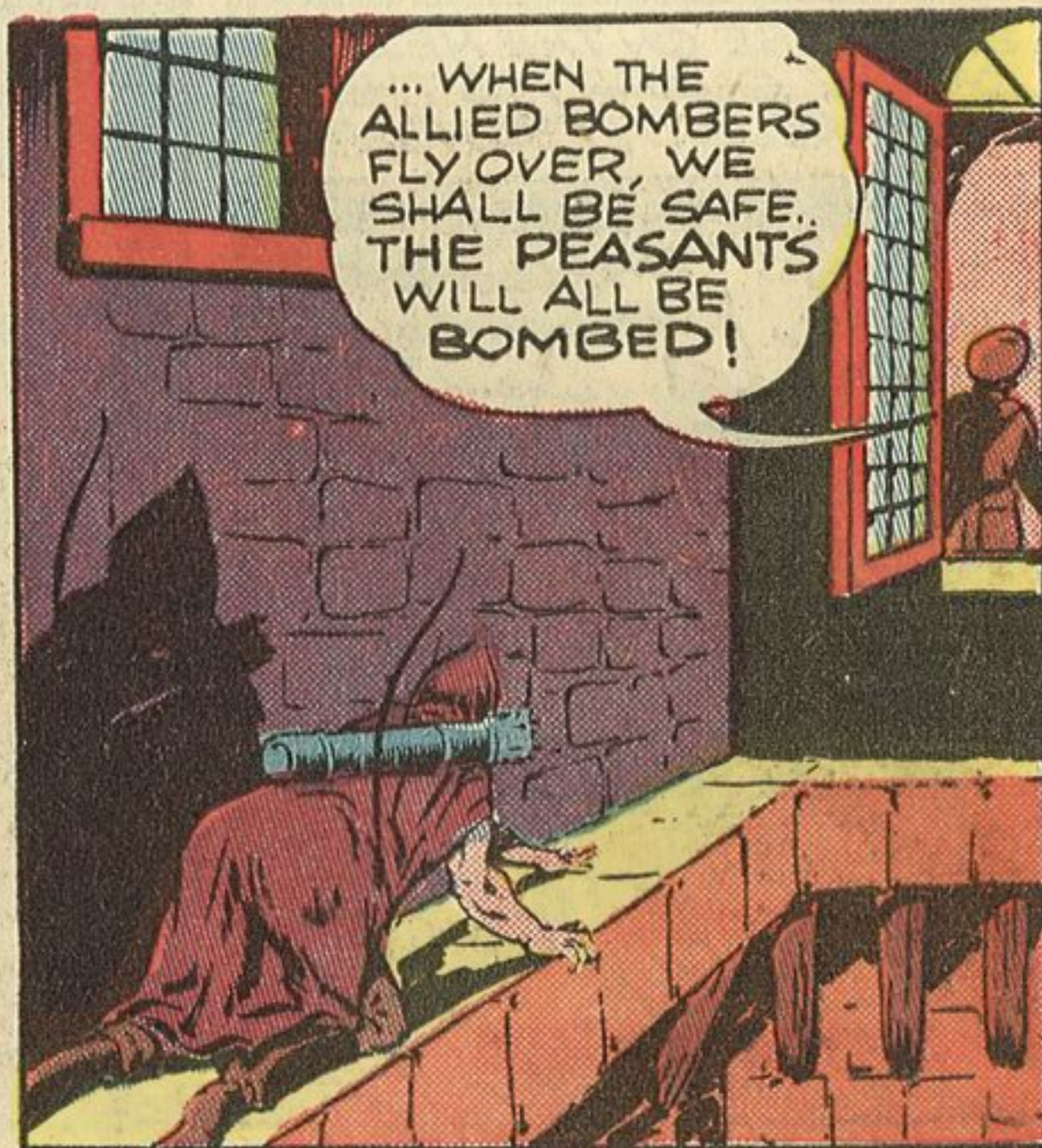
OH, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SOME OTHER TIME WHEN...



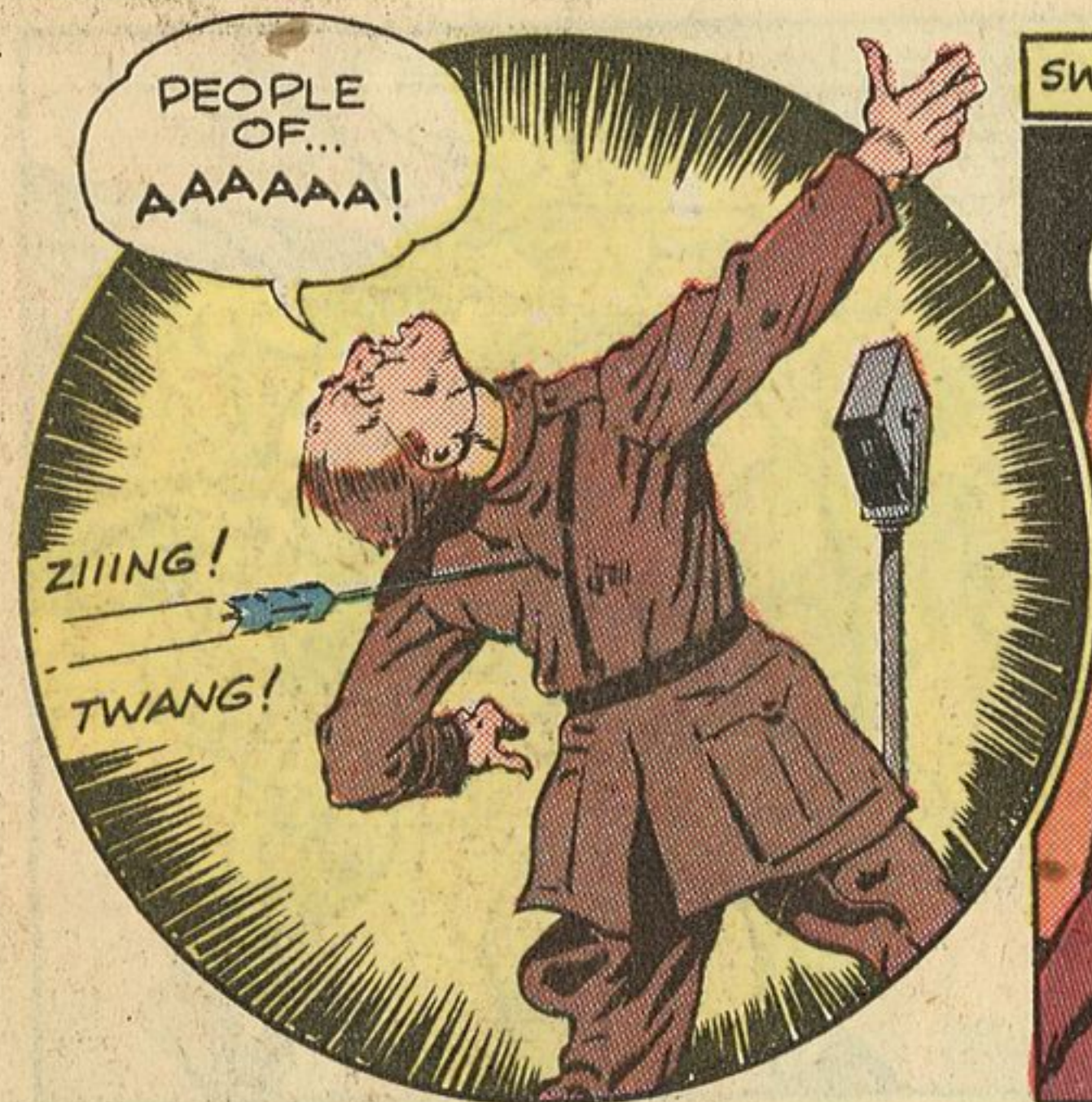
W-H-A-T!! ?? ALLIED AIR ATTACK!



HA! I'LL ORDER
ALL PEASANTS TO
LINE THE STREETS...
WE SHALL THEN
ESCAPE TO THE OUTER
LIMITS OF THE CITY,
AND...

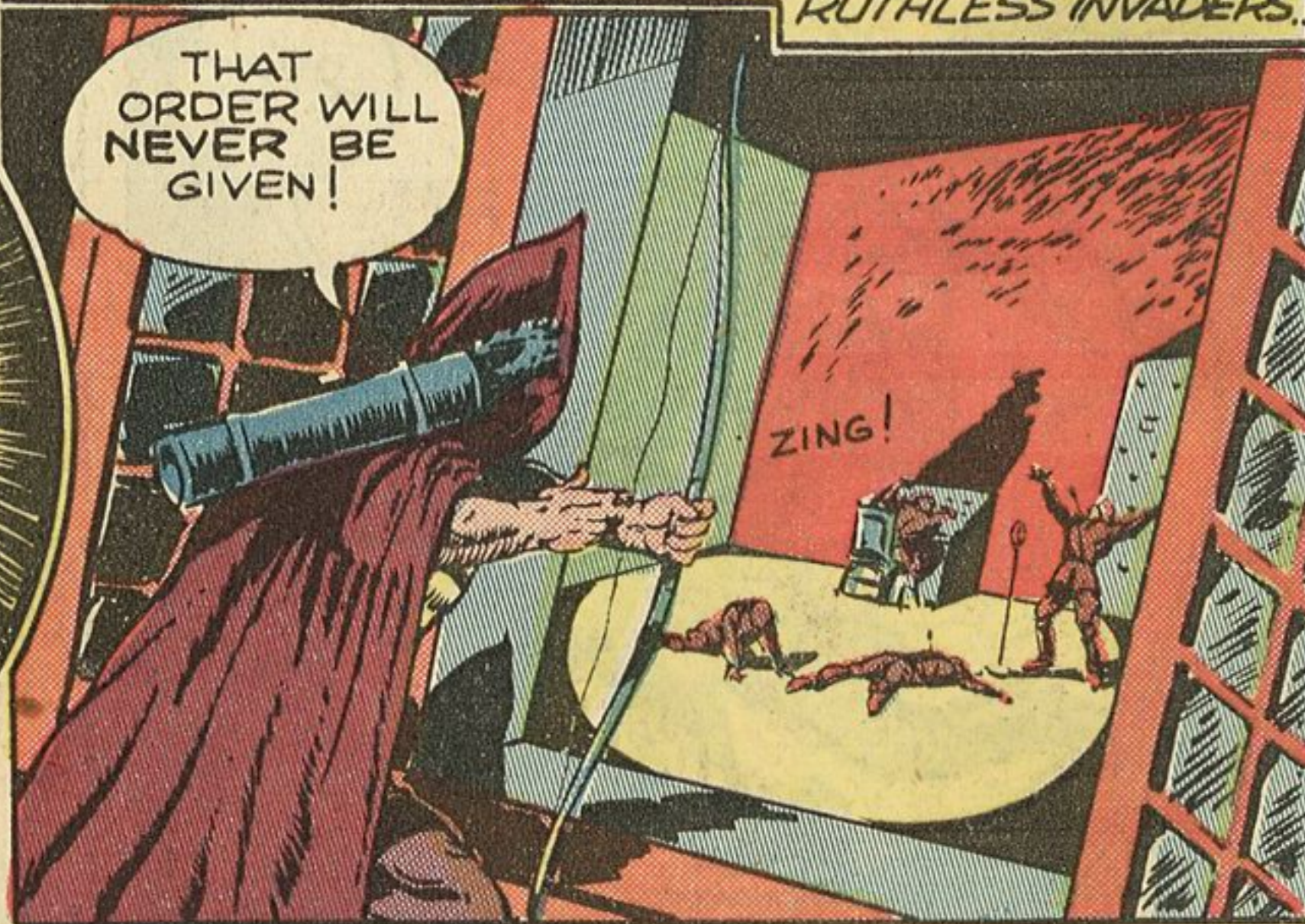


... WHEN THE
ALLIED BOMBERS
FLY OVER, WE
SHALL BE SAFE.
THE PEASANTS
WILL ALL BE
BOMBED!



PEOPLE
OF...
AAAAAA!

SWIFTLY THE MARKSMAN TAKES HIS TOLL OF THE
RUTHLESS INVADERS.



THAT
ORDER WILL
NEVER BE
GIVEN!



THE MARKSMAN
MUST'NT GET ME!
I SHALL LIVE
ON.. ON!



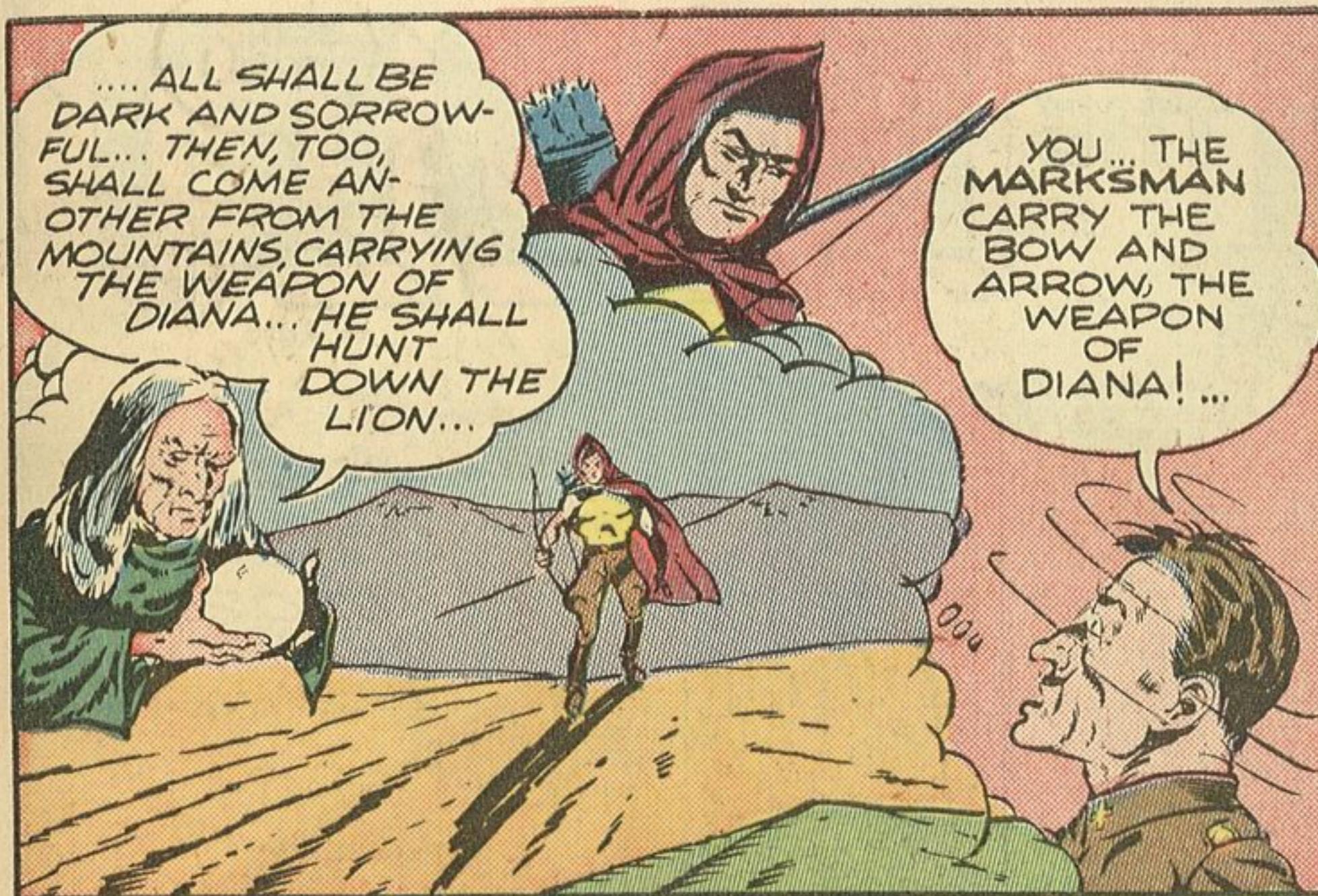
AHA! HE DIDN'T
COUNT ON THIS!
BLACK WILHELM
IS NOT SO DUMB
AS THE MARKS-
MAN THINKS!



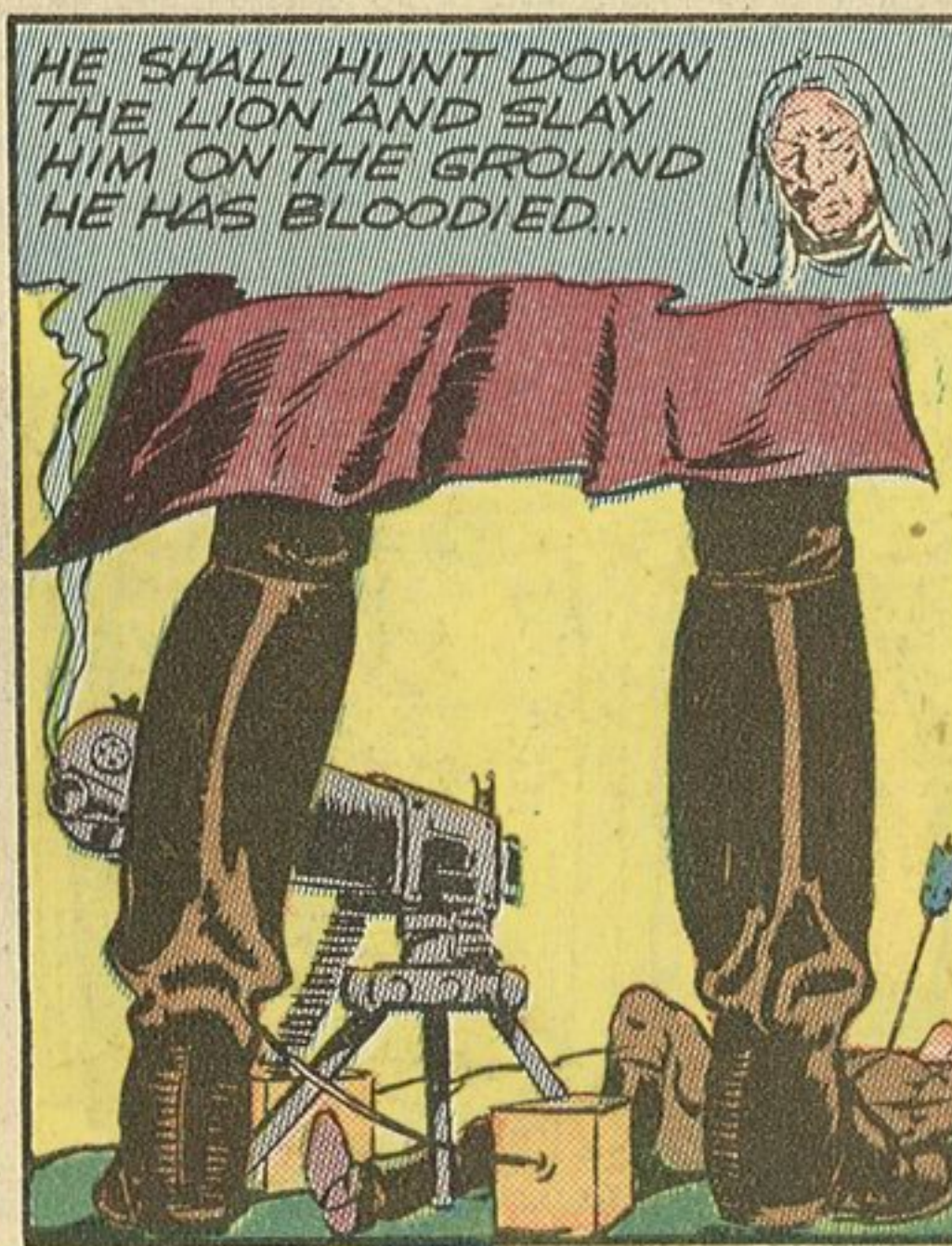
HE WON'T
GET ME! I'LL
FLEE THE
COUNTRY! I'LL
GO BACK TO
GERMANY!
(PUFF)

BUT CLOSE ON THE HEELS
OF THE QUARRY IS THE
EVER-RELENTLESS HUNTER..





BLACK WILHELM CAN STAND NO MORE.. HE LEAPS FOR A MACHINE GUN, USED BY THE INVADERS TO BEAT OFF GUERRILLA ATTACKS...

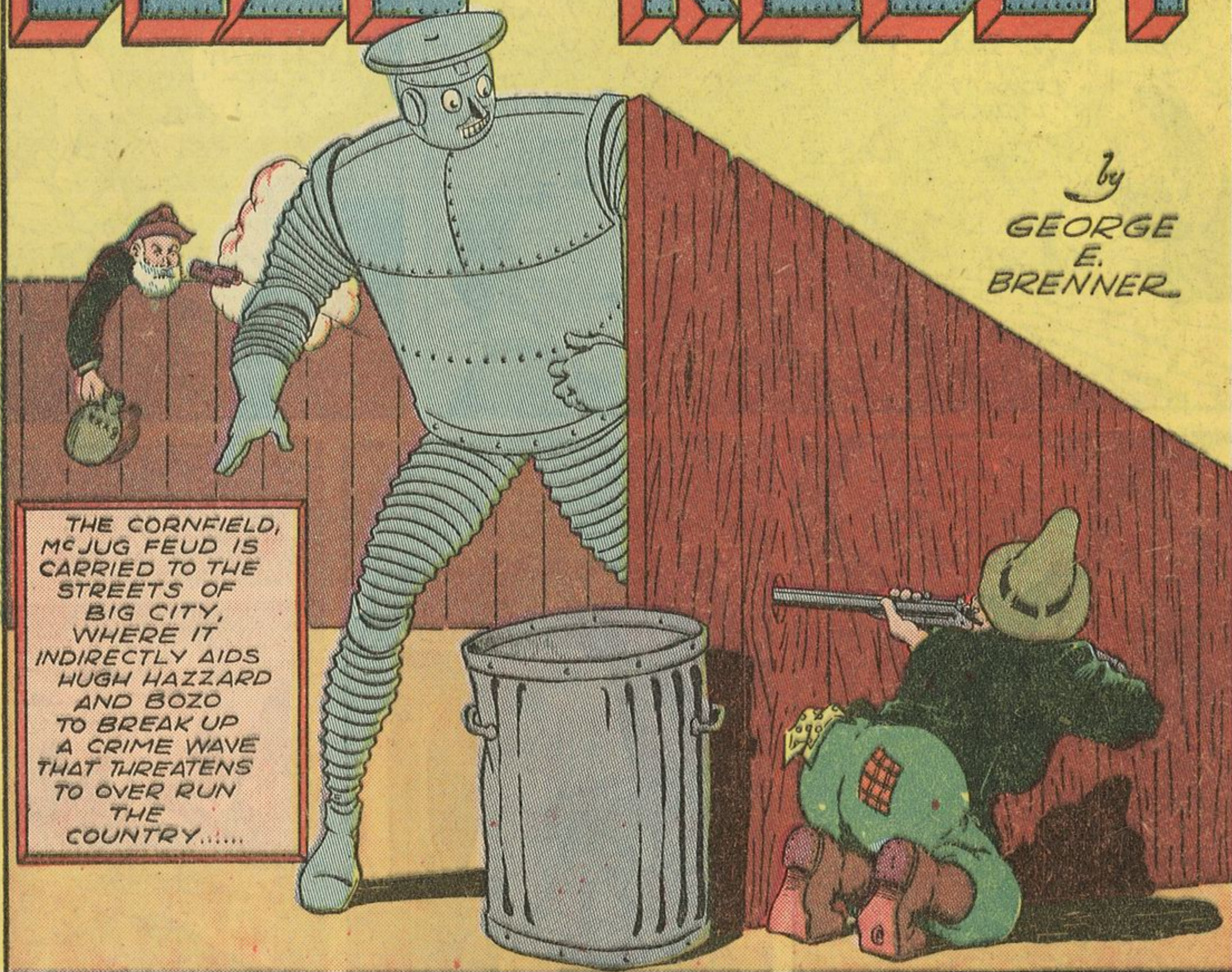


MEANWHILE, ALLIED PLANES APPEAR OVER THE VILLAGE LOOSING THEIR INFERNO ON THE TRAPPED NAZIS...



BOZO THE ROBOT

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

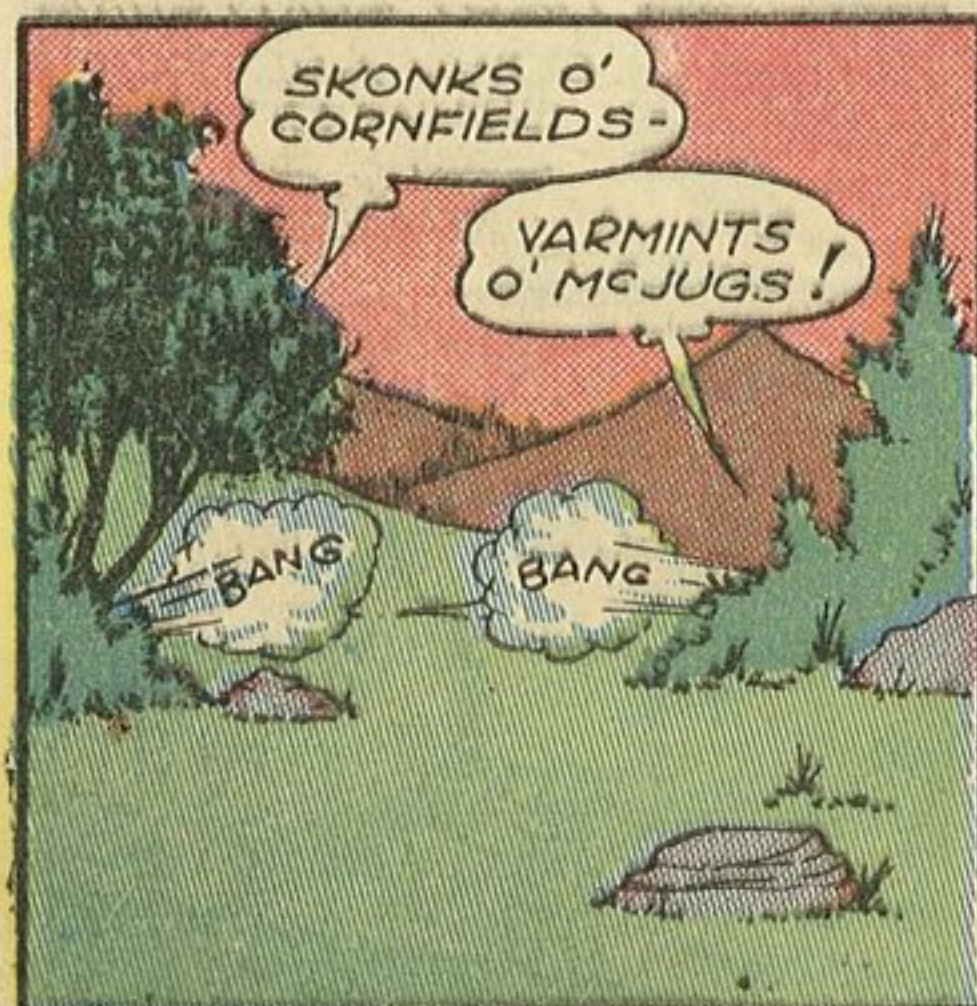


THE CORNFIELD,
MCJUG FEUD IS
CARRIED TO THE
STREETS OF
BIG CITY,
WHERE IT
INDIRECTLY AIDS
HUGH HAZZARD
AND BOZO
TO BREAK UP
A CRIME WAVE
THAT THREATENS
TO OVER RUN
THE
COUNTRY.....

THE BACKHILLS OF KENTUCKY
ECHO THE SHOTS OF THE
CORNFIELDS AND MCJUGS-- A
FEUD THAT HAS RAGED ON
FOR CENTURIES ----

NOW, LET'S LISTEN TO LEM
CORNFIELD.....

AND THEN TO CY MCJUG---



CHUCKS- AH BIN POT-SHOTTIN'
THEM THAR MCJUGS FER
THUTTY YARS AN' AIN'T HIT
ONE YET-- MEBBE A
LEETLE VACASHUN
WOULD STEADY
MAH GUN
HAND--

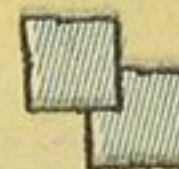


SAAY--THET LAST HUNK O'
CORNFIELD LEAD WUZ MAHTY
CLOSE T' MAH HAID--AN'
BEFO' IT GITS ANY CLOSER
AH AM GONNA SEE
SOMETHIN' O' LIFE--
YESSUH, AH AM TAKIN'
A WHOLE WEEK OFF--

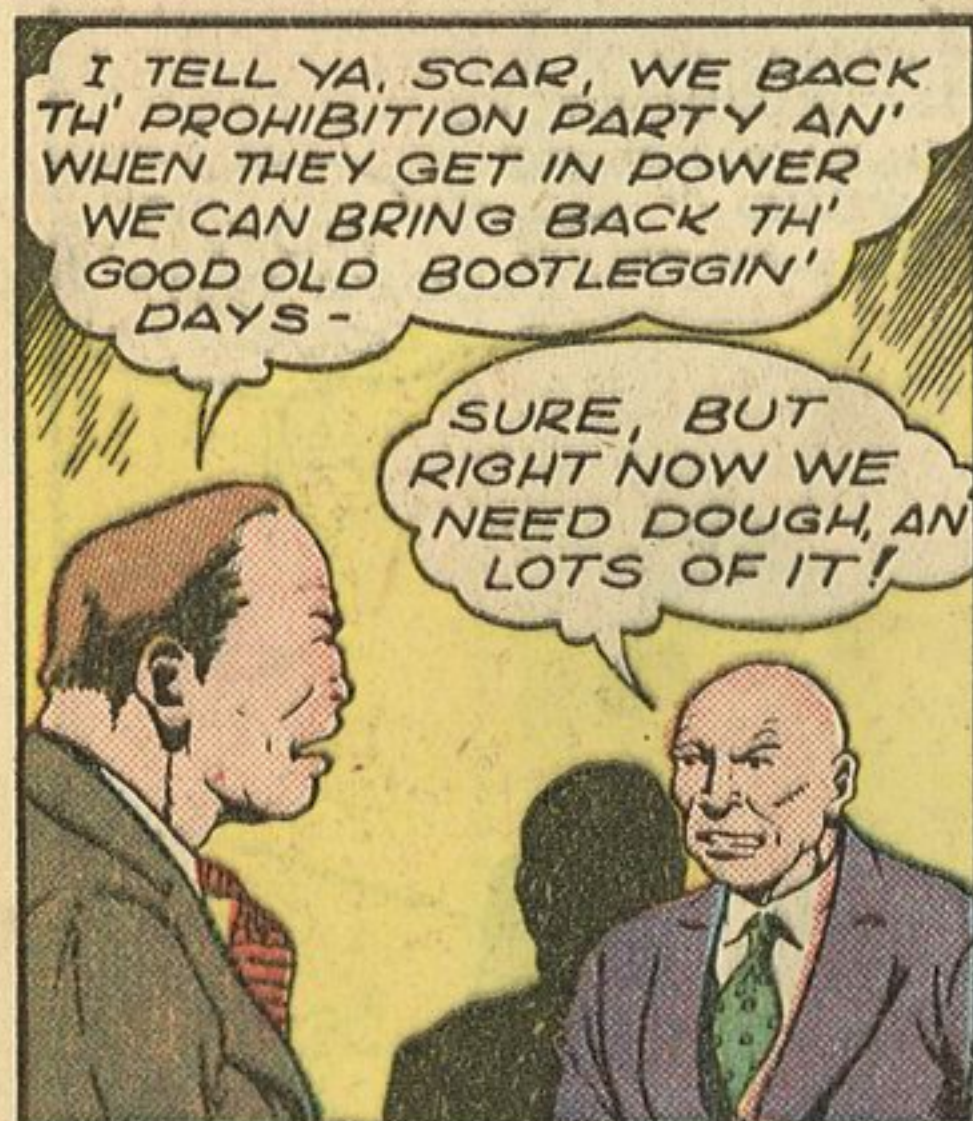




AND HERE,
BOYS AND GIRLS,
FATE
STEPS IN-
UNKNOWNLY,
THE TWO
FEUDISTS
HEAD
FOR
BIG CITY.....



MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT OF
SCAR MALOIN-CZAR OF THE
UNDERWORLD.....



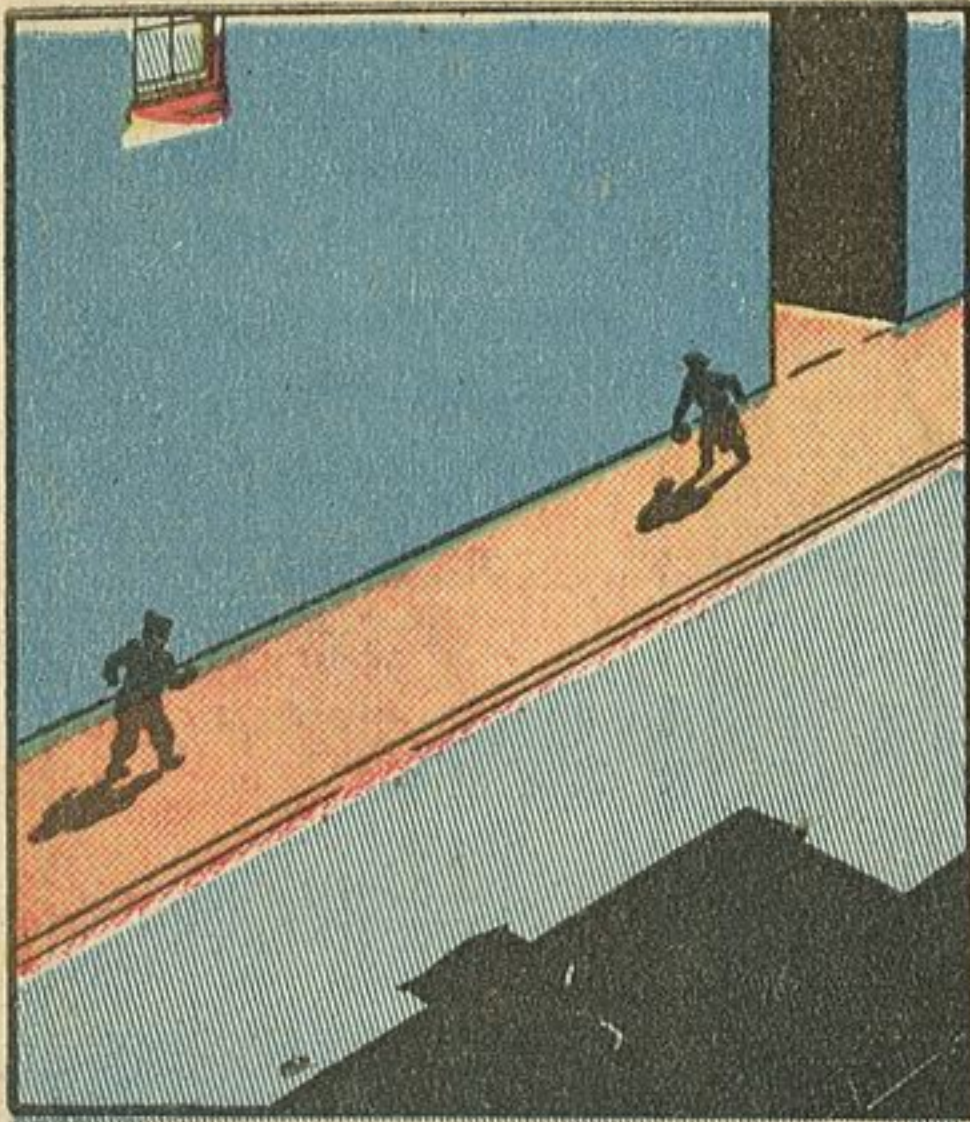
AT THE SAME TIME, IN "SHIV"
BLADE'S ROOM, RIVAL OF MALOIN-

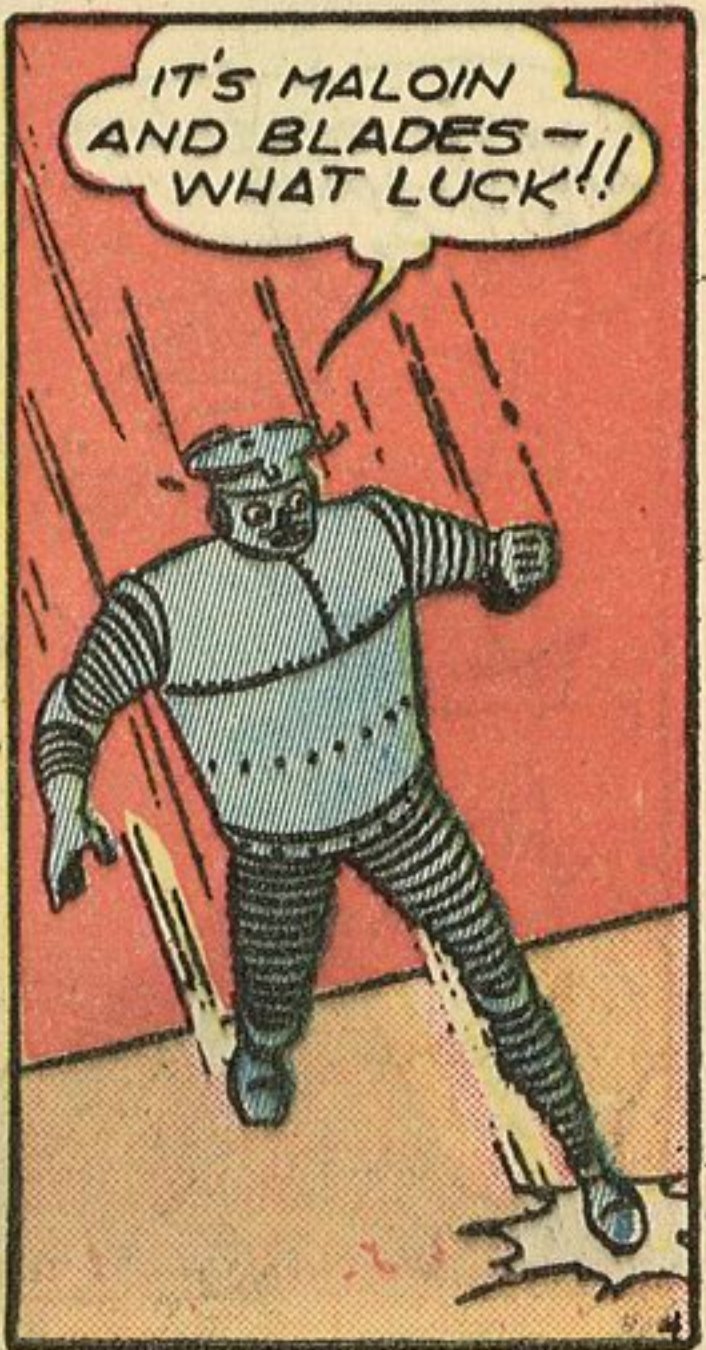
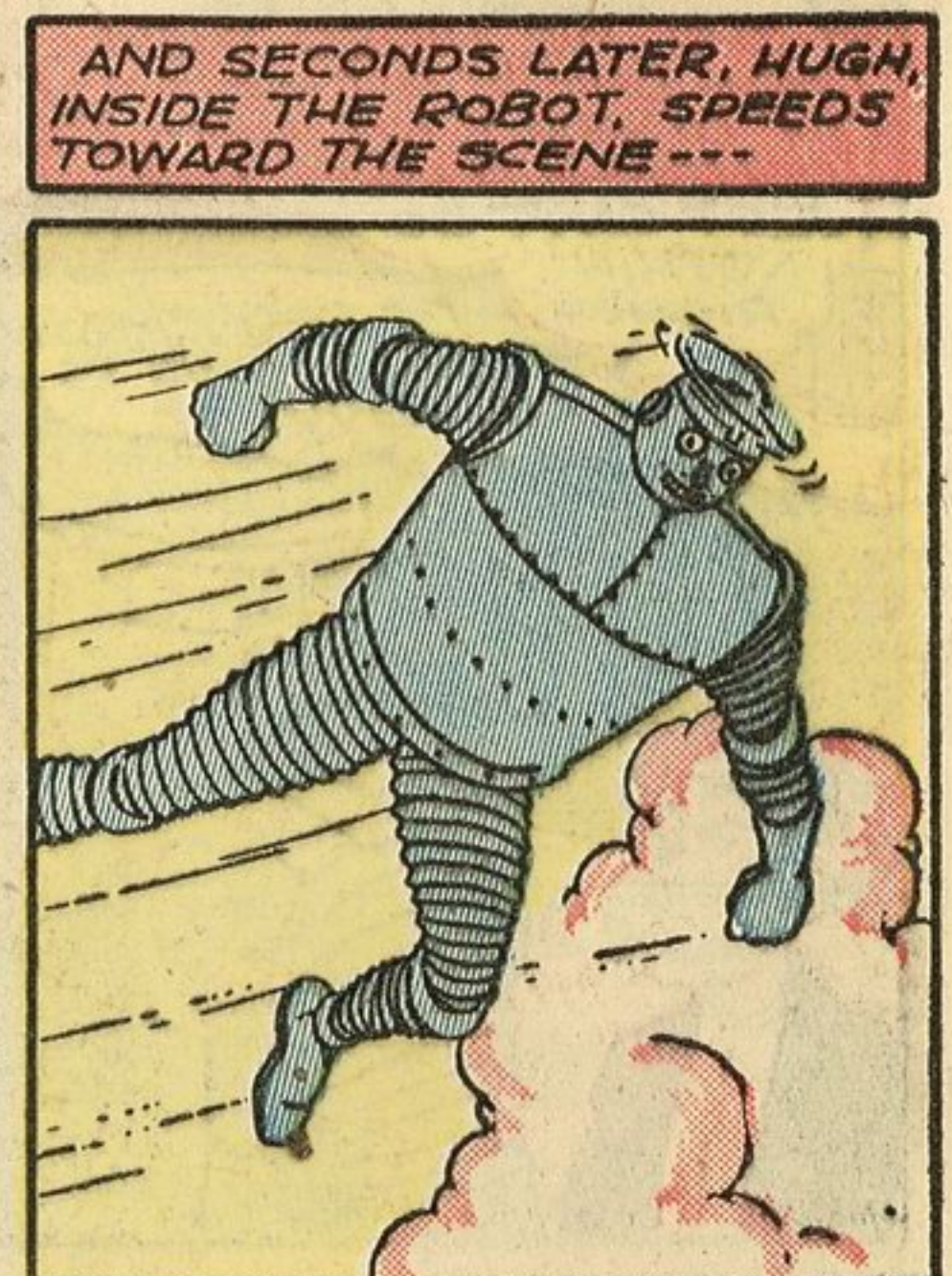
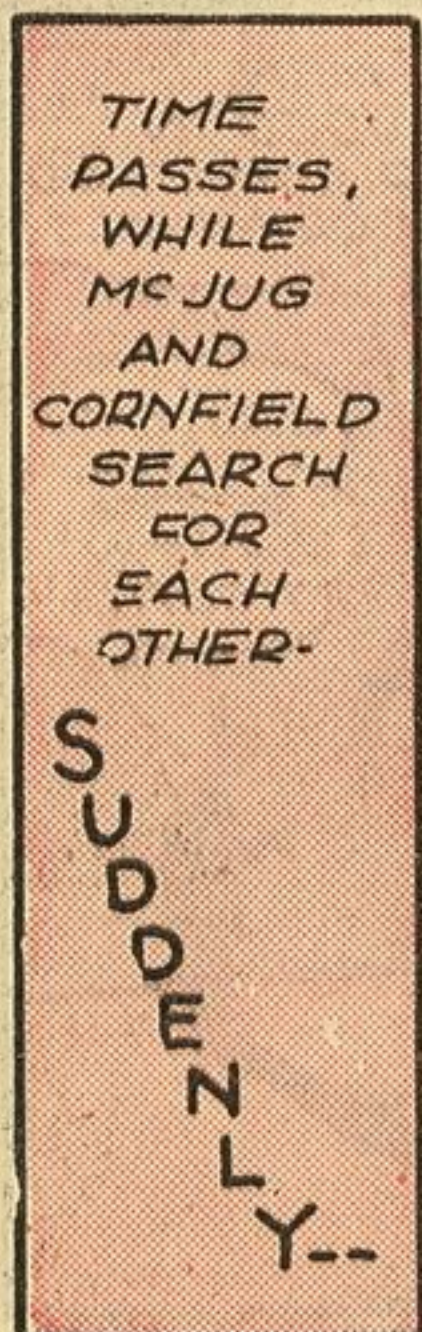
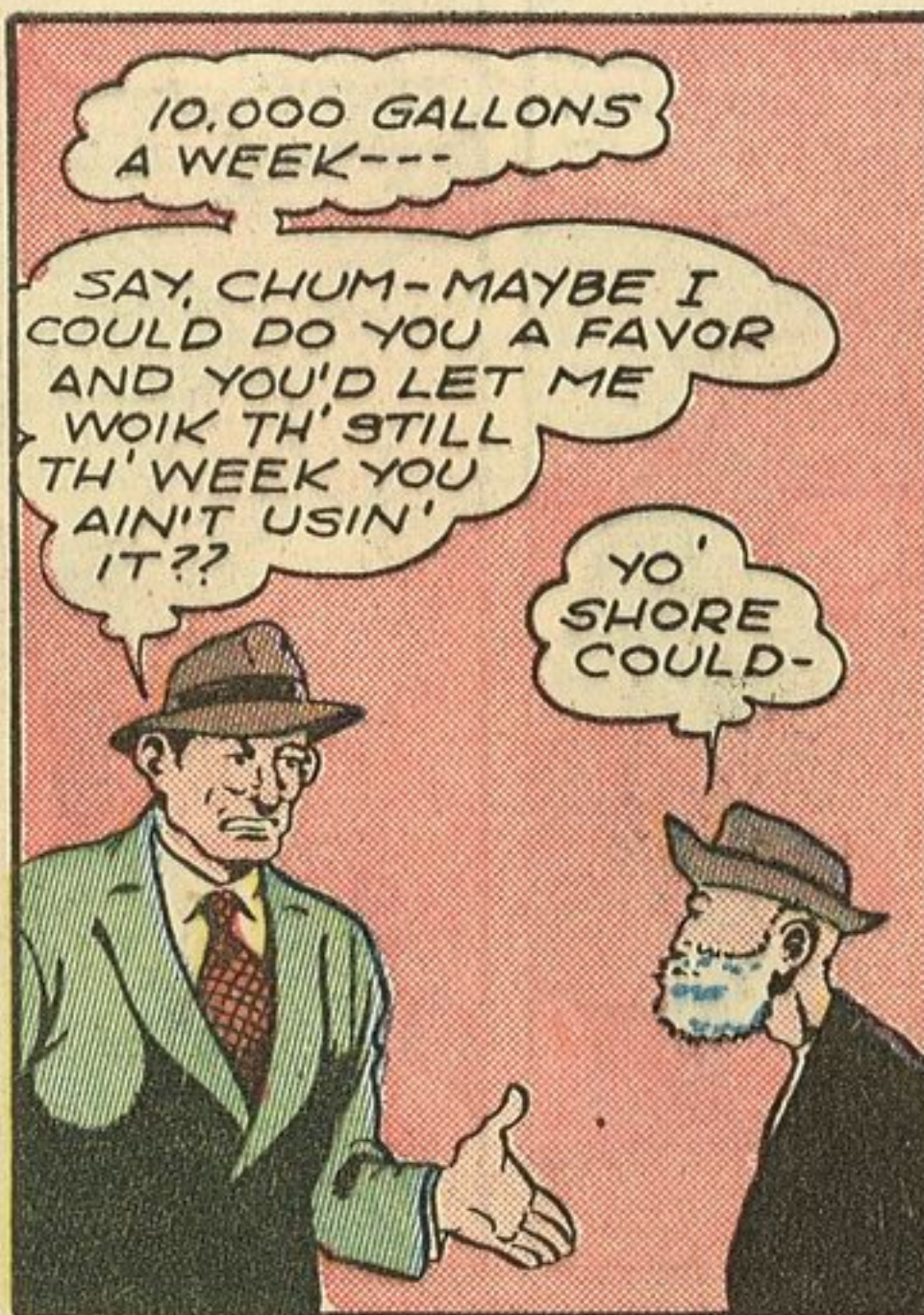
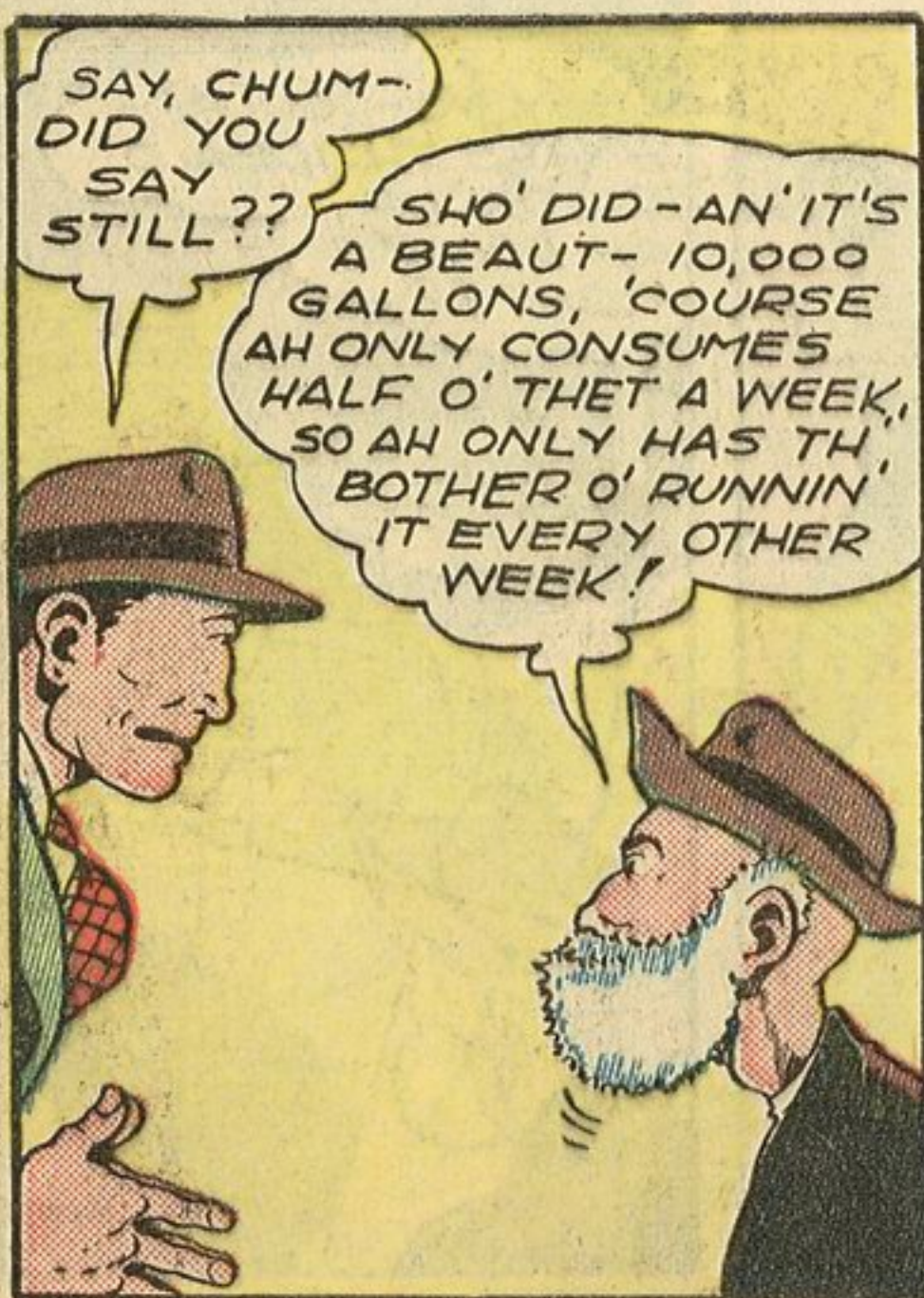


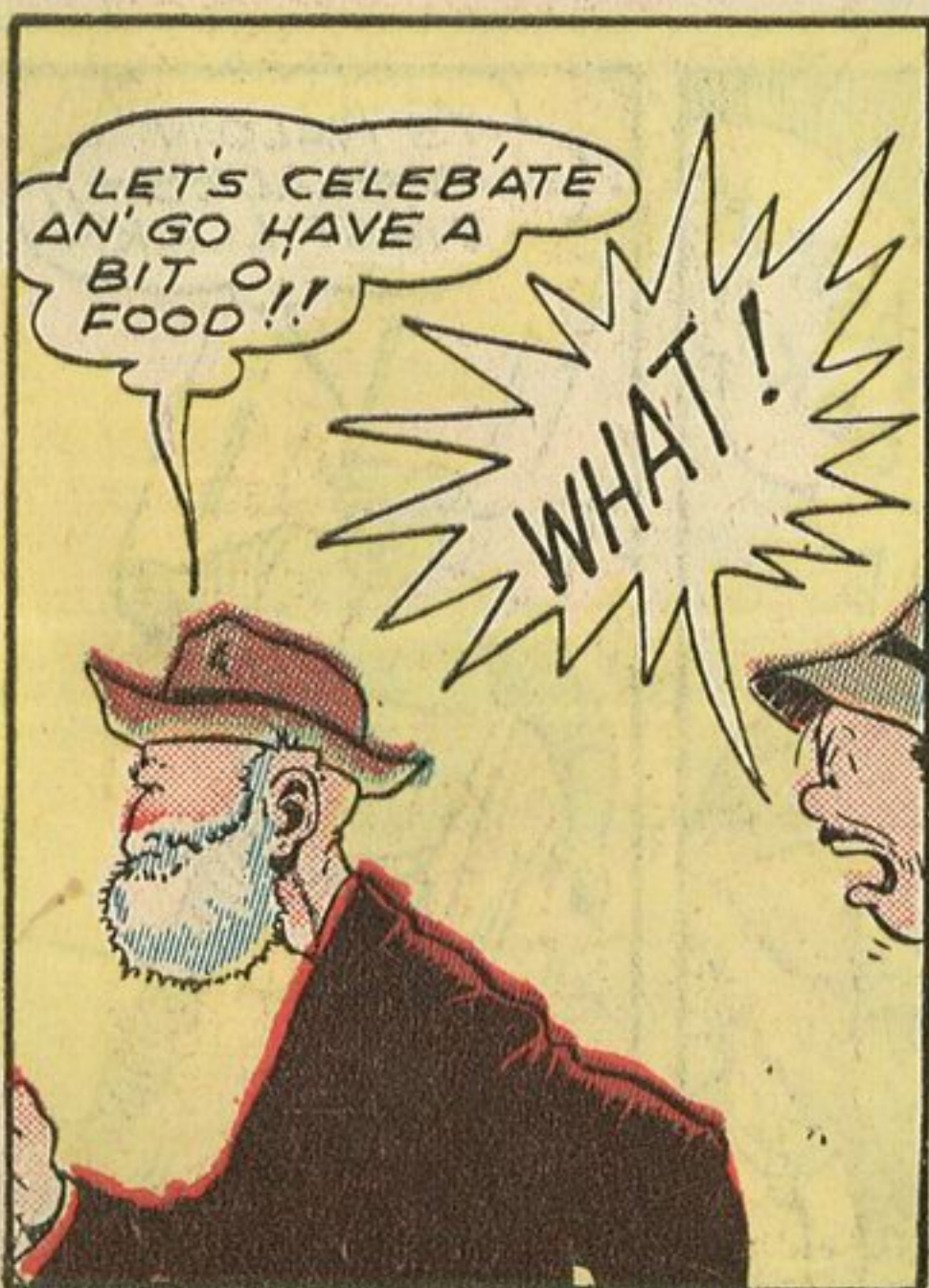
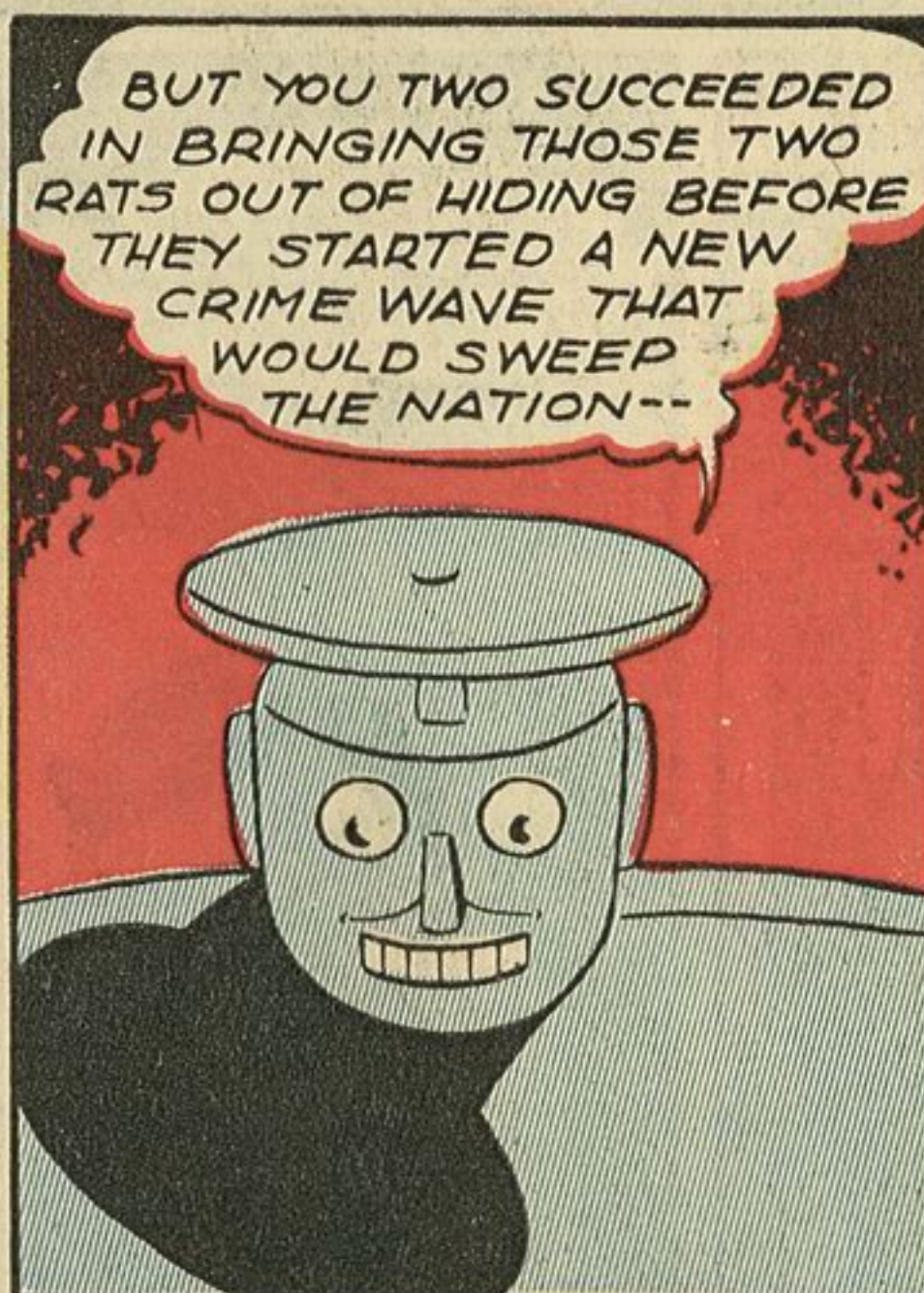
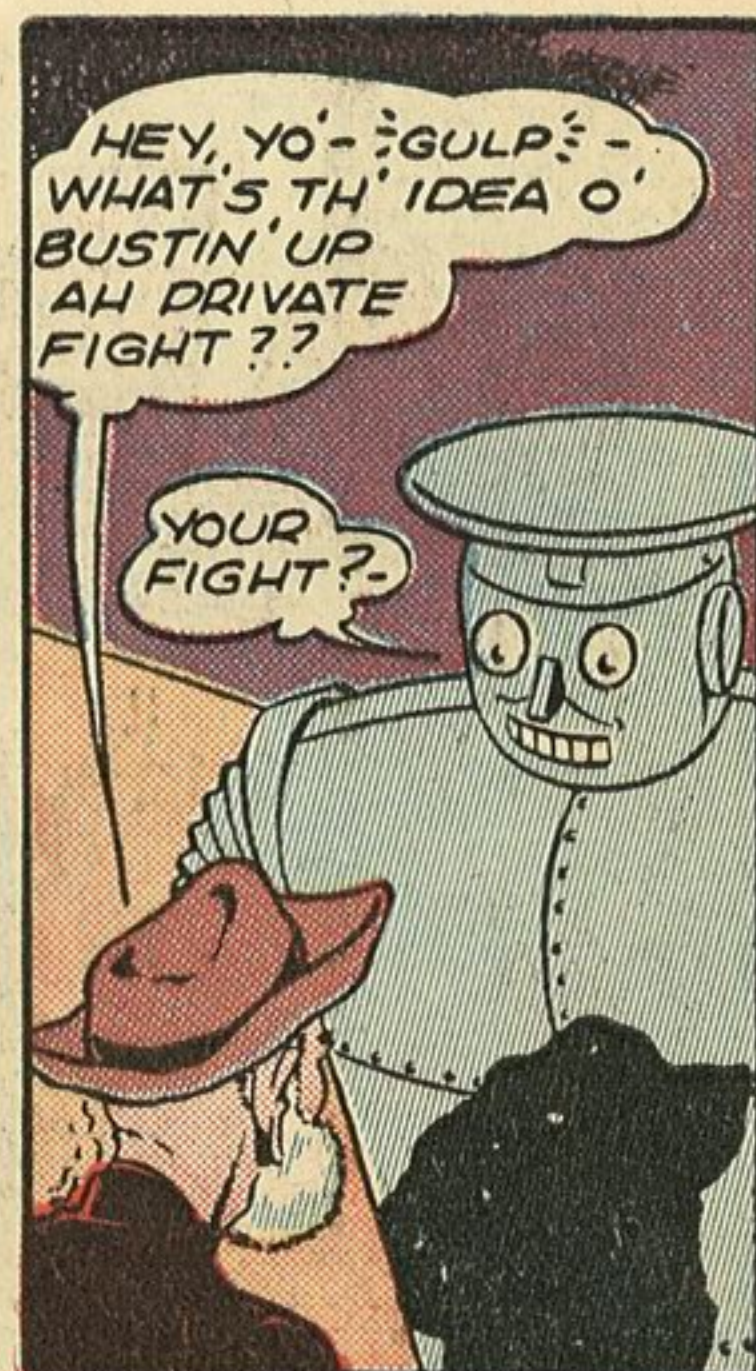
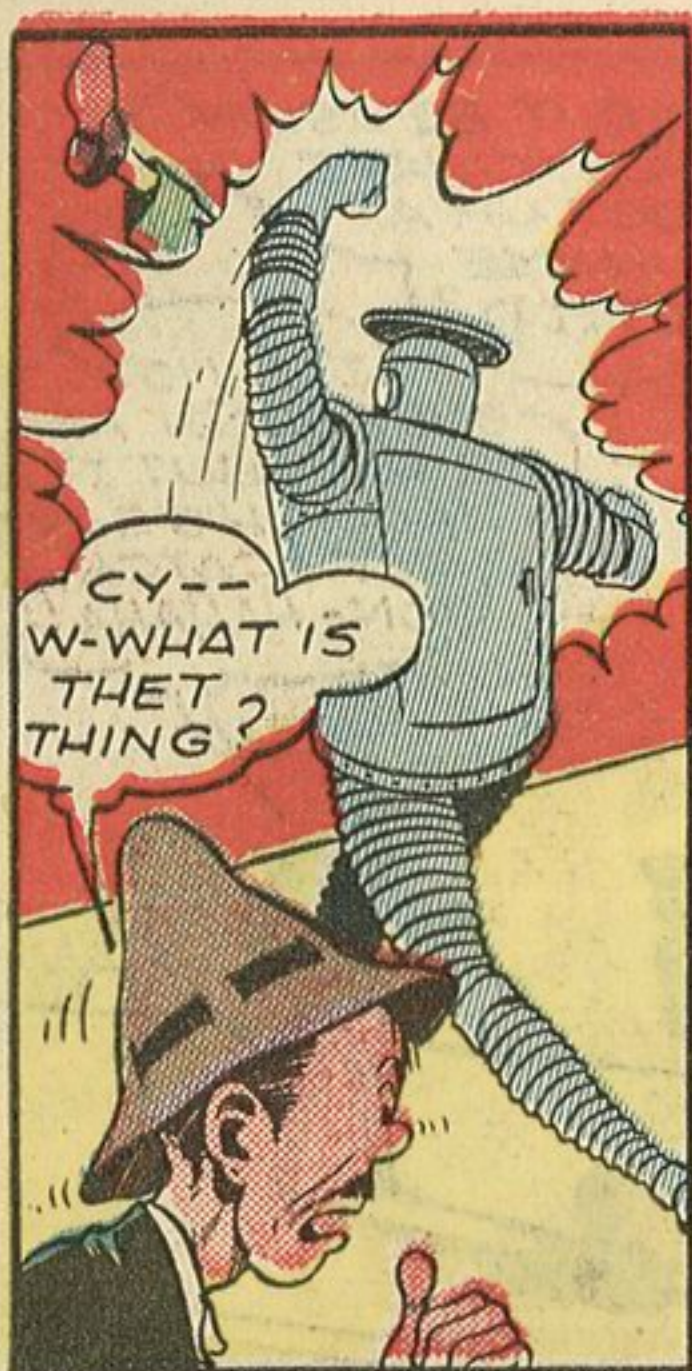
AND HUGH HAZZARD IS
INTERESTED IN THE LAW,
THAT IF PASSED, WILL CROWN
A NEW CRIME KING.



NOT FAR FROM THESE SCENES,
TWO FIGURES APPROACH
EACH OTHER.....







Follow Bozo The Robot in each issue of SMASH COMICS.



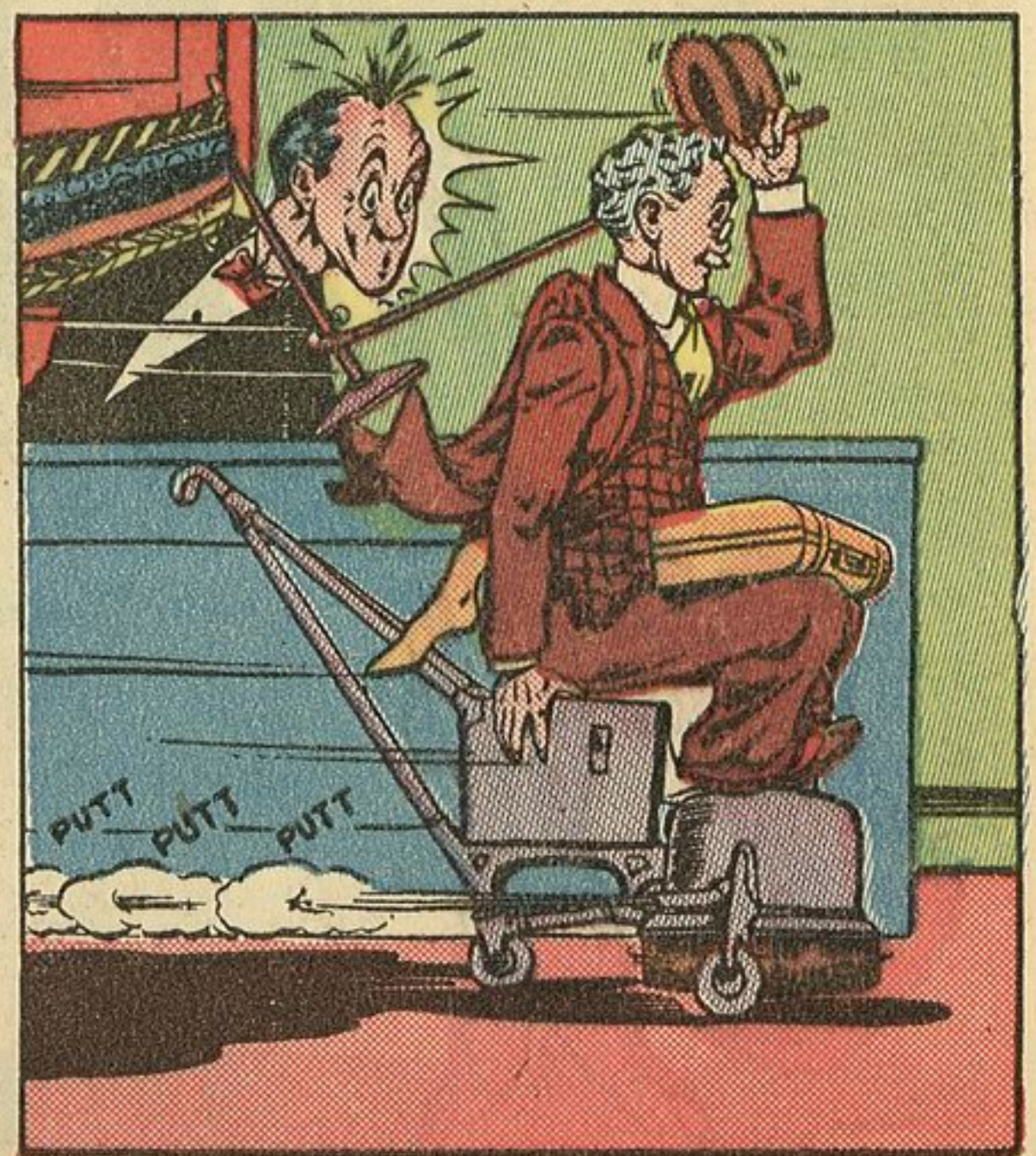
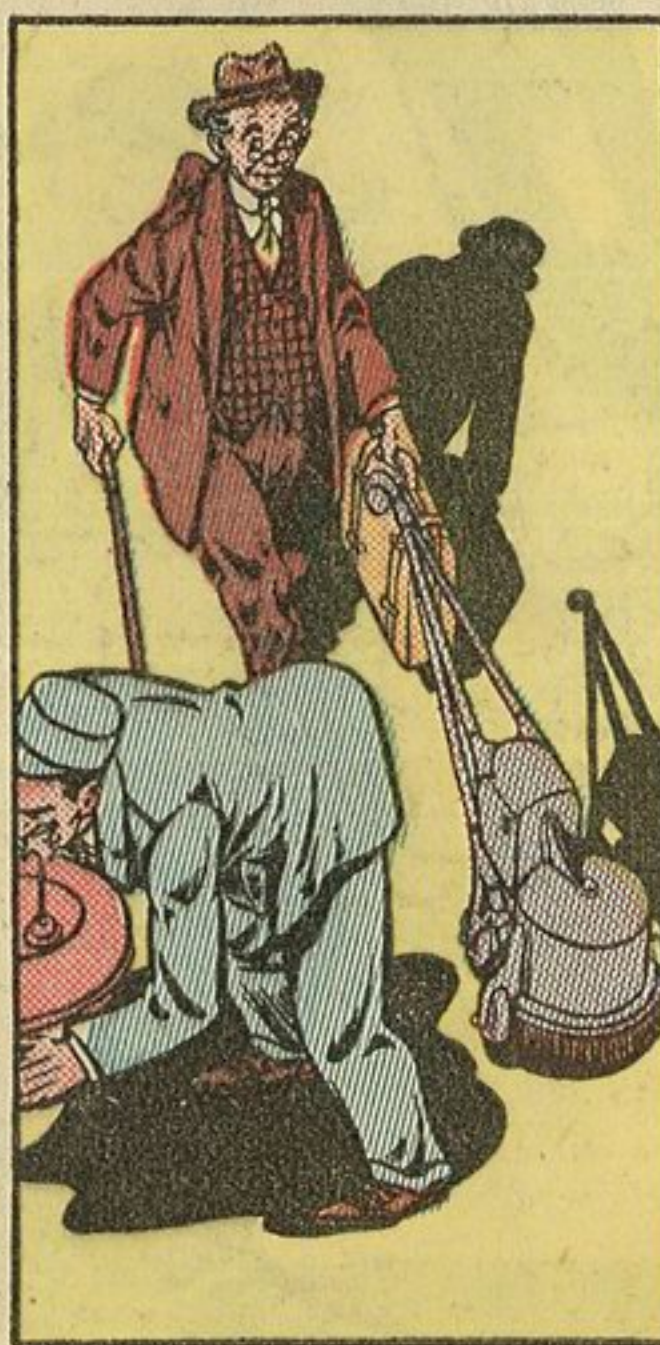
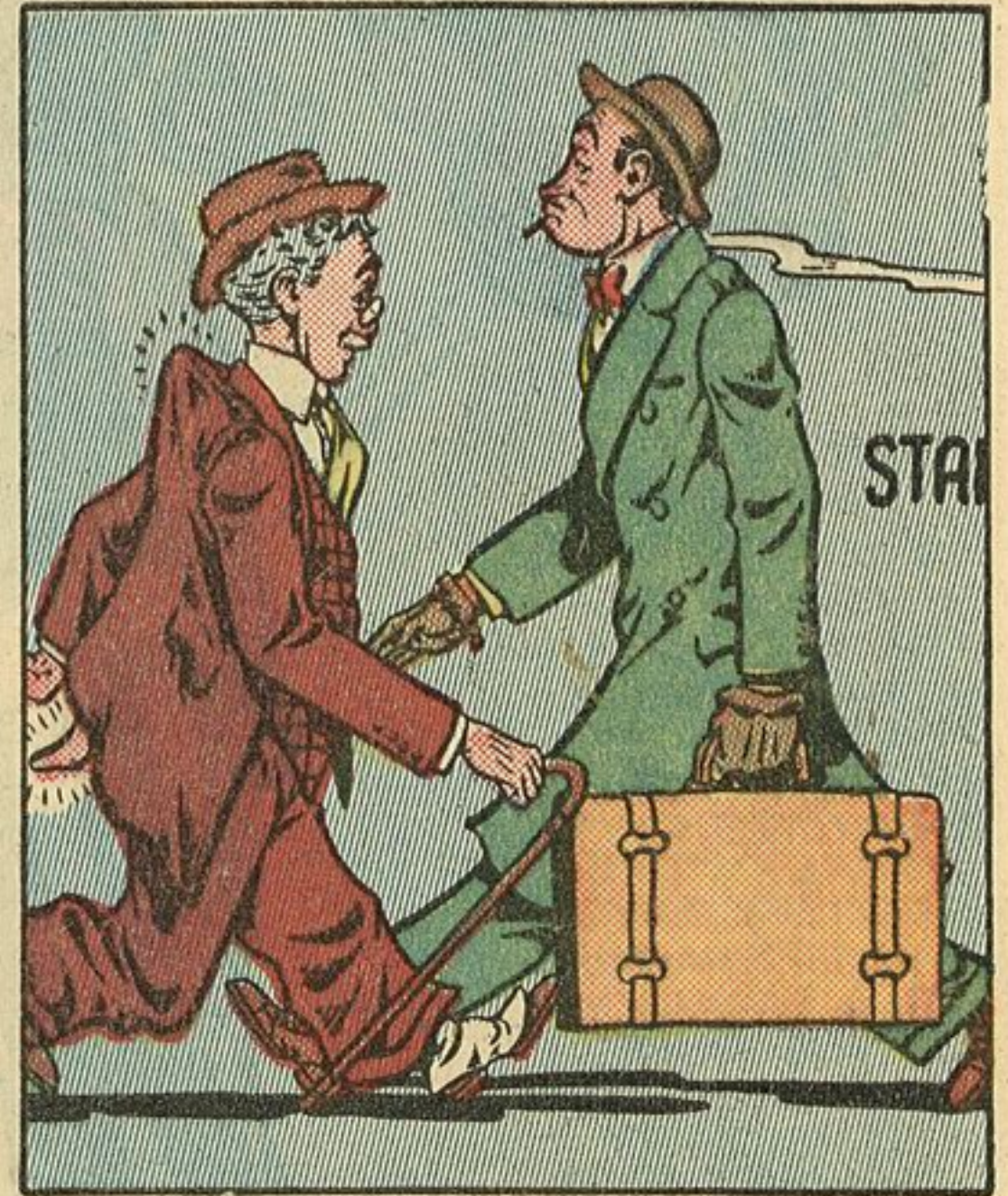
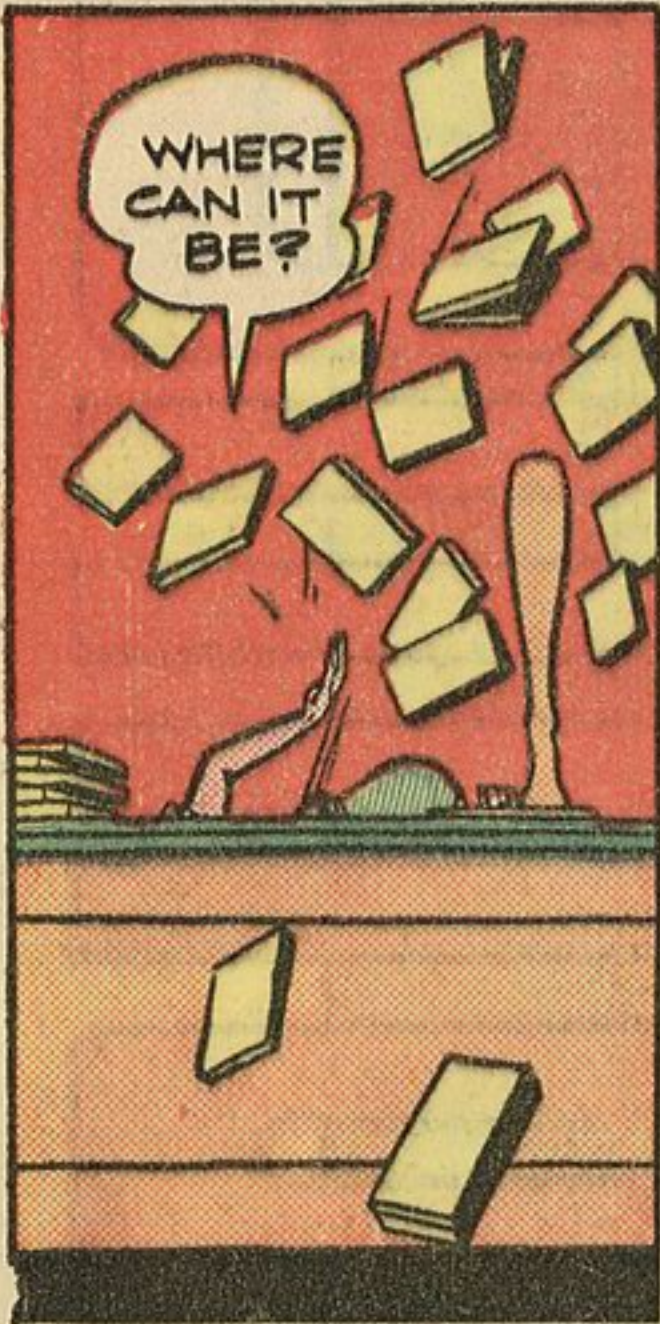
Webster
says—

A KLEPTOMANIAC
—: ONE WITH A
FORM OF INSANITY,
MANIFESTING
ITSELF IN AN
IRRESISTIBLE
PROPENSITY TO
STEAL! THE
JESTER SAYS:—
A KLEPTOMANIAC
IS A WHACKY
LITTLE RUNT,
WHO DOES THE
DARNDDEST
THINGS! SEE
WHAT YOU
THINK!!

'TAIN'T ME
I'M MFGINTY
TH' DICK!!

Paul
Gustavson

ONCE UPON A TIME...
NOPE... IT HAPPENS
EVERY TIME TERWILLI-
GER J. THUMP GOES PLACES..



AND- AGAIN- IT HAPPENS,
EVERY TIME TERWILLIGER,
J. THUMP GOES ANYPLACE...

WE'VE HAD ELEVEN COMPLAINTS
ABOUT THINGS DISAPPEARING!
THERE MUST BE A SHOP
LIFTER IN THE
STORE!



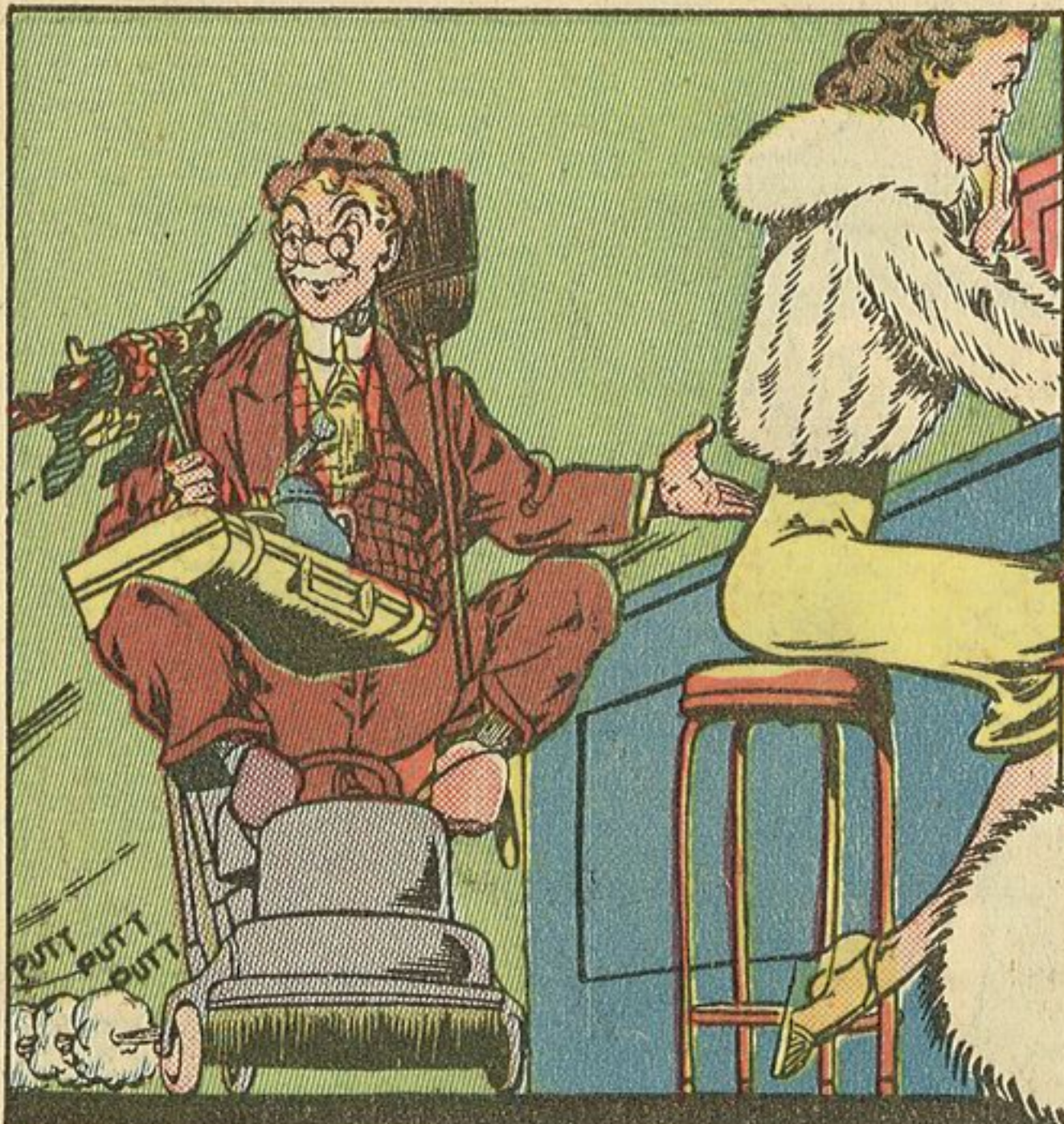
OKAY, SISTER- YOU JUST
LEAVE IT TO THE BEST
DETECTIVE ON THE FORCE...
HUSTACE MCGINTY! I'LL
HAVE 'IM BEHIND BARS
IN TWO SHAKES!

I
HOPE
SO!

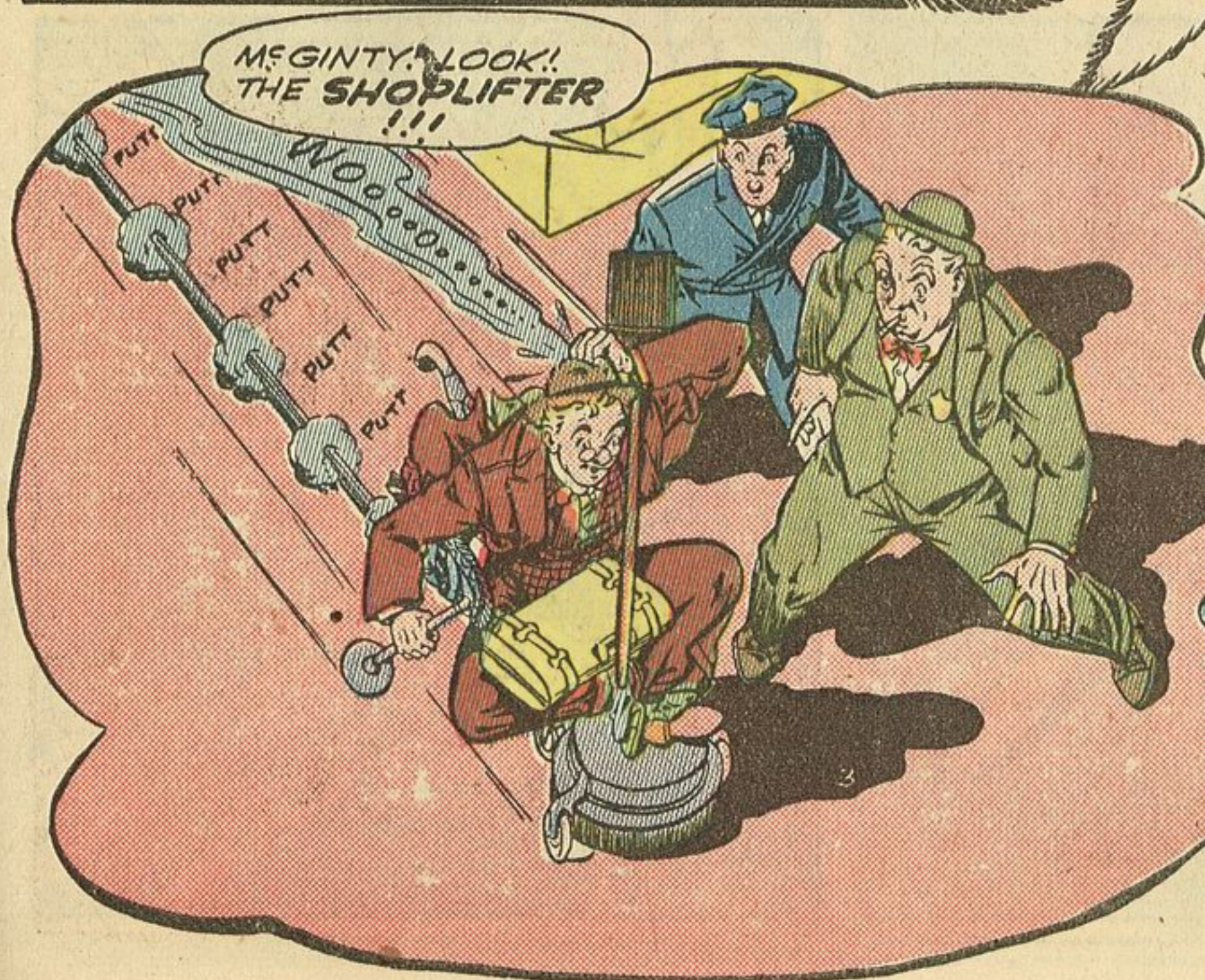


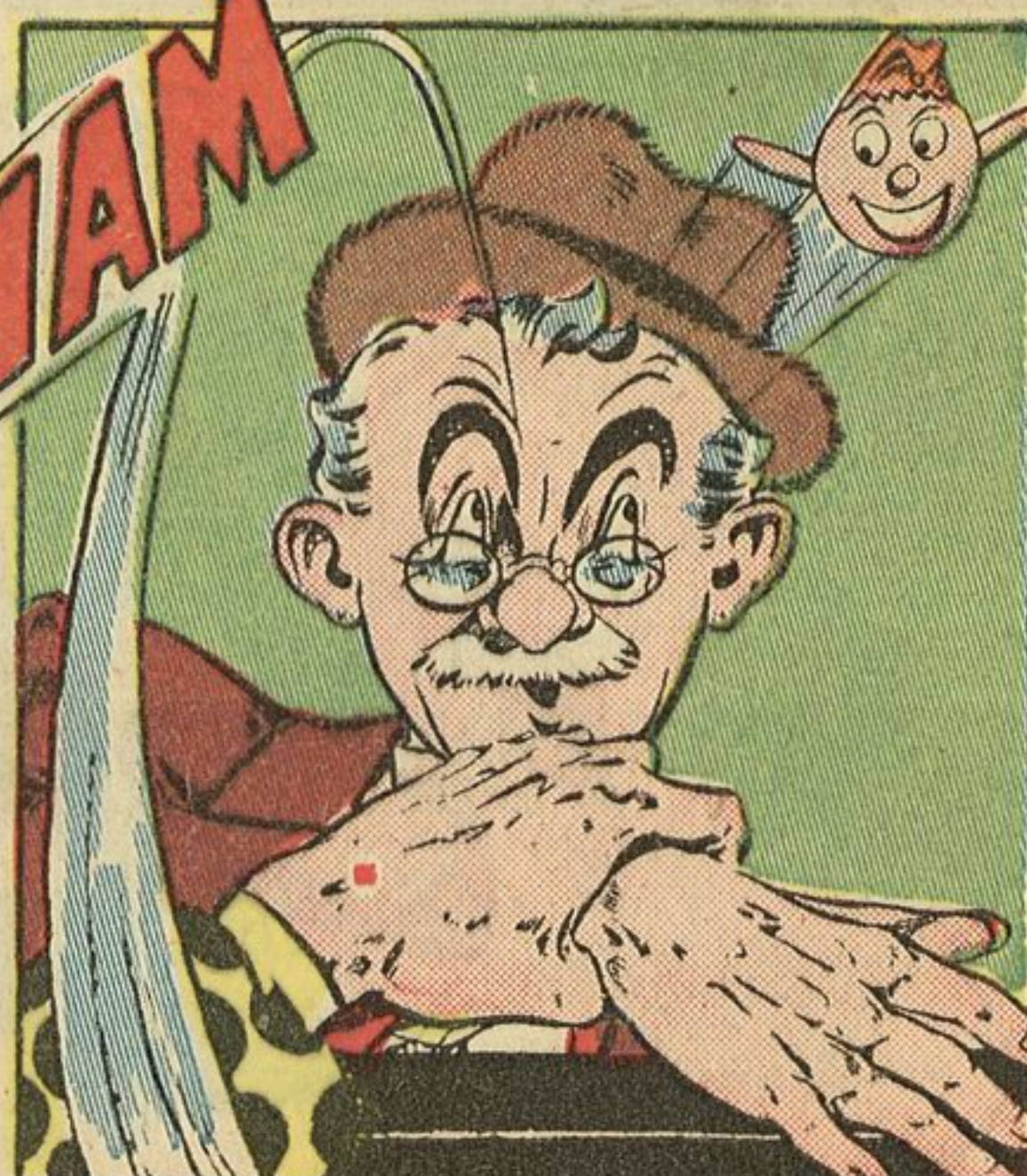
C'MON, LANE! NOW I'LL
TEACH YOU HOW TO
SPOT SHOPLIFTERS!

BOY... IF I TOOK YOUR
TEACHING ME THE
ROPES OF BEING A
COP SERIOUSLY, I'D
BECOME A GOOD
PLUMBER!



MCGINTY! LOOK!
THE SHOPLIFTER
!!!







WOO-WOOOOOO!
WOOOOOO!
I THOUGHT IT
WAS YOU!

SO THAT'S
WHAT
CHUCK
LANE
WAS UP
TO! HE'S
CHANGED
TO THAT
HILARIOUS
CHARACTER,
**THE
JESTER...**
AND
THAT
MEANS
TROUBLE
FOR
TERWILLIGER
J. THUMP
!



GOTTA GO.. CAN'T
STAY AROUND HERE!
GOTTA VISIT
AUNT MATILDA!



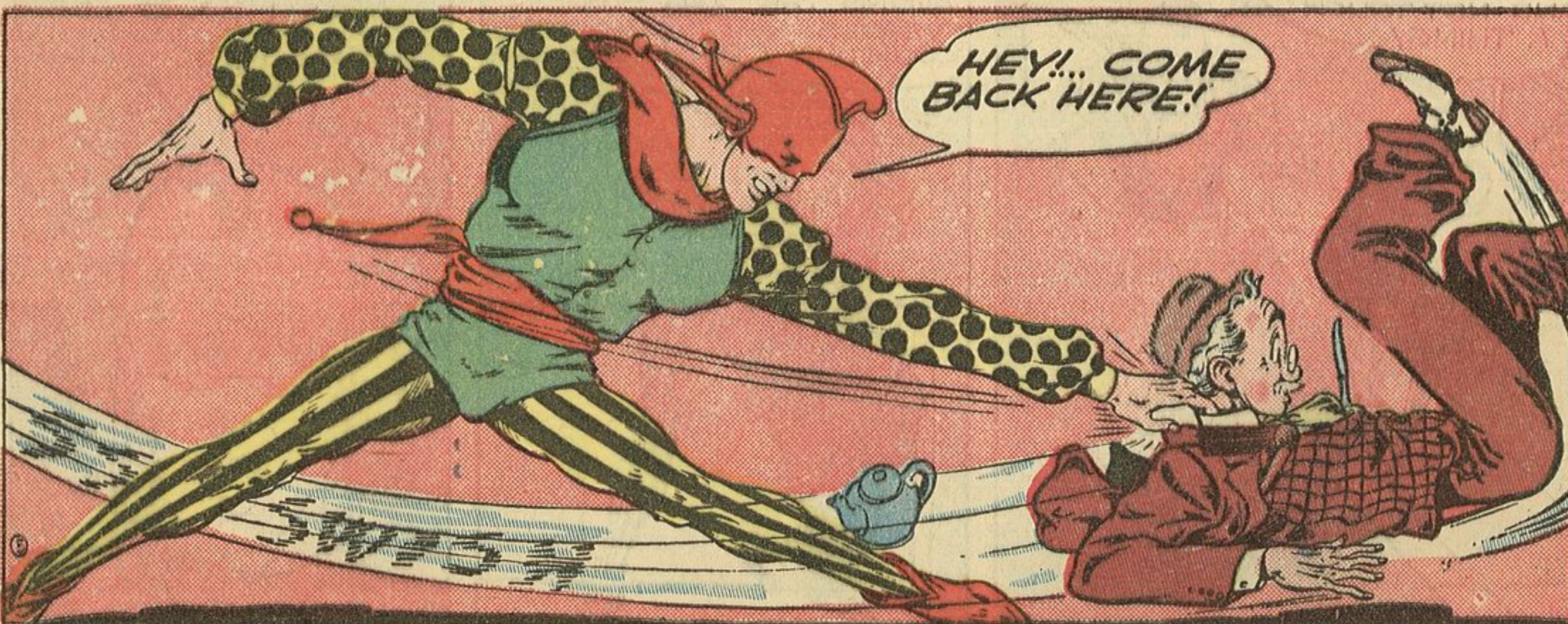
MAYBE A GOOD
SCARE WILL CURE
HIM!



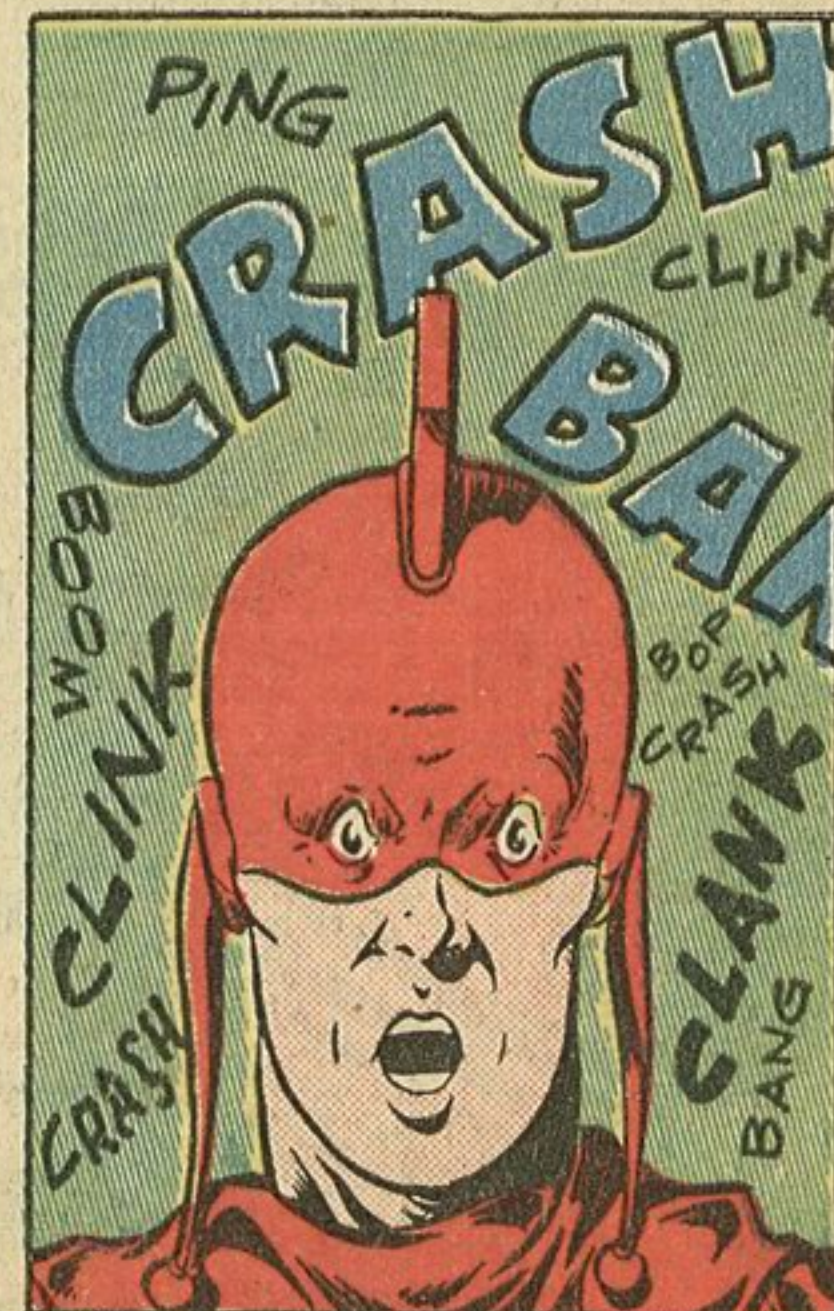
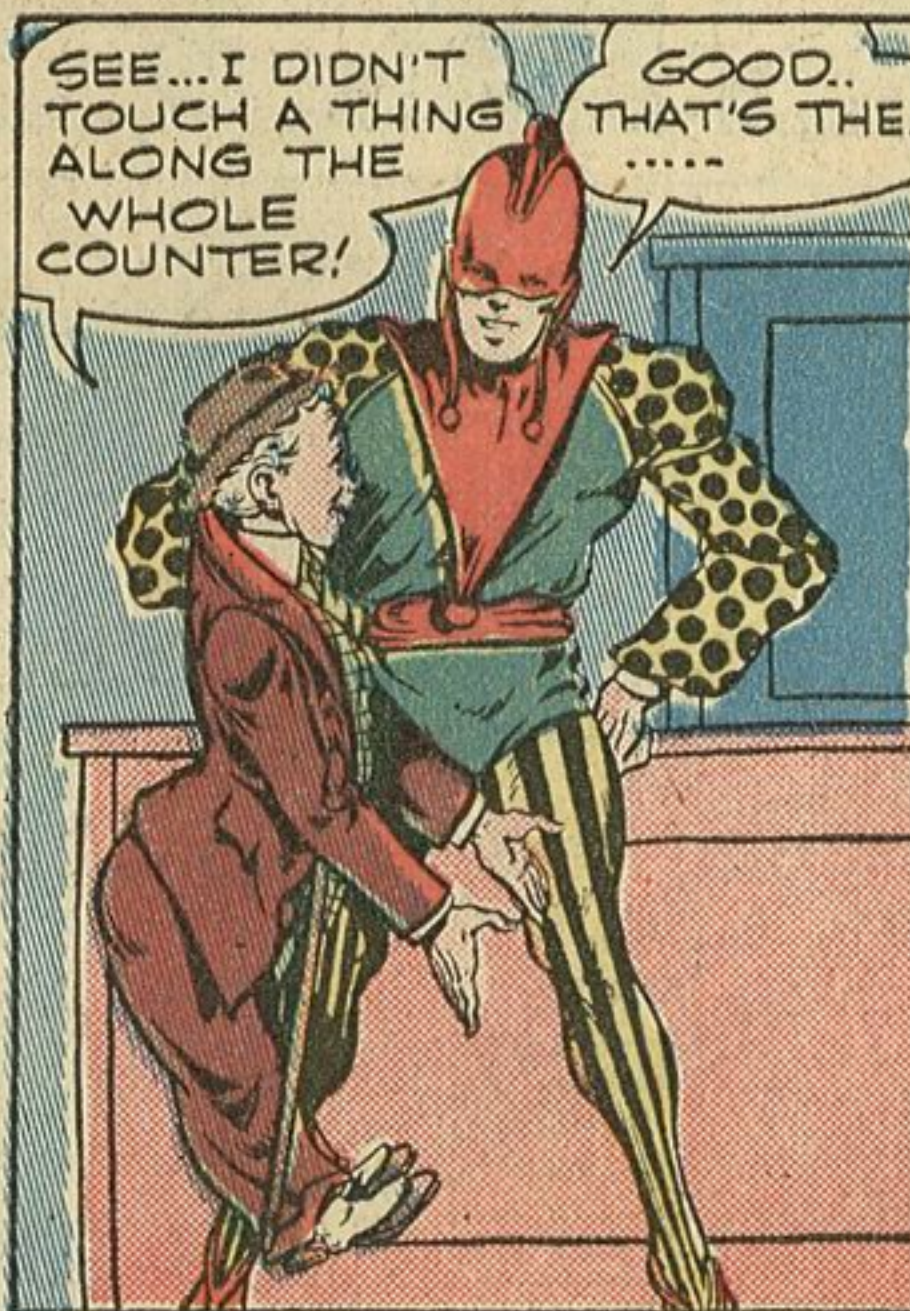
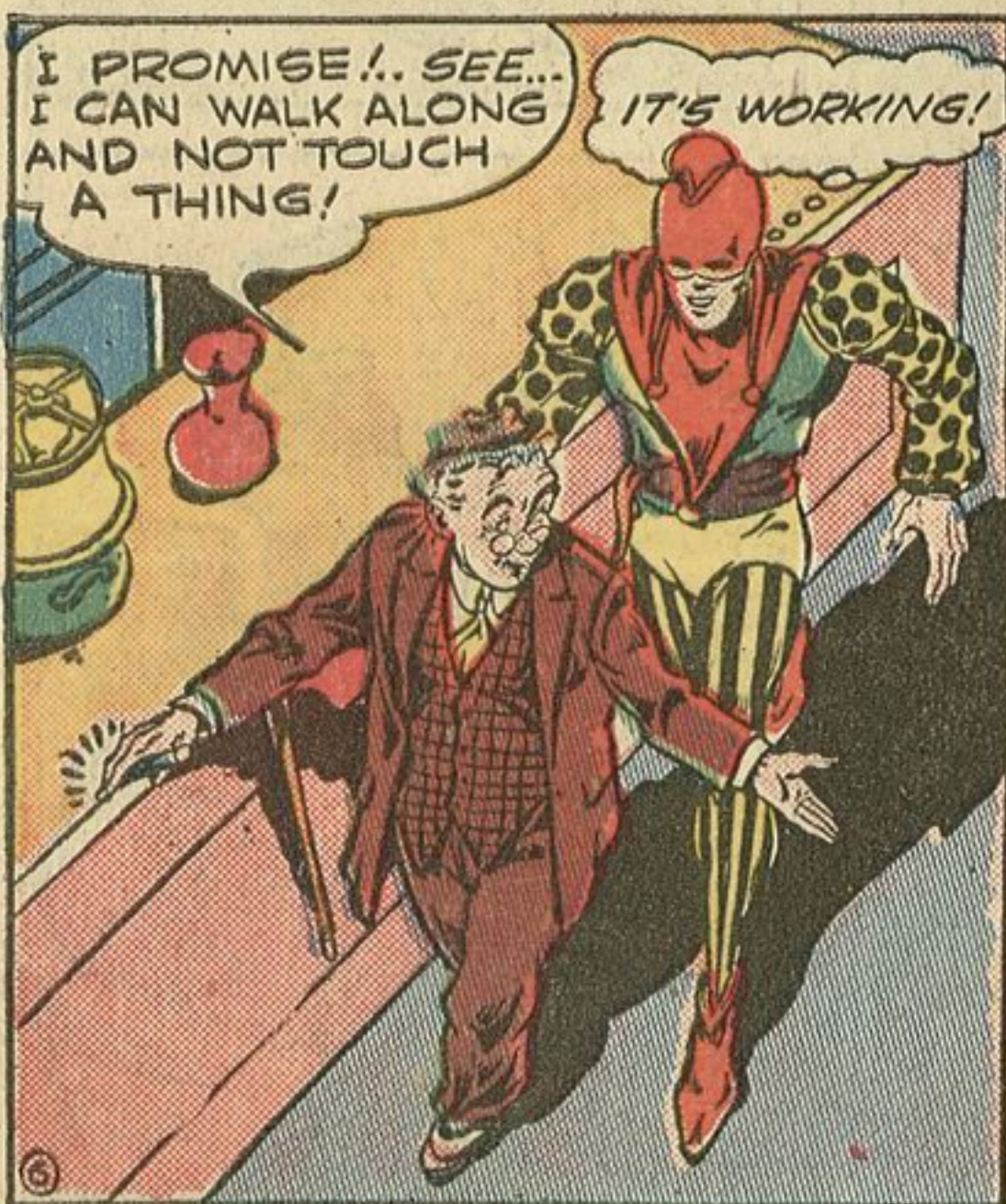
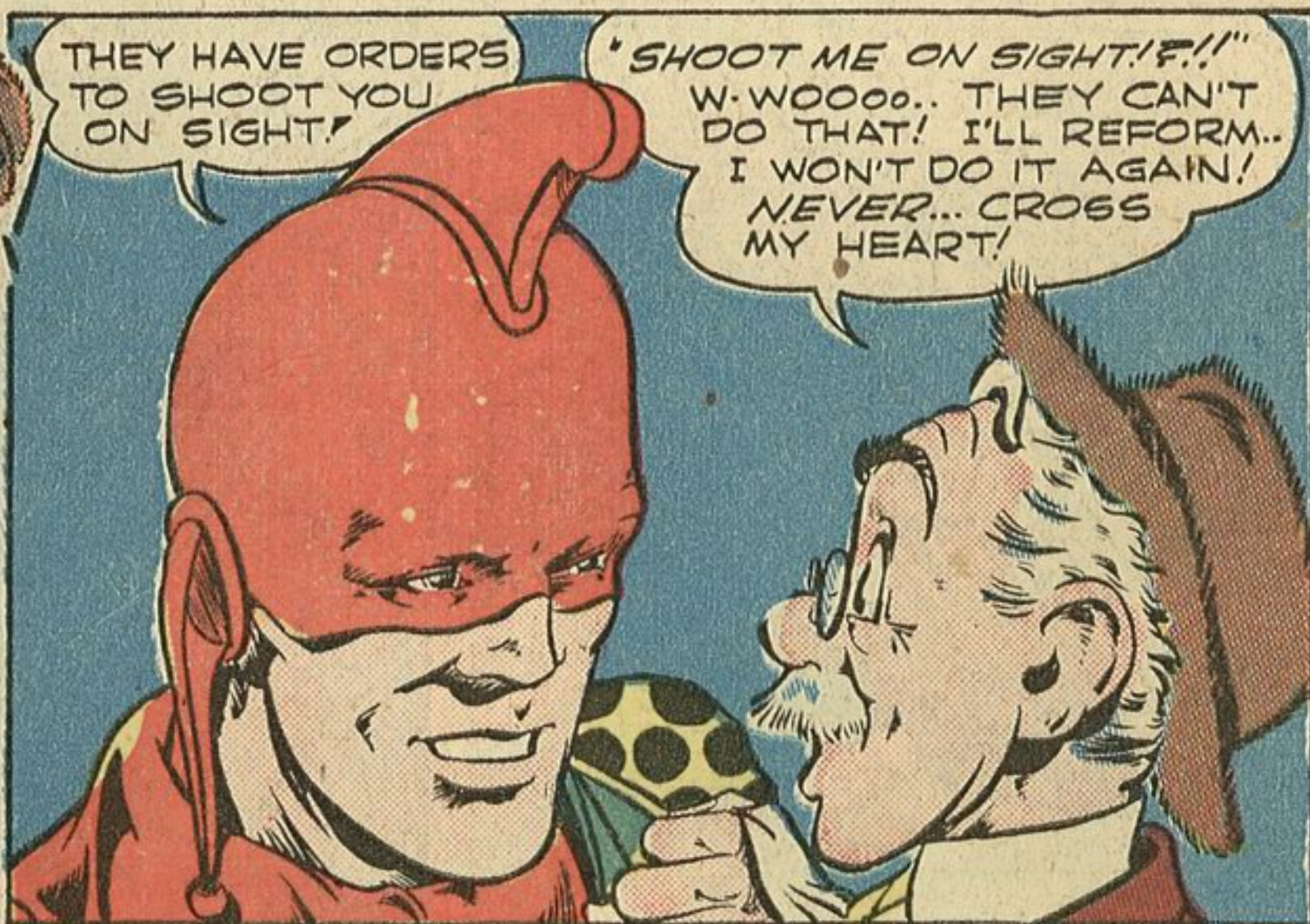
I'LL CIRCLE AROUND
THIS COUNTER, AND
MEET HIM!



W-WOOOOO

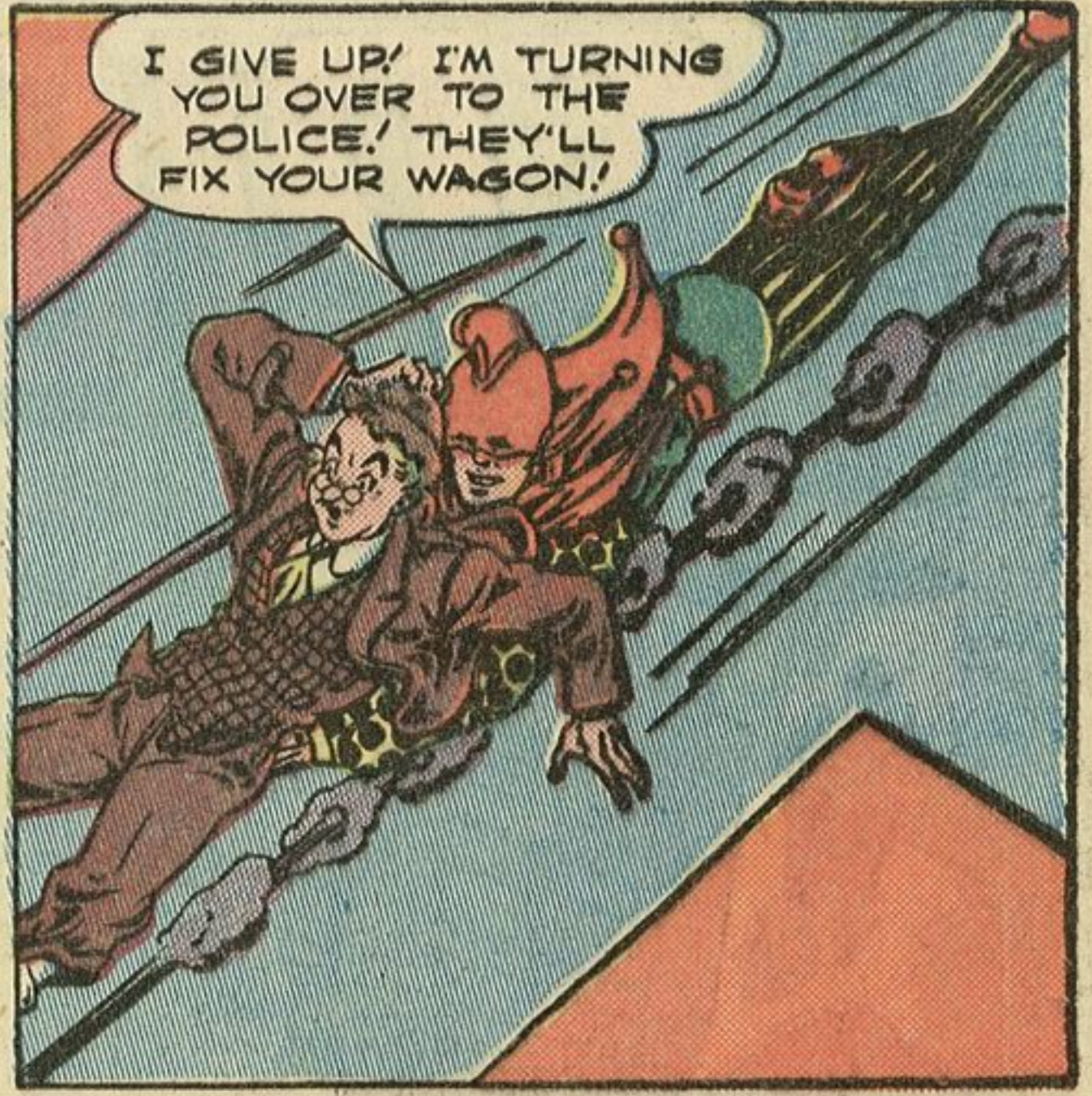


HEY!... COME
BACK HERE!





WHAT TH'??
THAT WHOLE
COUNTER
FELL APART!



I GIVE UP! I'M TURNING
YOU OVER TO THE
POLICE! THEY'LL
FIX YOUR WAGON!



HEY, MC GINTY! SEE
WHAT YOU CAN DO
WITH HIM!

YEIII!!
THUMP!



B. BE DIPLOMATIC, MC
GINTY! D. DON'T LOSE
YOUR HEAD.. USE
PSYCHOLOGY!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE JESTER HAS
CHANGED BACK TO CHUCK LANE, AND ENTERS.

G'BYE NOW...
GOTTA GO!!
I PROMISE, I'LL
NEVER TOUCH
A THING AGAIN!

ATTA BOY... WELL..
G'BYE!



YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE, LANE!
I JUST CURED THUMP
OF BEING A
KLEPTOMANIAC!

NO KIDDING!
SAY.. WHERE'S
YOUR BADGE??



MY BADGE?? HUH?
MAYBE I PUT IT
IN MY.... POCKET..
HUH???



WHY TH...!!
@ . * * * !



HA-HA-HA!! :UH!
WHAT AM I LAUGHING
AT?? I COULDN'T
CURE HIM EITHER!!

ESPIONAGE

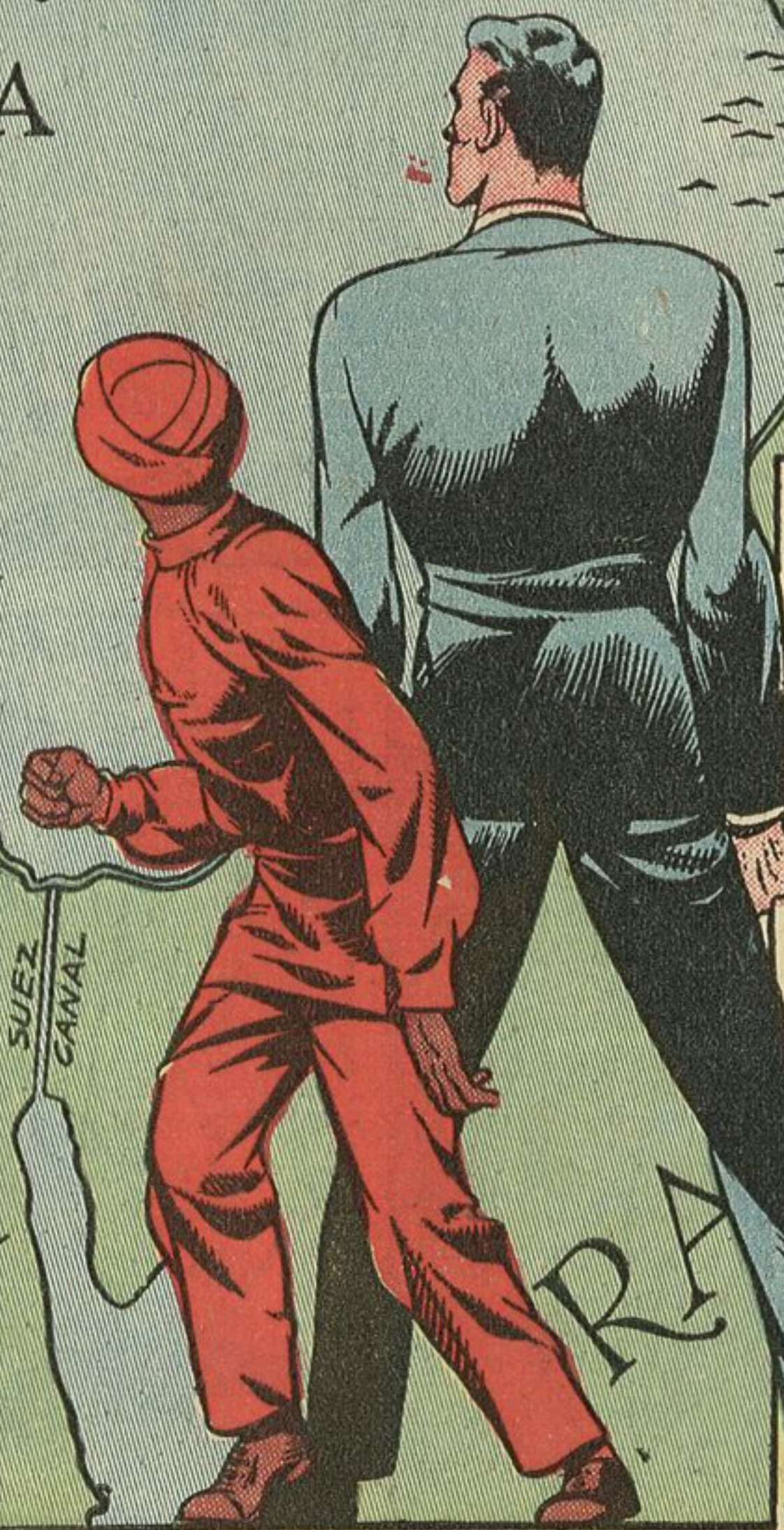
by
ALEX S.
KOTZKY



THE
MIDDLE EAST
LIES SPRAWLED AROUND
THE TOSSING BLUE WATERS
OF THE MEDITERRANEAN LIKE
A HUGE HORSE-SHOE...BUT TO
WHOM WILL IT BRING GOOD LUCK,
THIS HORSE-SHOE...THE AXIS??
OR THE UNITED NATIONS? WAR
CLOUDS DARKEN...ITS SHIFTING SANDS
AND ORIENTAL RULERS MUST CHOOSE
SIDES. CAN THE WISE MEN OF
THE EAST SEE THROUGH THE
TREACHERY AND DECEIT OF
THE NAZIS? THE ANSWER
SURPRISED **BLACK X**...
..IT WILL SURPRISE
YOU TOO!!

MEDITERRANEAN
SEA

IRAQ



SUEZ
CANAL

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST,
TWO FIGURES STROLL CROOKED
STREETS...ONE SUAVE, THE OTHER STALWART.

QUAINT,
ISN'T IT,
BATU?

YES,
MASTER!

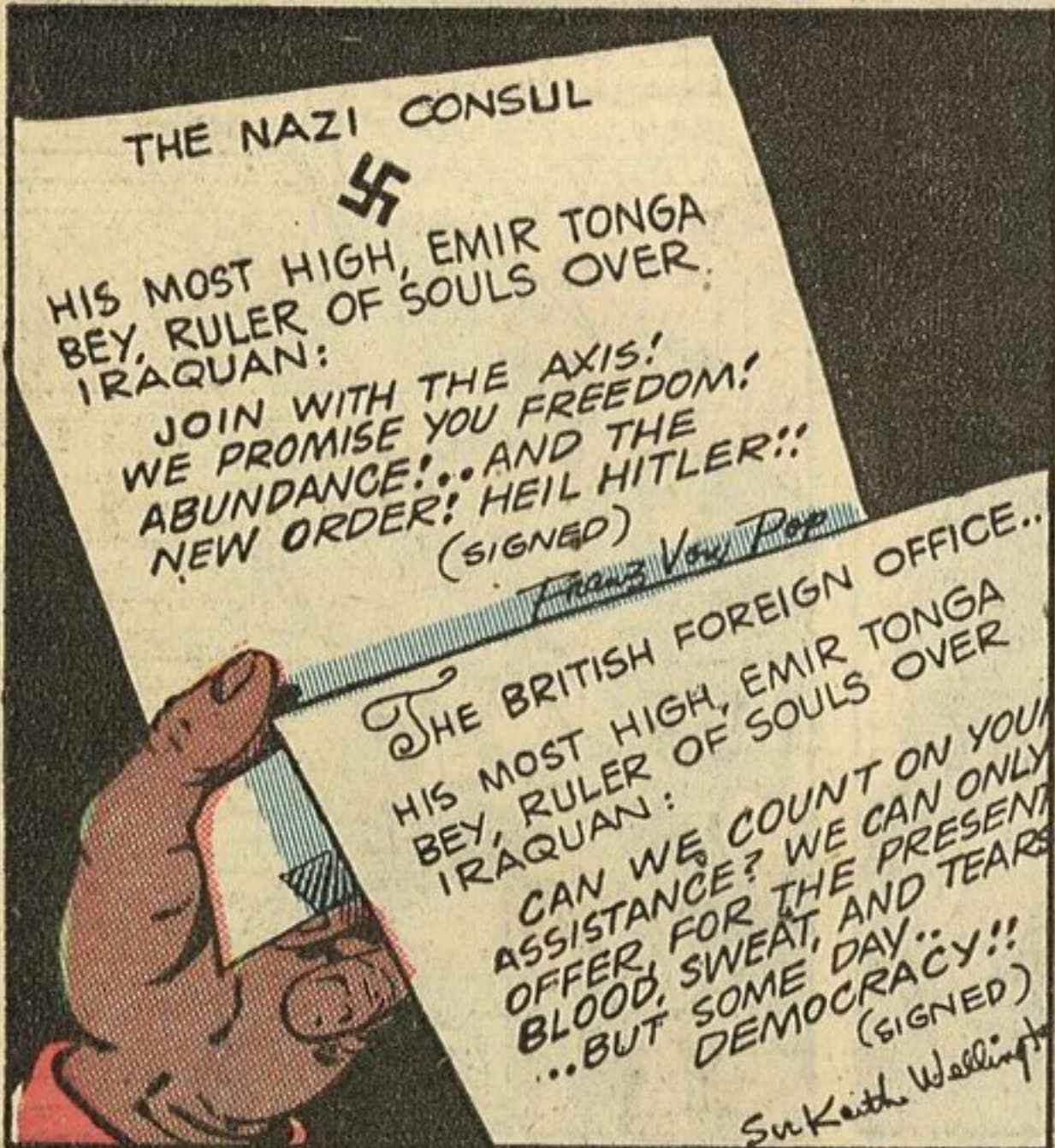
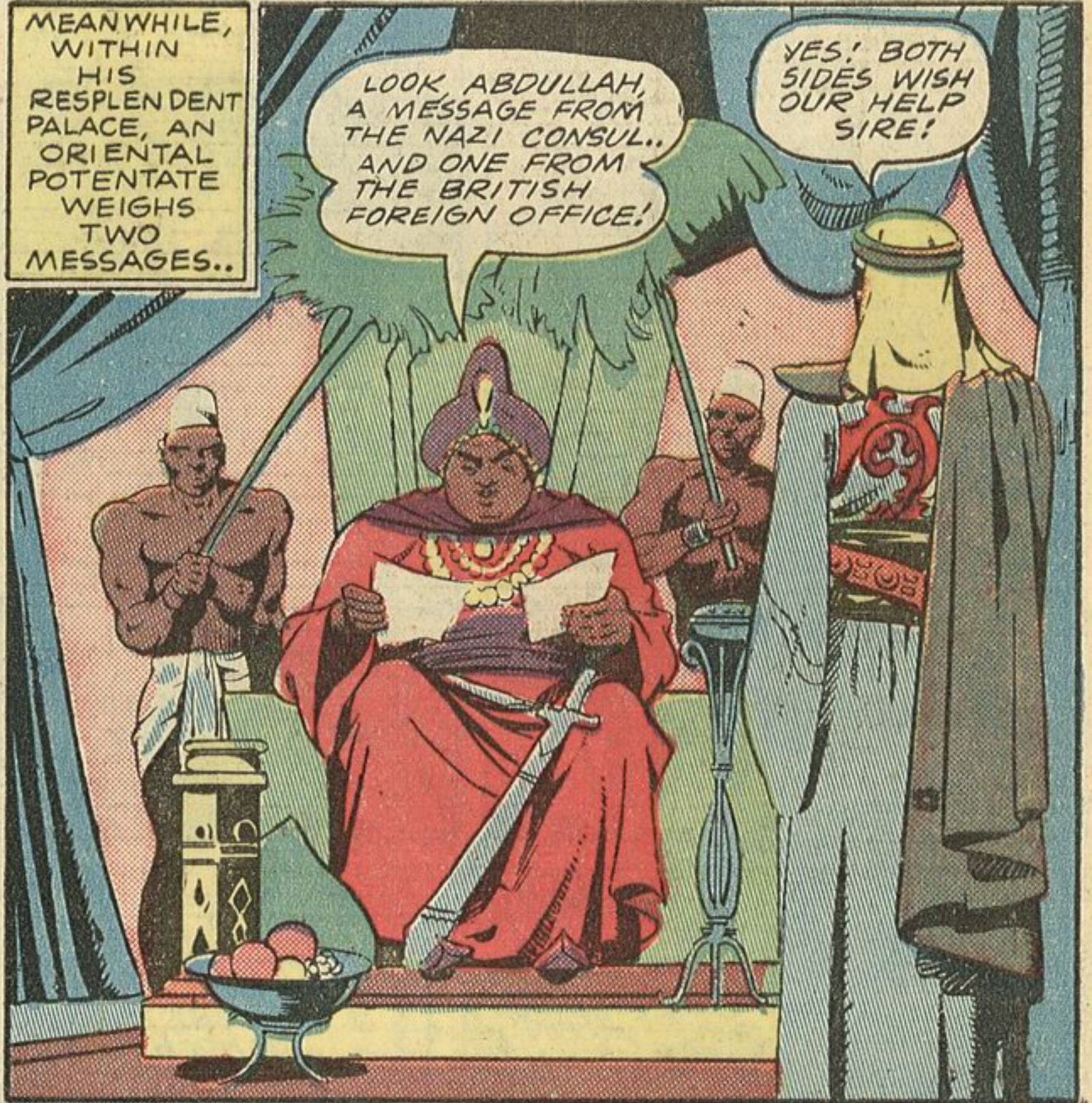
ALMS!
ALMS!



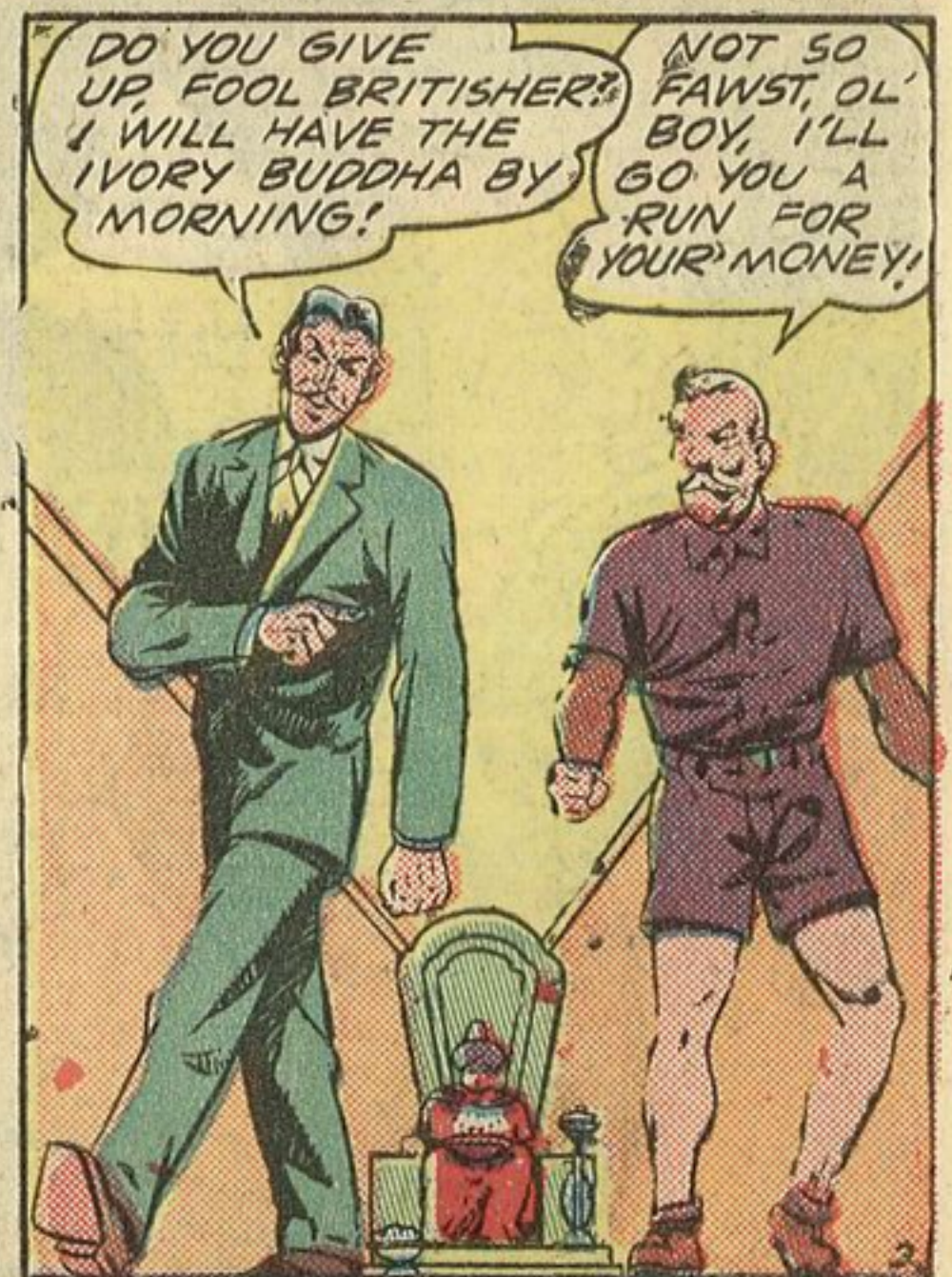
BLACK X, FAMOUS ALLIED ESPIONAGE AGENT, HAS BEEN CALLED ON SECRET DUTY...



MEANWHILE, WITHIN HIS RESPLENDENT PALACE, AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE WEIGHS TWO MESSAGES..



AFTER HOURS OF PONDERING, THE EMIR MAKES A TYPICAL ORIENTAL DECISION... HE CALLS THE TWO CONSULS TO HIS PRESENCE...



SIR KEITH FINDS BLACK X WAITING AT HIS OFFICE, AND TELLS THE STORY.



THAT NIGHT, THE TWO CONTESTANTS ARE LED TO THE SOMBRE CASTLE OF PERIL!



YOU WILL BOTH ARRIVE AT DIFFERENT ENTRANCES OF THE CASTLE! GO!..ALLAH BE WITH YOU... BEWARE OF THE BLACK OGRE!!



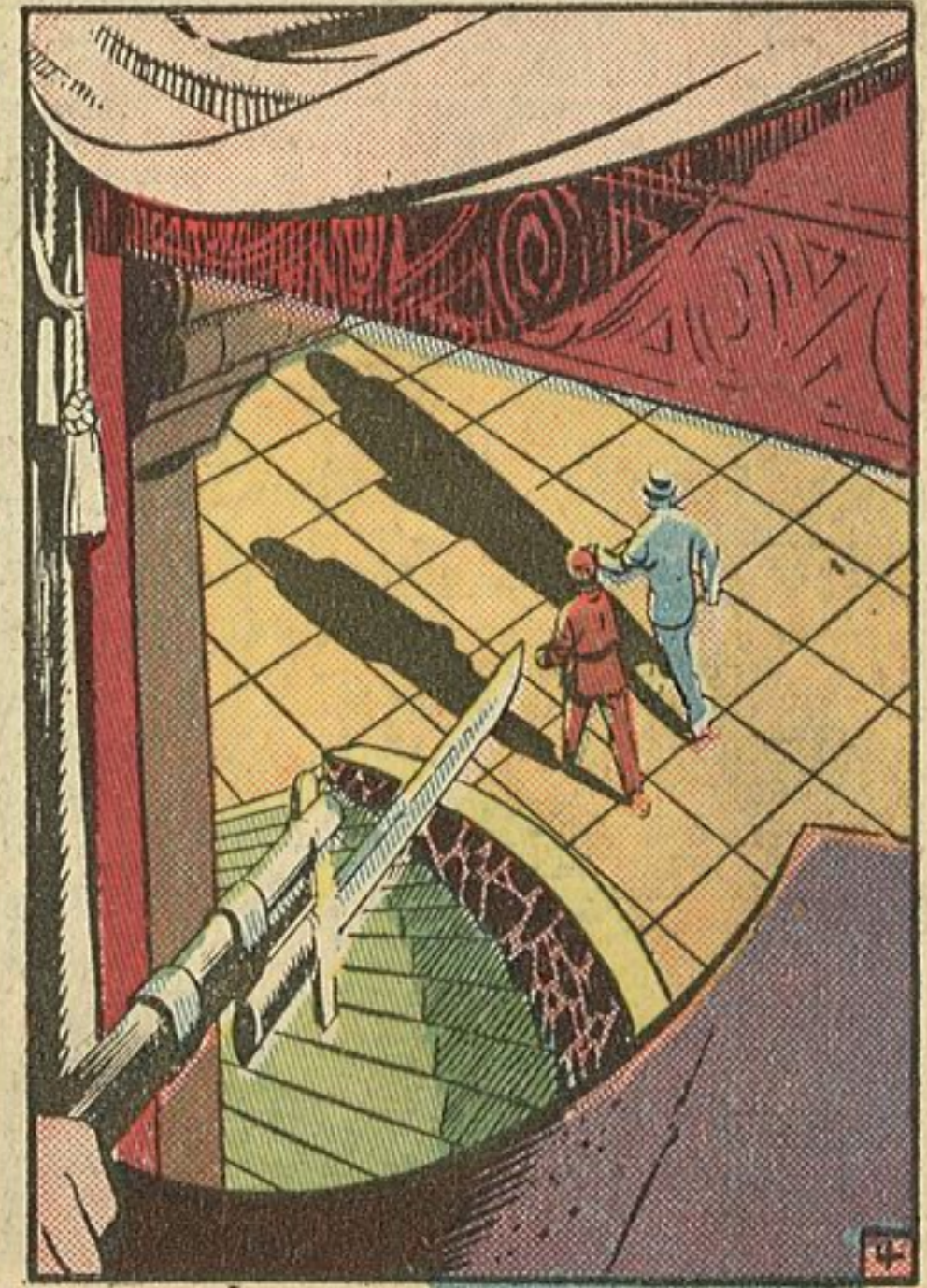
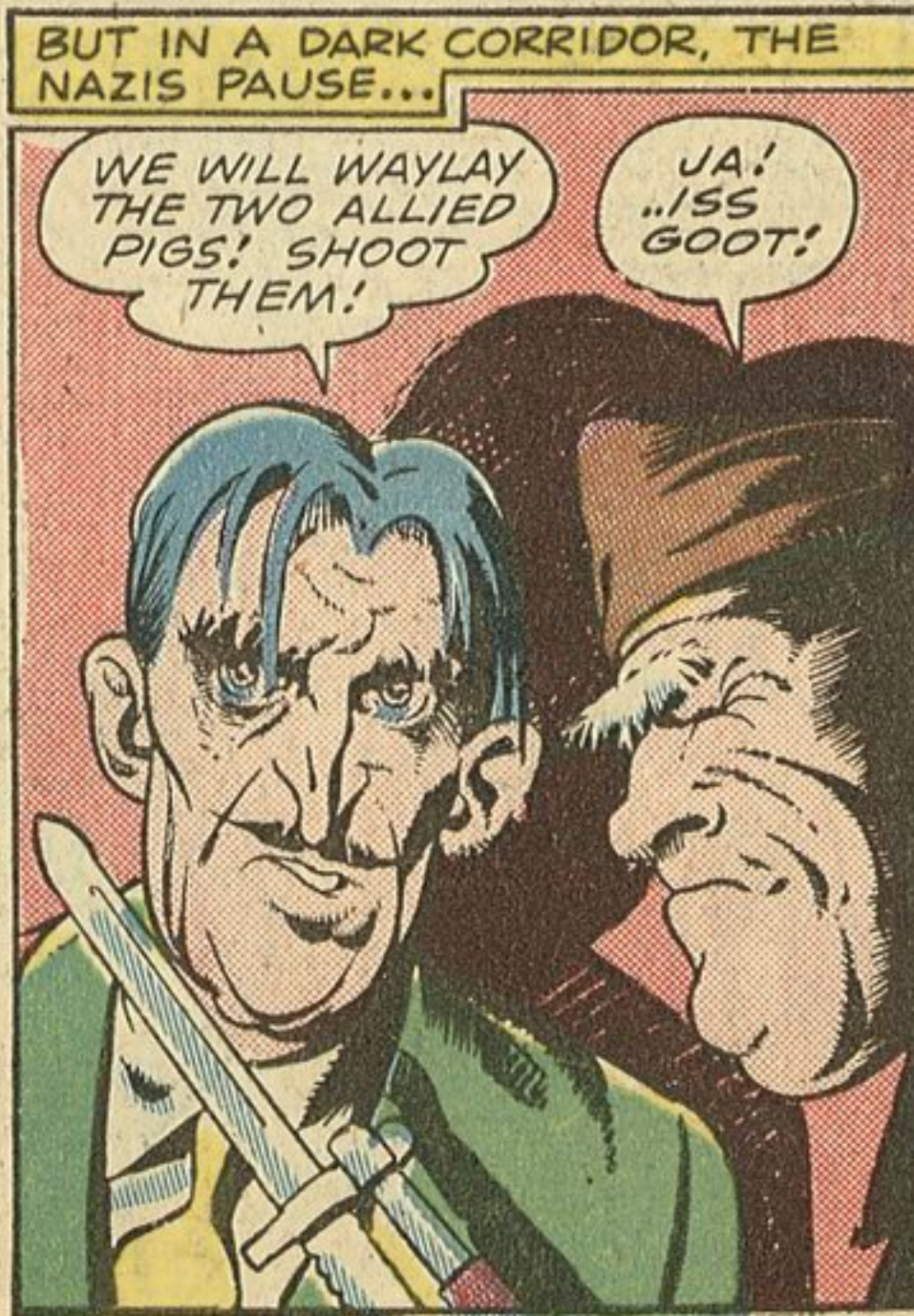
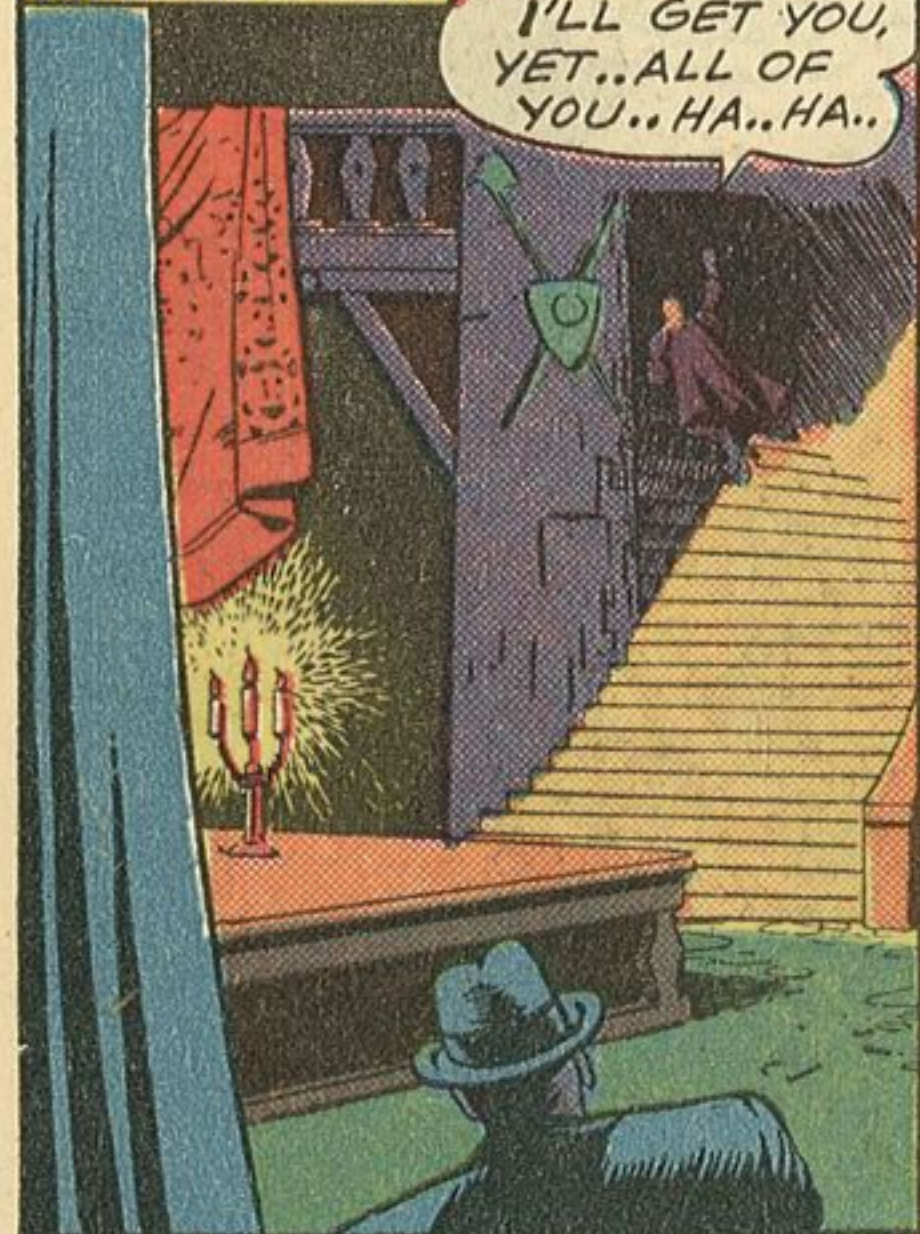
MEANWHILE..WITHIN THE CASTLE..

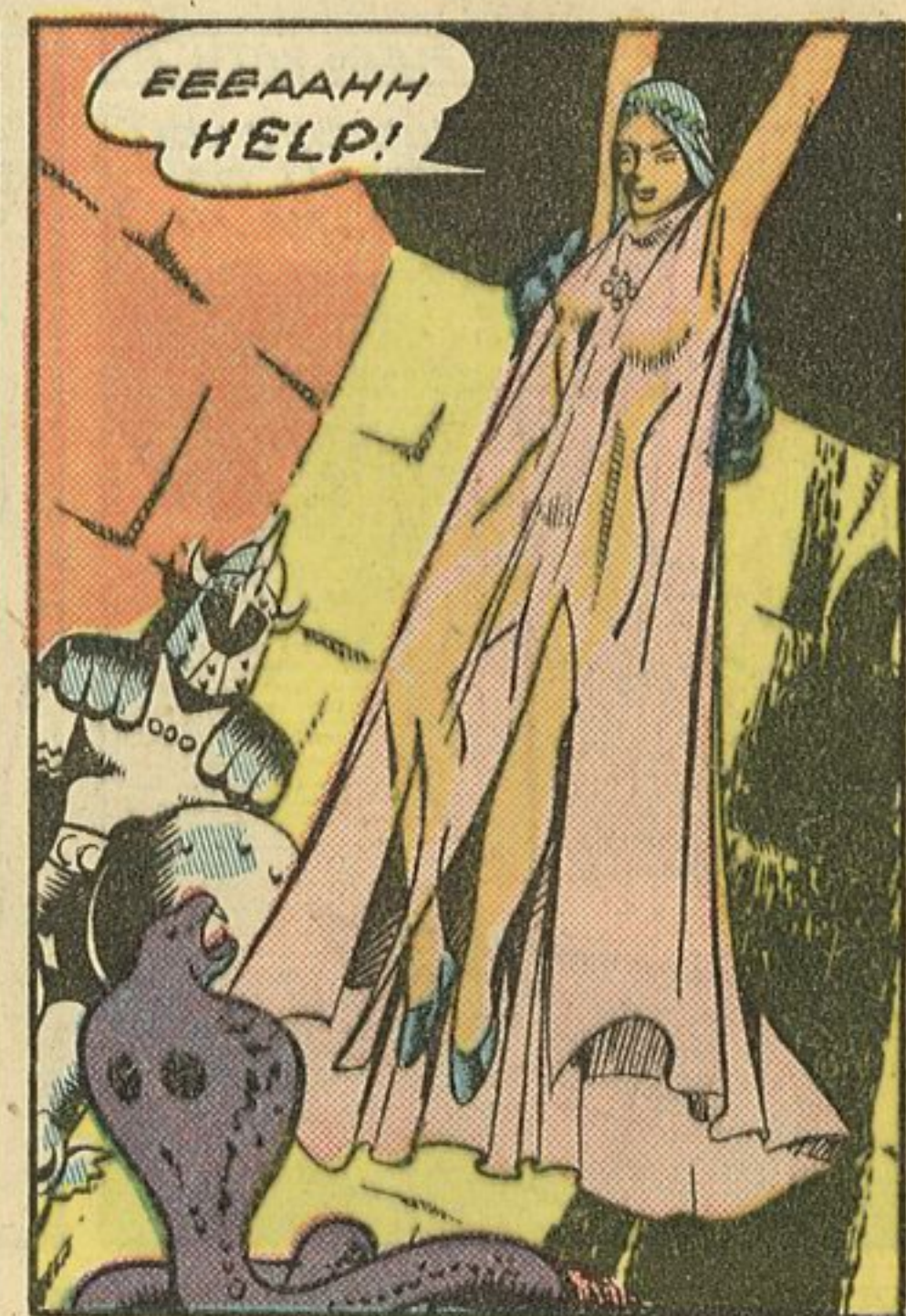


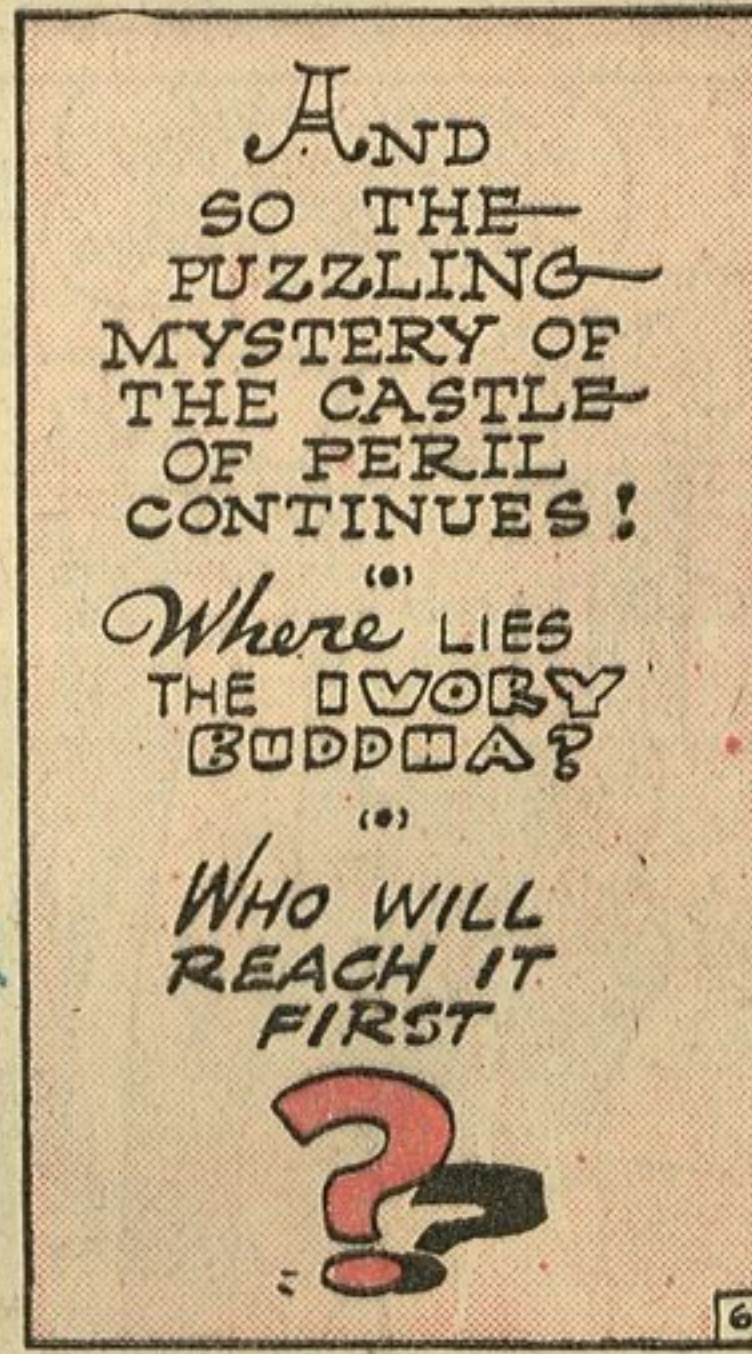
ELSEWHERE, BLACK X HEARS THE SHOT.



THE BLACK OGRE FLEES WITH A WILD LAUGH!







MEANWHILE, BLACK X AND BATU REACH AN UNEXPLORED END OF THE CASTLE!



BUT, WHAT'S THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT, BATU?



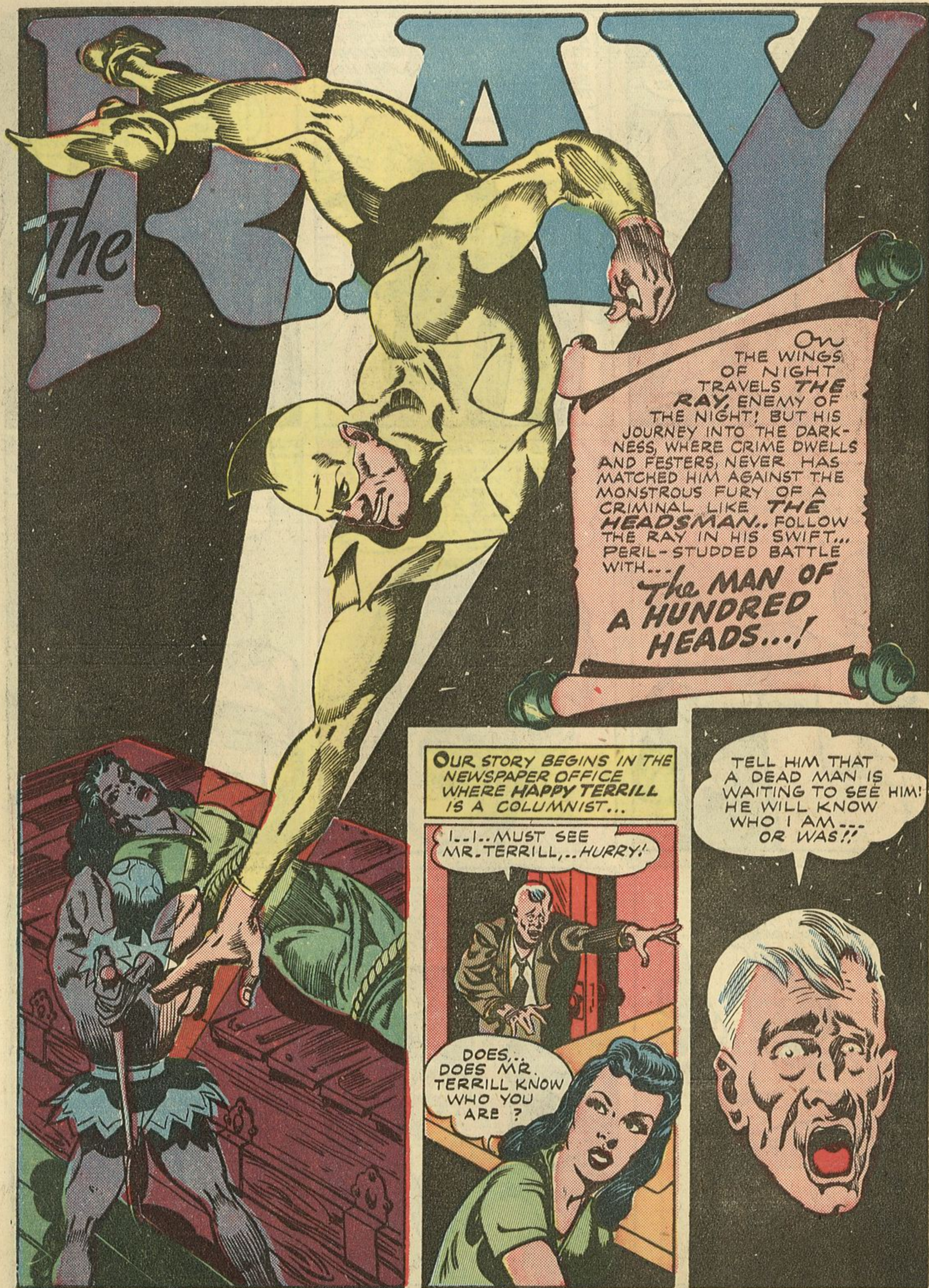
AND, A MOMENT LATER.



LATER THAT DAY... AT THE PALACE OF EMIR TONGA BEY, RULER OF SOULS OF IRAQUAN...



Watch for the next installment of Espionage in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.



On
THE WINGS
OF NIGHT
TRAVELS **THE**
RAY, ENEMY OF
THE NIGHT! BUT HIS
JOURNEY INTO THE DARK-
NESS, WHERE CRIME DWELLS
AND FESTERS, NEVER HAS
MATCHED HIM AGAINST THE
MONSTROUS FURY OF A
CRIMINAL LIKE **THE**
HEADSMAN.. FOLLOW
THE RAY IN HIS SWIFT...
PERIL-STUDDED BATTLE
WITH...

**The MAN OF
A HUNDRED
HEADS...!**

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE
NEWSPAPER OFFICE
WHERE **HAPPY TERRILL**
IS A COLUMNIST...

I...I...MUST SEE
MR. TERRILL...HURRY!

DOES...
DOES MR.
TERRILL KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE ?

TELL HIM THAT
A DEAD MAN IS
WAITING TO SEE HIM!
HE WILL KNOW
WHO I AM...
OR WAS?!

AT THAT MOMENT, HAPPY TERRILL IS LEAVING HIS OFFICE.



THE HEADSMAN!! MUST... MUST STOP HIM!... THE SWAMP... -- OOOHHH!



HE'S DEAD!!



LATE THAT NIGHT, TERRILL SEARCHES THROUGH NEWSPAPER RECORDS...



UNSEEN... A HAND SILENTLY GROPES TOWARD HAPPY TERRILL, AS HE PONDERES THE MYSTERY...



JUST BEFORE THE HAND CLOSES ON HIM, HAPPY TERRILL TURNS



GRIMLY, THE STORY IS RECOUNTED...



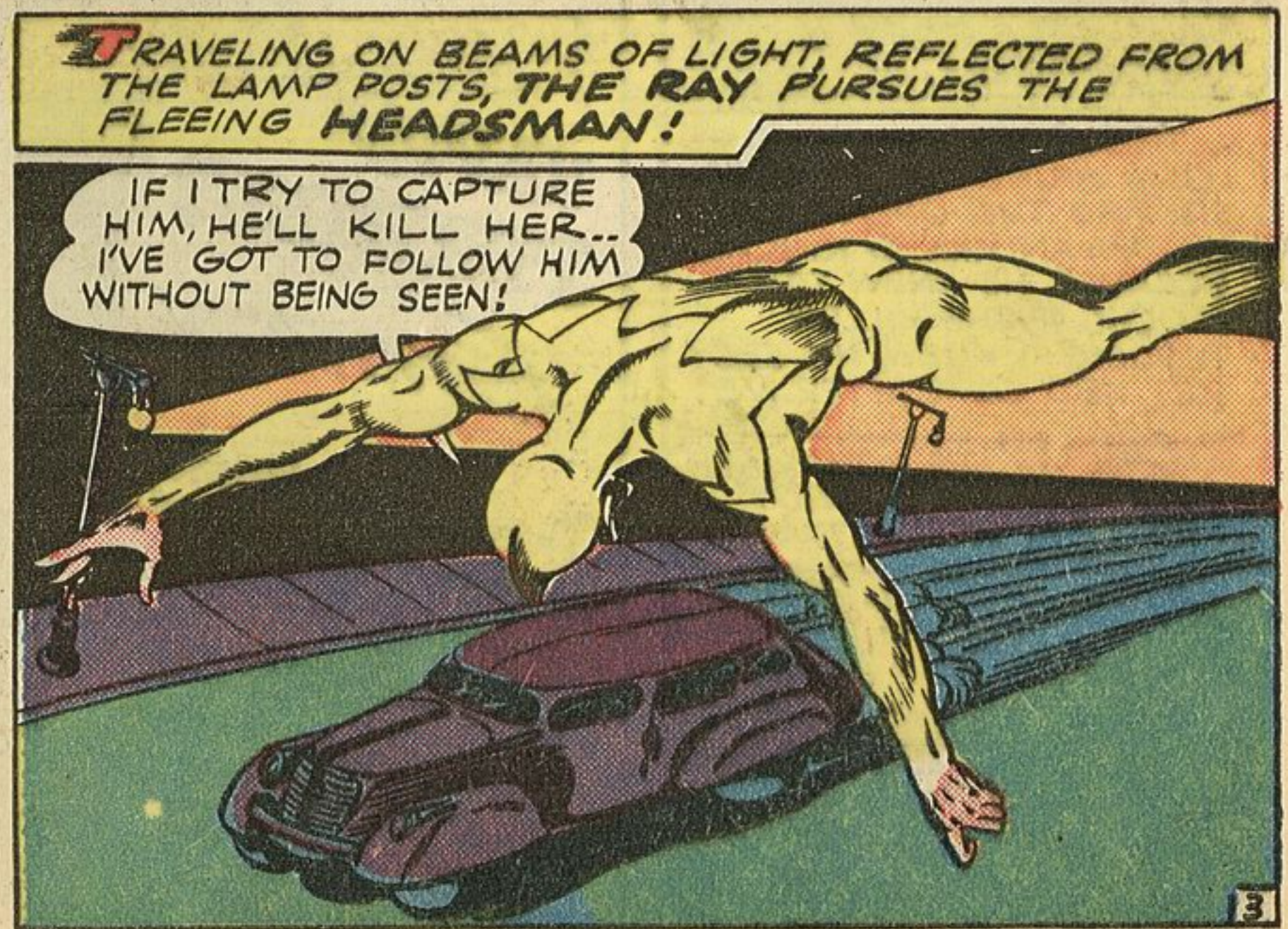
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY...

HAPPY TERRILL'S Corner

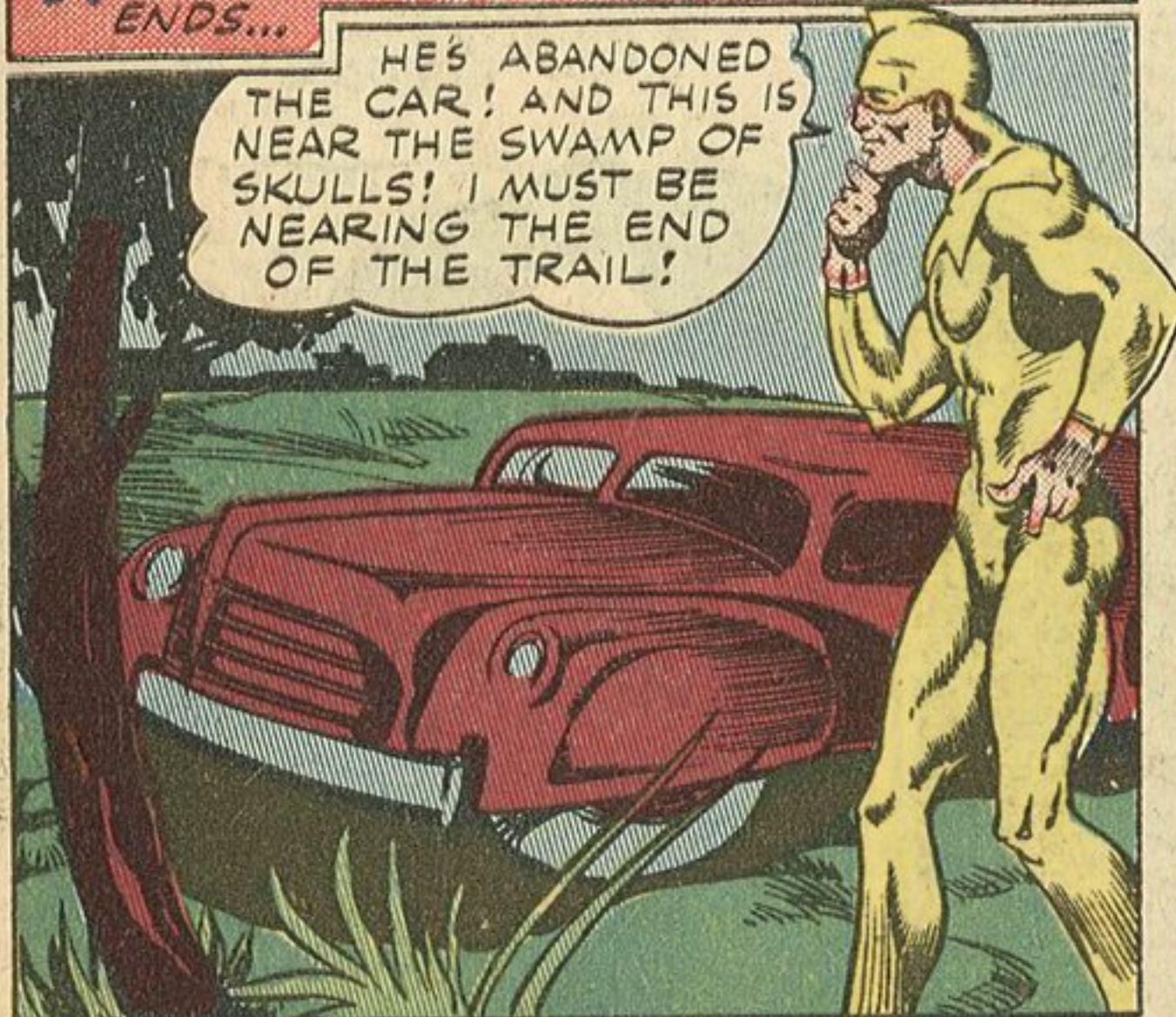
This columnist is running down a few clues, given to him by Detective Kincaid, that soon may bring his murderer to Justice...

THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE FIGURE STEALTHILY MOVES TOWARD THE WINDOW OF HAPPY TERRILL'S APARTMENT...





AT THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS THE CHASE ENDS...



THE RAY PRESSES FORWARD, DRIVEN BY A NAMELESS, FOREBODING FEAR...





WITH A WILD MOAN OF TERROR, THE HEADSMAN BREAKS AWAY!

STOP!
YOU FOOL!

I DON'T
WANT TO DIE!
I'M AFRAID
TO DIE!

ON BLIND PANIC, THE HEADSMAN
FLEES... INTO THE DEADLY
SWAMP OF SKULLS!

QUICKSAND!

HELP!

THE BOTTOMLESS
QUICKSAND SWALLOWS
THE HEADSMAN
FOREVER...

THAT'S
HIS
FINISH!

SWINGING BACK PART OF THE EXECUTIONER'S PLATFORM, THE RAY REVEALS ONE OF THE HEADSMAN'S SECRETS...

COME ON OUT,
YOU'RE SAFE,
NOW!

HE WAS COMPLETELY
MAD!.. HE WENT TO
ANY LENGTHS TO CARRY
OUT HIS GRUESOME
PLANS! EVEN TO
FAKING THIS
EXECUTIONER'S
BLOCK!

I MUST
HAVE BEEN
DRUGGED..
I DON'T
REMEMBER
ANYTHING
UNTIL I SAW
HIM TRY TO
KILL YOU!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER,
IN HAPPY TERRILL'S
NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

COME HERE, SUE!
SEE IF YOU
RECOGNIZE THIS
PICTURE!..

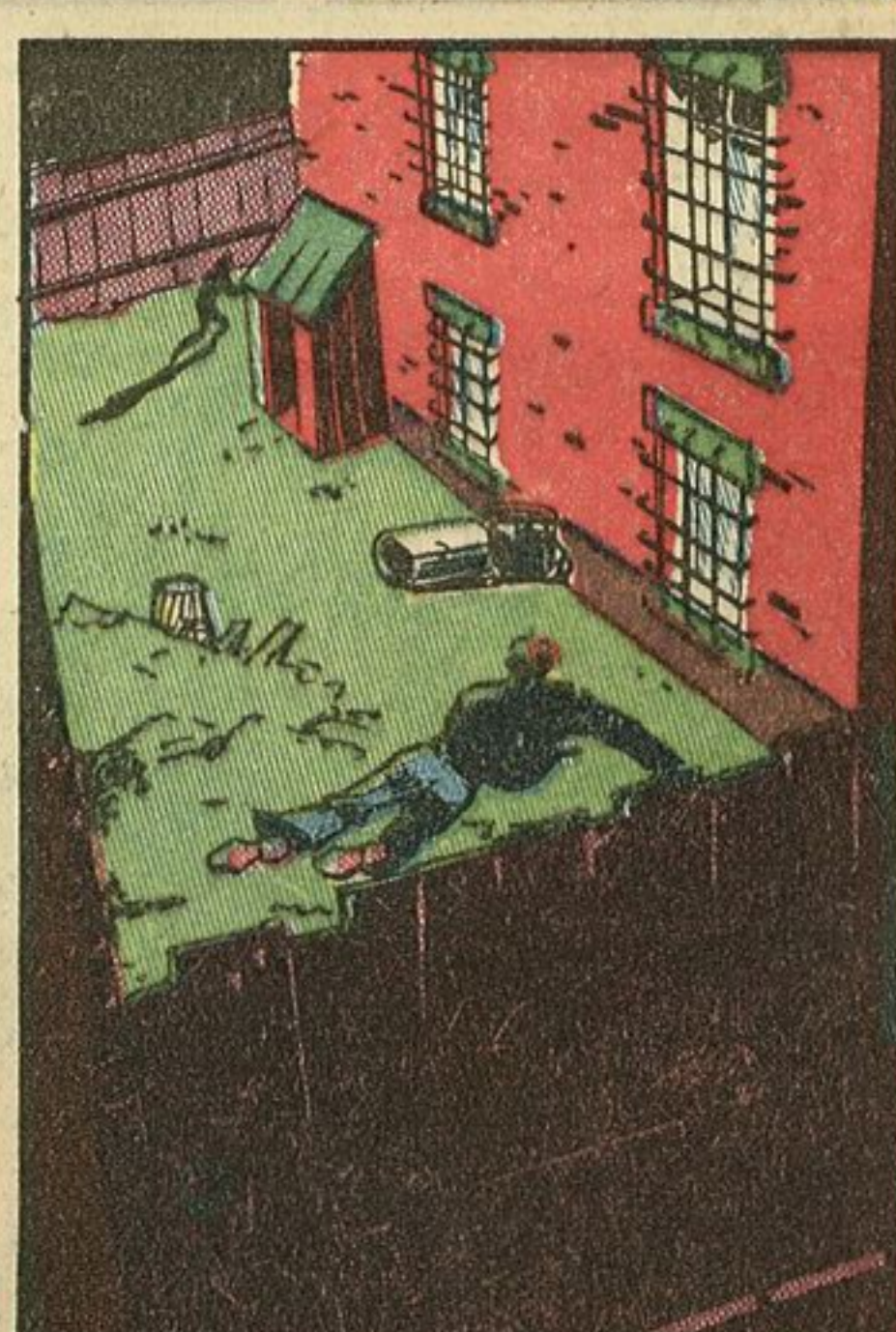
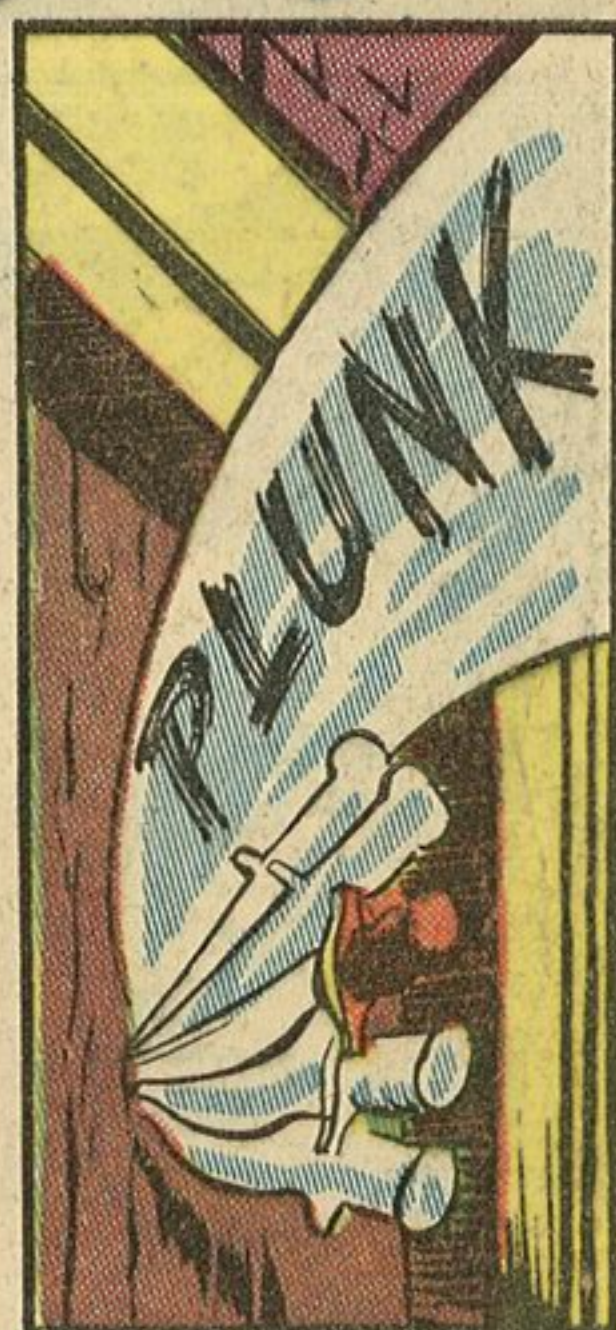
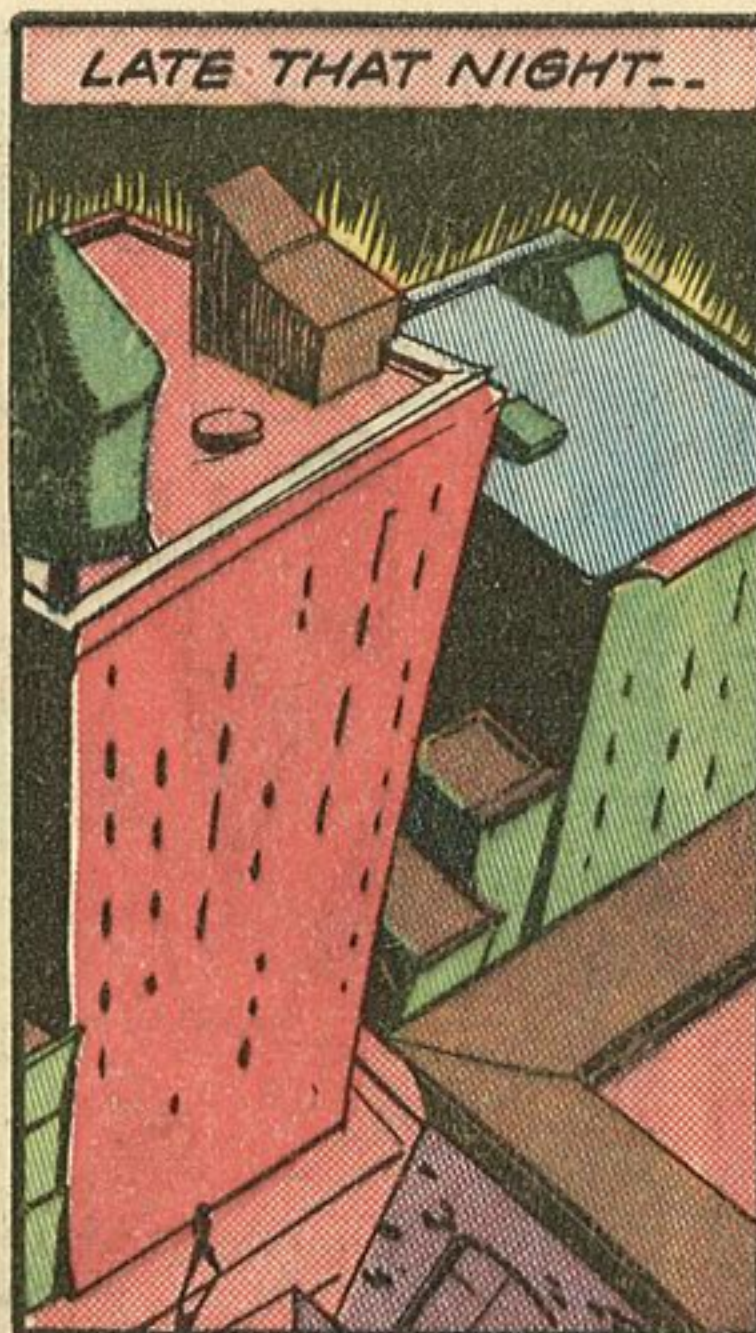
Henry Gorgon
executioner
for his
Majesty
1776...1798

WHY.. HE
LOOKS JUST
LIKE...

YET, HE
LIVED
NEARLY TWO
HUNDRED
YEARS AGO!
IT SEEMS
THE HEADSMAN
WAS RIGHT
WHEN HE SAID
HIS BLOOD-
LUST WAS
INHERITED!

I WONDER IF
IN SOME FUTURE
DAY, THERE WILL
ARISE ANOTHER
HEADSMAN TO
CARRY ON THE
AWFUL WORK...!
STRANGER THINGS
HAVE HAPPENED!







SUDDENLY, ROOKIE RANKIN THROWS HIS NIGHTSTICK AT THE MOVING LIGHT!



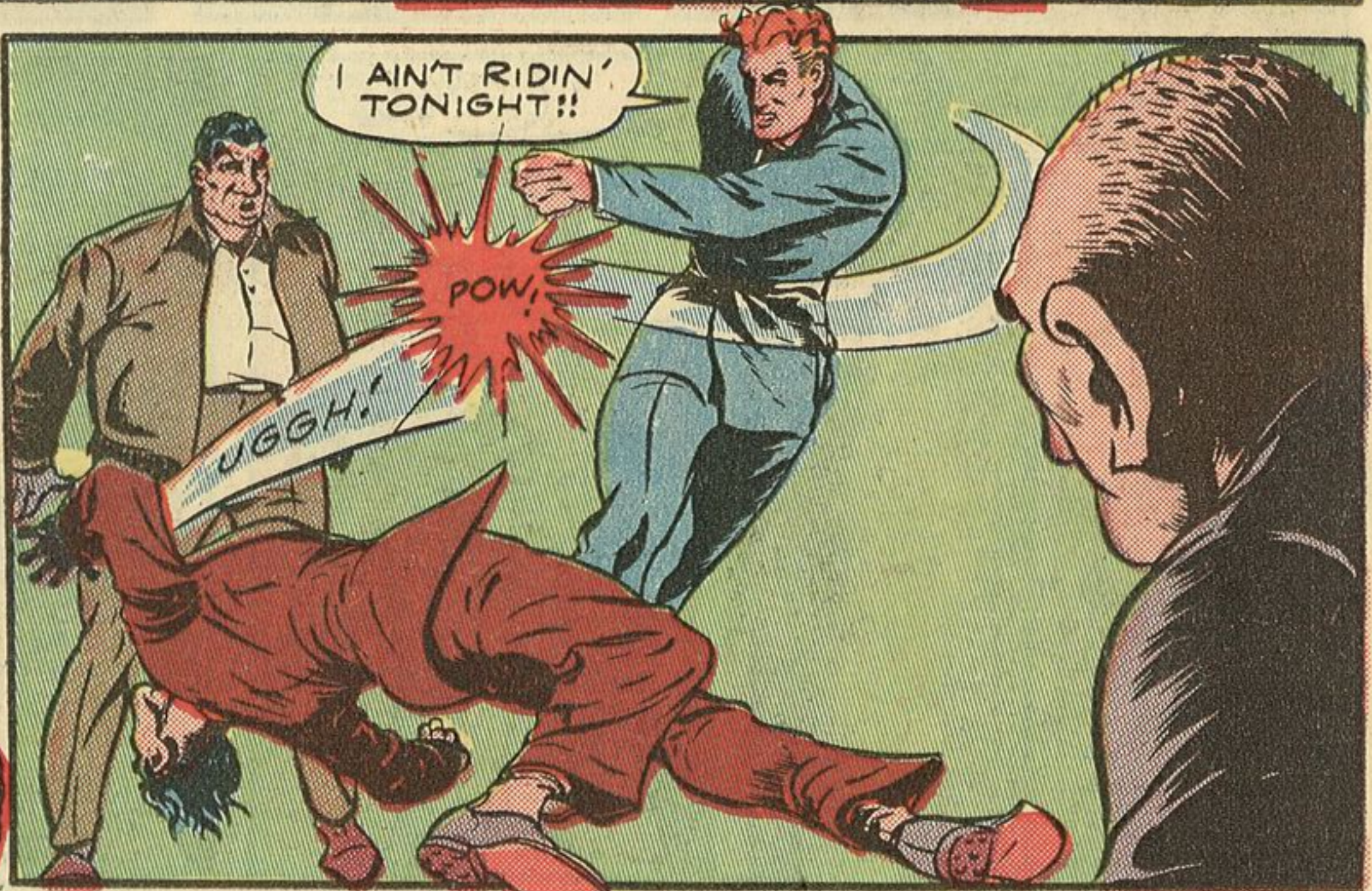
WELL! WELL! OUR FRIEND HERE NEEDS A LESSON!



FRISK HIM, BOYS, AND THEN TAKE HIM FOR A NICE, LONG RIDE!



I AIN'T RIDIN' TONIGHT!!



BUT, THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!!



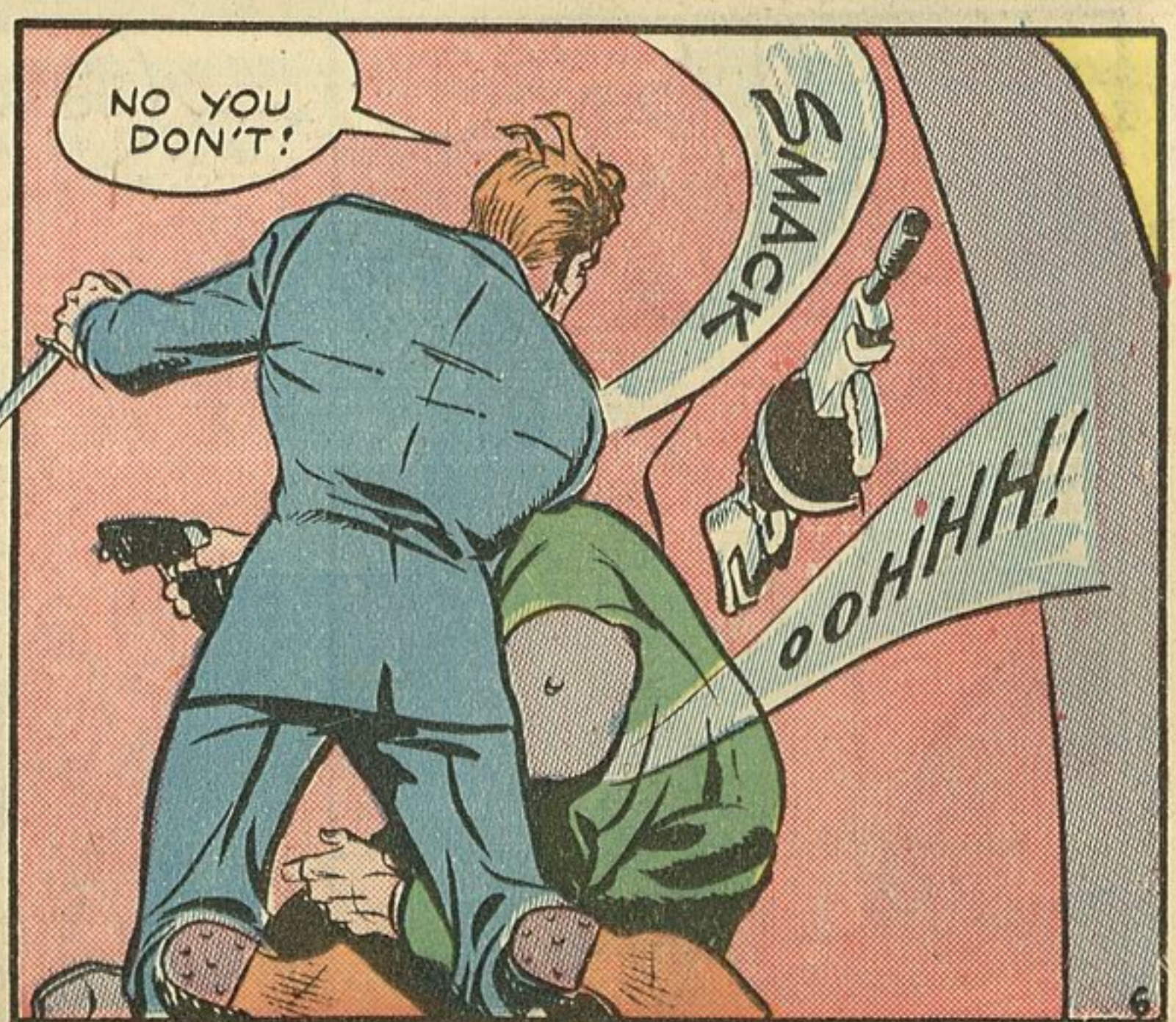
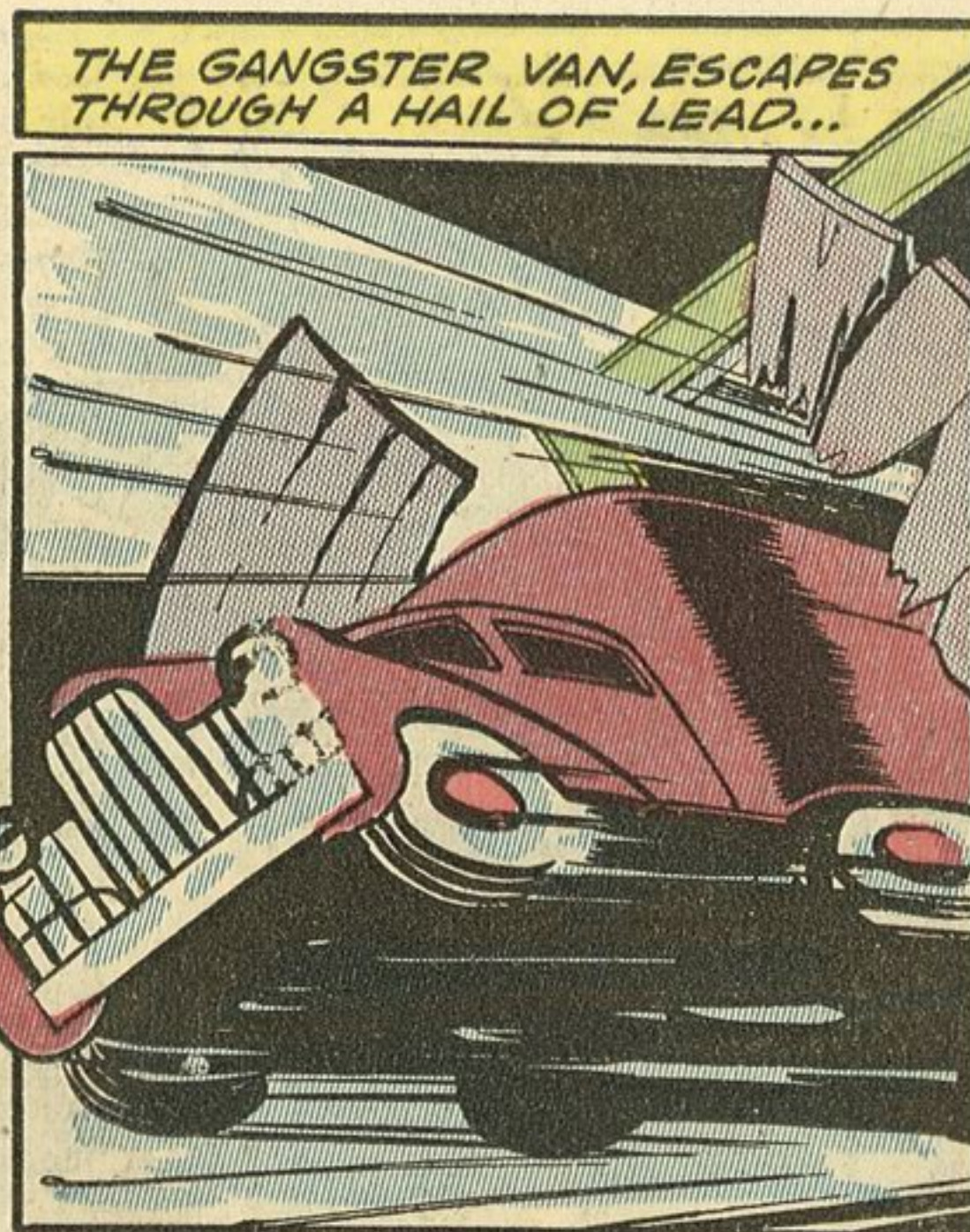
HE'S ONE MONKEY THAT'S DONE HIS LAST TRICK!

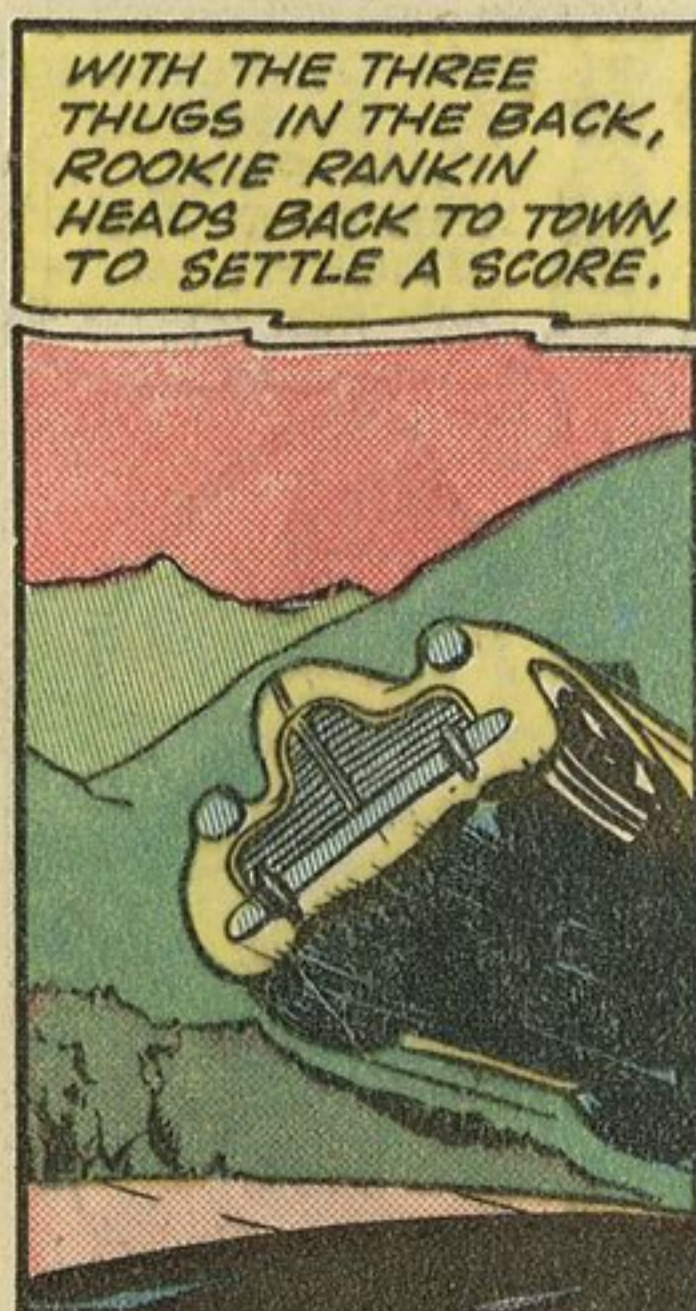


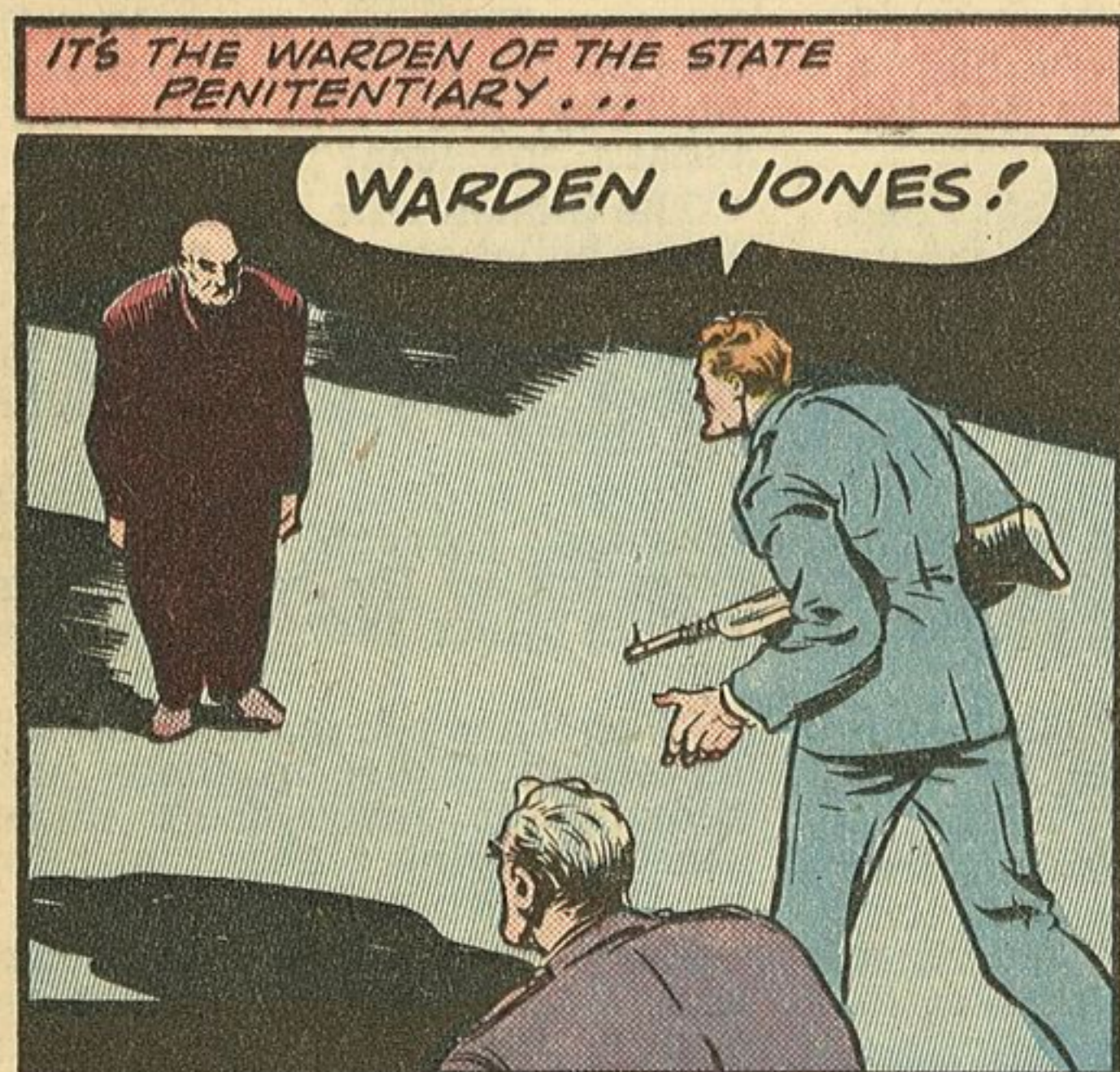
AT THE SAME TIME, PART OF THE GANG BREAKS INTO THE SILK WAREHOUSE...











CHRISTMAS MYSTERY

JIMMY CHRISTIAN lazed along in his powerful roadster. The scenery here in Georgia was great. Pine woods. The crisp air of December. High, bright sky.

Vacation! Christmas vacation at that! Jimmy smiled. How long had it been since he had a vacation? A long time. Always too busy catching criminals, running down evildoers. Jumping from one spot on the globe to another, thinking nothing of the distances he traveled each year.

You've heard of Jimmy Christian. Who hasn't? The whole world knows him as a clever sleuth. Just a lad, too, is Jimmy. Brains.

Be nice to spend a quiet Christmas here in Georgia. Never spent Christmas in the Deep South. Take it easy for a week. Nothing to do . . . turn down here. Looks like a nice quiet road—

The windshield shattered in the top right-hand corner. Jimmy heard the scream of the high-powered slug as it tore past his ear. He ducked, booted the accelerator and roared down the narrow road. He drove for two miles and then brought the car to a halt.

"Now what the dickens was that for?" he said to himself. "Who's gunning for me? Maybe one of these old feuds going on. Moonshiners mebbe."

Jimmy looked ruefully at the drilled windshield. That little hole could have been through his head. He whistled a snatch of 'Dixie'.

"But it isn't," he said. "And so I'm going to find out what it's all about. People don't simply take pot shots at people without reason."

The sun's rays were long and slanting from the west. Jimmy drove leisurely, keeping an eye open. When he was within a quarter-mile of the spot from whence the shot came, he slowed down, then stopped. No use in sticking one's neck out.

"Know a better way," Jimmy told himself. "Sarer, too—for little Jimmy." He started the motor, turned the car around and headed down the road. Night would be the time to find

out who the sniper was. The next town might reveal something. The local authorities.

Old sheriff Bitzer was a dour chap with a lot of silvery hair and stubble on his fat jowls. He was genial and he greeted Jimmy affectionately.

"Never seen you-all afore, but I done heered a heap 'bout you!" boomed the old man. "Welcome to Griffnville!"

"Thanks," said Jimmy. "I hadn't figured on staying here, but I may take a day or two off and look around. You got any of those feuds going on hereabouts, Sheriff?"

Bitzer grinned. "You ain't joshin', be you? Ain't had a feudin' in these parts for ten years now. Why?"

Jimmy told him what had happened on the road. He pointed at his parked roadster.

"There's the evidence. Can't figure it out."

"Wal, now!" muttered Bitzer. "Shore enuff put a hole in your winder, eh?" He spat a stream of tobacco juice. "Ain't no moonshiners operatin' out there, I don't guess."

"I thought of that," said Jimmy. "But what would be their idea?"

The sheriff scratched his jaw. "Makin' alkyhol, mebbe; they ketch a feller now an' then makin' corn alky."

Jimmy grinned. "If that's the case, this chap probably mistook me for a revenue officer."

"Could be," said Bitzer. "Wal, let's you an' me look into the thing."

It was past ten that night. Jimmy and Bitzer rode along the road on two fair horses; the sheriff thought this would be better than if they drove. Bitzer knew his woods, all right. He knew just about where Jimmy had had his adventure. It was a heavily wooded patch of pine wood well back from the road, and it loomed dark and immense as they dismounted and tethered their horses to a stretch of rail fence. The night was quiet and sleepy. Insects chirped and a sliver of frosty moon was visible low in the east.

Bitzer stood a while, listening. Then he said, "Come on. Easy now!"

They went forward. The sheriff had a heavy Colt in his hand, and he looked like he knew how to use it. They had walked two hundred yards when they heard the sharp crackling of brush as if some heavy body were moving through it. They stopped, tense.

"Deer," said Bitzer.

Jimmy wondered how he could tell.

Then the shot came. A bullet whistled between them, too close to either for comfort. Bitzer dropped flat on his stomach. Jimmy did likewise.

Bitzer whispered, "Must have cat eyes. That was close. Wait!" He rose on one knee and shouted, "Hey, you! This is the law. What's the idea?"

The hidden rifle crashed again and a bullet sang close overhead.

"We'd better make tracks," Jimmy said. "We haven't a chance against a hidden sniper, Sheriff."

Bitzer nodded and began crawling through the short grass toward the road. He was puffing when they reached the fence.

"Now what you make of that?" he asked. "Feller in there just shootin' at folks don't make sense. I'll bring a posse out here in the mornin'!"

They cantered back to town and Jimmy said Goodnight to Sheriff Bitzer. But he wasn't satisfied with the way the evening turned out. There was something funny back there and he meant to find out. He climbed into his car and headed out of town at a fast clip. When he reached the road that ran past the sniper's hangout, he drove far into a clump of cypress and got out. It was about a mile walk to the dense copse of timber from where the shots had come. He took it easy, making no sound.

Long before he came to the fence where they had tied their horses, he cut west over the meadow. He made a circuit of the several acres of heavy trees and came down upon them from the north.

Once in the shelter of the trees he felt easier. But he'd have to go gently, as a snapping twig might loose a fusillade from the hidden marksman. There

were no paths. He strode along cautiously, almost feeling his way. So far so good. He figured he was nearly to the middle of the woods.

Then he heard it. Or rather, felt it—a soft vibration under his feet. It was like the gentle purring of a powerful motor, and Jimmy figured that was exactly what it was. But where? For what?

He took two more steps forward, then he came up to a thick tangle of brush. He thought he could define a dim path in the darkness, but wasn't sure. Of one thing he was sure, however: the noise was coming from that clump of brush!

Very cautiously he began drawing the tangled clump apart. It came away easily. Then he knew that it had been piled there. In ten minutes he had enough brush away to see that it covered a cave entrance. Probably an abandoned coal mine. There were many of them hereabouts.

He crawled through, knowing he was taking a fearful chance; not knowing what lurked in here. He had gone perhaps a hundred yards, the noise getting louder all the time, when he saw a dim light far ahead. He spent twenty minutes approaching that light. It was a dusty electric globe. Just beyond it he could see a wooden door. Behind that door there was a mystery!

He had paused beside an old mine car that lay on its side. And he was glad that he had. For suddenly a man came striding down that tunnel. He was short, heavy, and he carried a hi-power rifle. He went straight to the door and knocked three times. The door opened after a moment, and he heard guttural voices.

"I've got to get in there," Jimmy said to himself. "But how?"

The solution came a moment later. The door again opened and three men came out. They strode up the tunnel, past Jimmy's hiding place, and on toward the entrance of the mine. When they were out of sight, Jimmy hurried to the door and opened it. He gasped audibly. There before him was a powerful short-wave radio set! A litter of notes lay about the big table where the set was perched. He took one of them up and read, in German: **TRANSPORT 3000 TONITE BIRMINGHAM.**

And another read: **S-43. RETURN TO BASE. SS NILE QUEEN SAILS 4 AM TUESDAY. VON STUTZ.**

"So this is a spy nest!" muttered Jimmy. "Nazi agents send-

BOYS!

"Chemistry will win the war," says a famous University professor. And do you know that more boys have won fame and big awards with Gilbert Chemistry sets than any other kind? Gilbert Chemistry sets are far more than "toy sets." Range of chemicals and apparatus are based on real laboratory technique. You can perform spectacular experiments in organic, inorganic and electro chemistry. Write messages in fire ink—make a chemical weather flag—turn a lemon into an electric cell—hundreds of others.

GILBERT CHEMISTRY SETS

give you Fun that leads to Fame



No. 6 Double Feature, Double Fun Laboratory

Big two-door wooden cabinet. Chemicals and apparatus for both chemistry and glass blowing. Generous supply of many chemicals. Two big manuals.

Puts over 400 spectacular experiments at your finger tips. Mail post card for free 24-page illustrated book "Fun and Action for Boy Chemists." Gilbert Hall of Science (Home of Erector, American Flyer trains and other Gilbert toys) 211 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.



BOY CHEMIST WINS \$100.00 AWARD

Here is Vincent Rascicci, Jr. of Akron, Ohio, America's top boy chemist of 1942. Working in his Gilbert Chemical Laboratory, Vincent's research in synthetic rubber brought him a check for \$100.00. You have an opportunity to do the same. Mr. Gilbert will award \$100.00 in cash to the boy doing what he considers the most important research in chemistry in 1943—and \$10.00 each to ten boys doing the next most important research. Write for full details.

ing info to their subs in the Gulf! Must be getting their dope from Fort Benning."

Deftly Jimmy did something to the radio that would make it useless, but which would not be detected for a long time by the Germans. Then he went out the door. He had just darted around a bend in the tunnel when he heard footsteps approaching. He hurried along the tunnel, wondering if it ended in a cul-de-sac. He hoped it came out somewhere. Be a nice kettle of fish to be trapped in here with a lot of Nazis!

It came out, near the edge of the timber, but he had to claw away a heap of brush before he saw the stars overhead. And he had just emerged when a rifle cracked and a searing pain tore across his ribs. He dropped, drawing his automatic. The rifle barked again and he fired at the flash. Then he got to his feet and ran like demons were after him. Twice more the rifle spat and bullets whizzed close. The man must have eyes that penetrated the darkness, Jimmy thought as he ran.

He found his car after twenty minutes of sprinting, and he got it out on the road and under way faster than he ever had before. It was cracking dawn when he roared into Griffinville, roused Sheriff Bitzer and got on the long distance phone to Ft. Benning. In a

moment he was talking to Colonel Wayne.

"That's a coincidence," said the colonel. "Our radio locators are right now within a mile of that hideout. We've been on the trail of that mob for more than a week. We intercepted several of their messages, and of course changed the sailing time of all transports. Good work, Christian!"

Jimmy put down the phone and looked at Sheriff Bitzer. He grinned. Then he glanced at the calendar on the wall.

"Gosh," he said. "You know what, Sheriff? This is Christmas morning. Merry Christmas, Sheriff!"

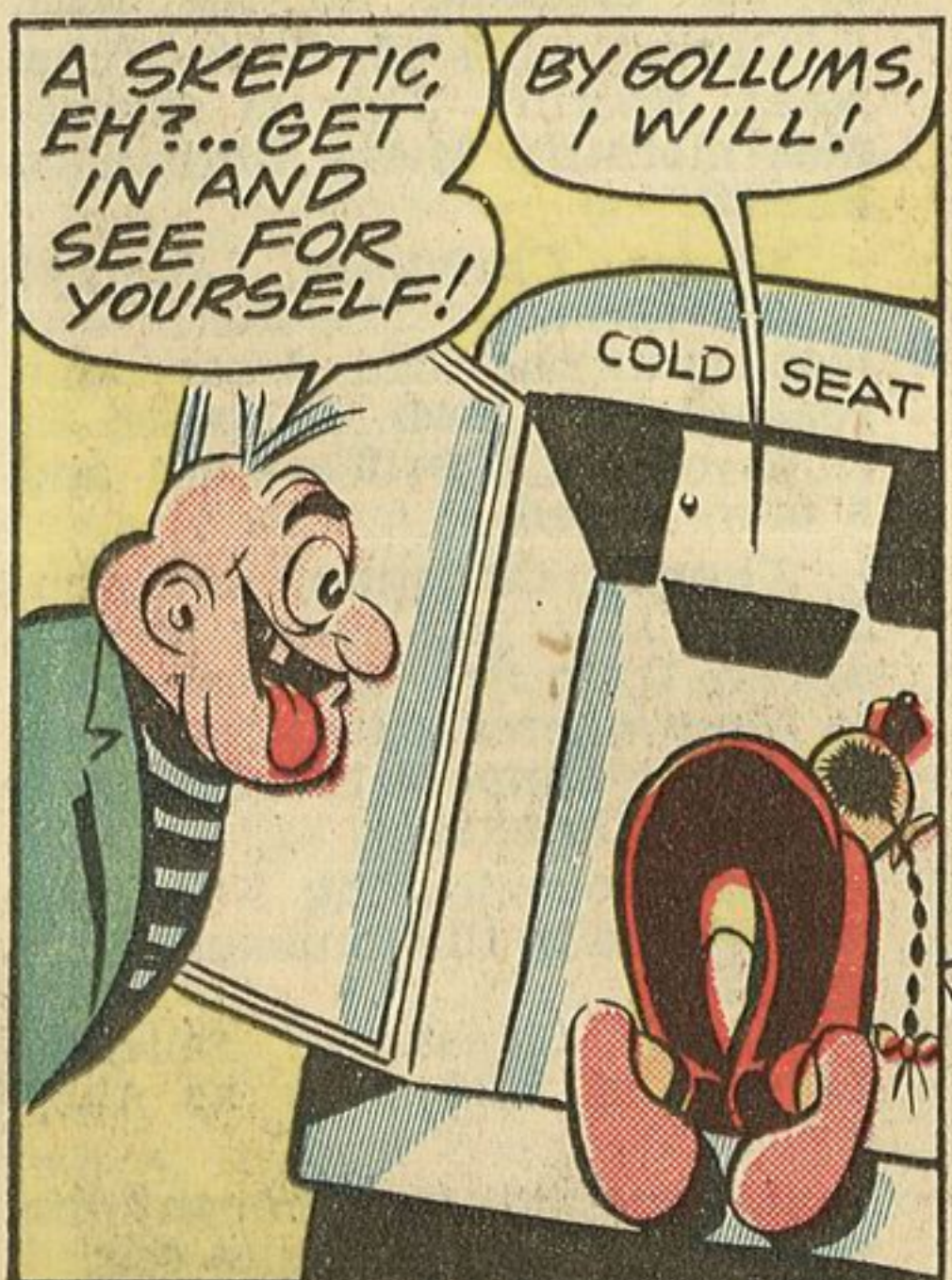
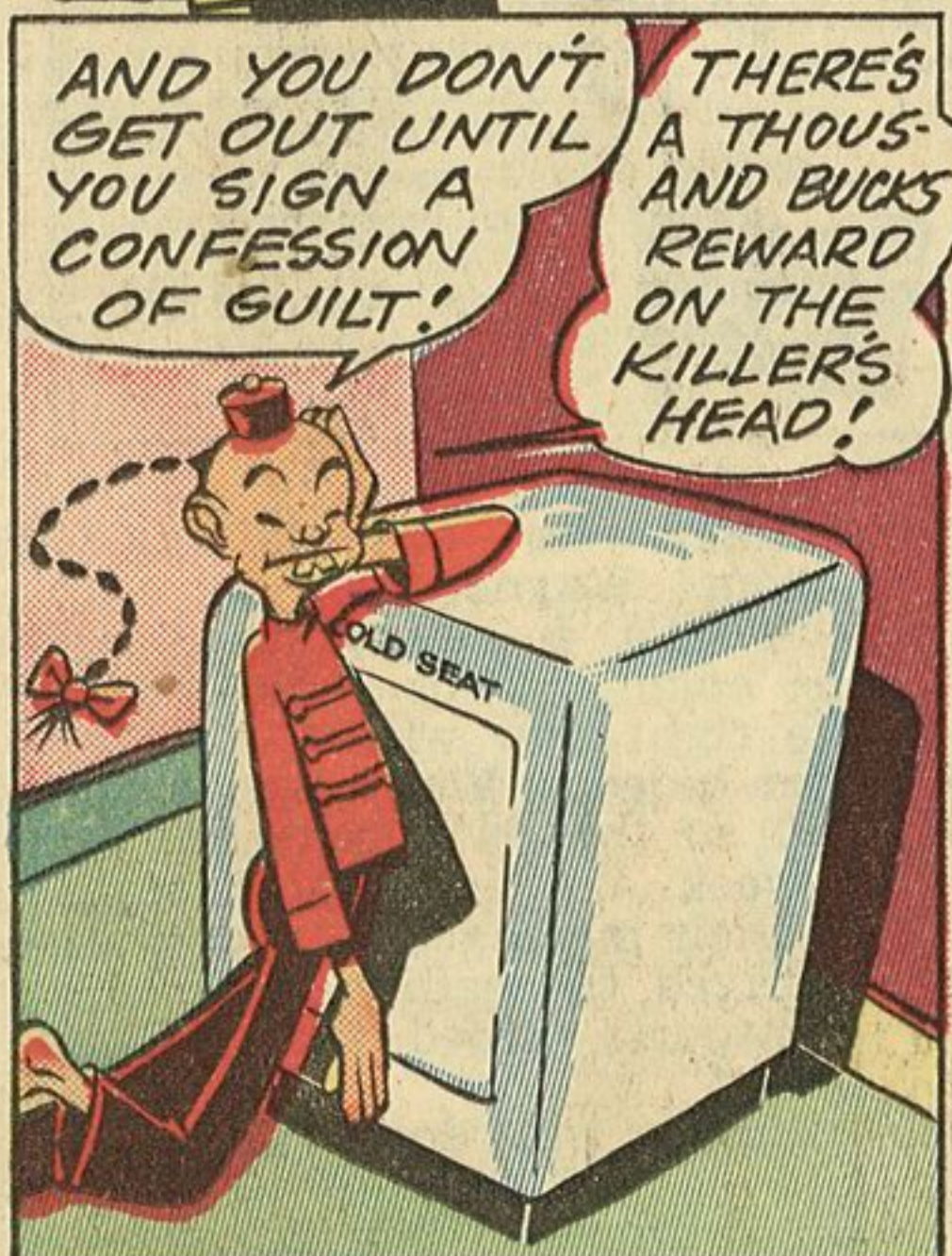
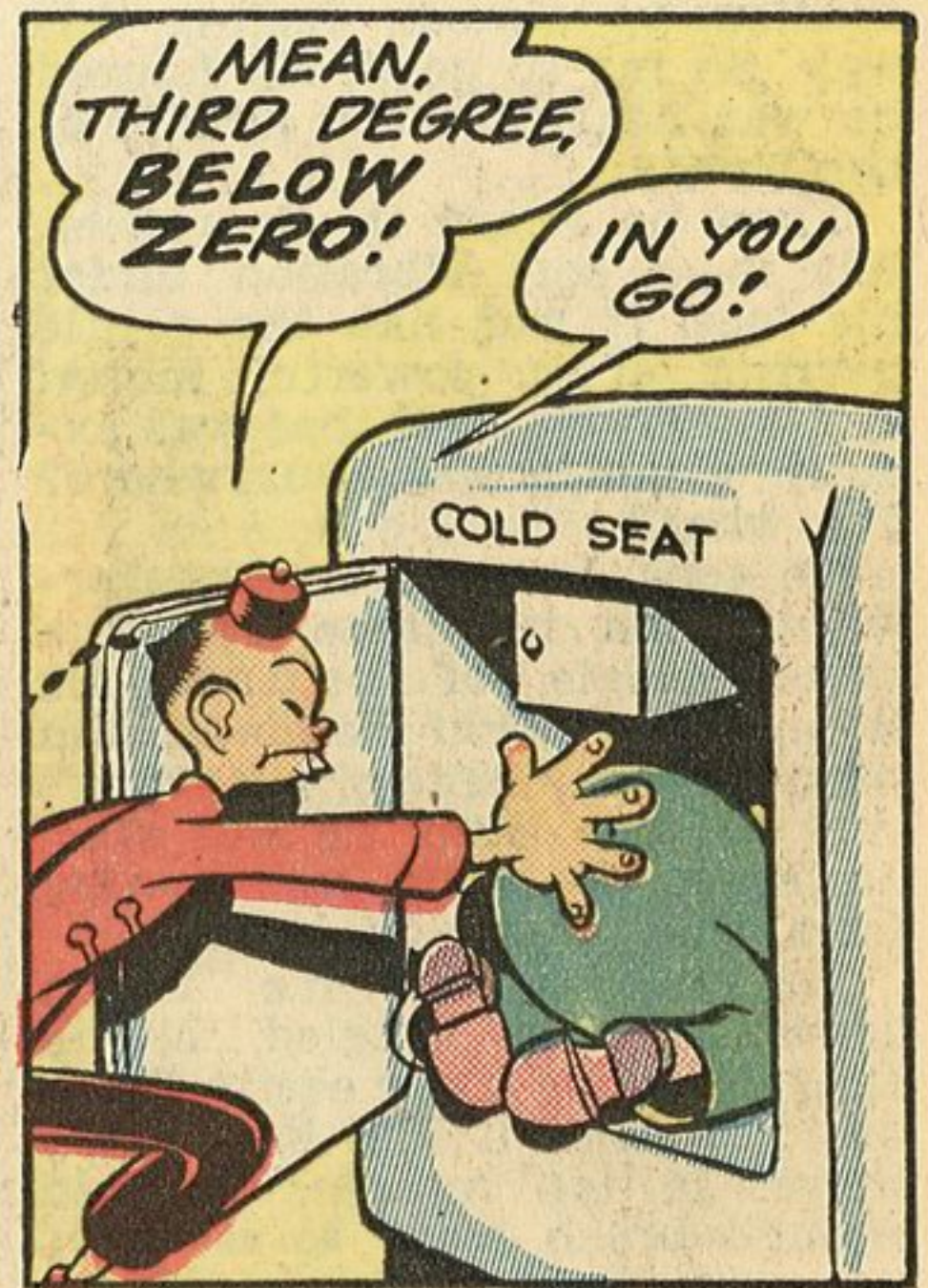
"Merry Christmas, Jimmy! ... Say, what—" The sheriff was looking up the road. A car came roaring into town. It halted in front of the sheriff's office and a man waved.

"Thanks, Christian, and you, Sheriff. If you guys hadn't drawn their fire, tipping us off to their whereabouts, these rats might've slipped through our fingers. Thanks!"

Three sour looking Nazis sat handcuffed in the tonneau of the big car.

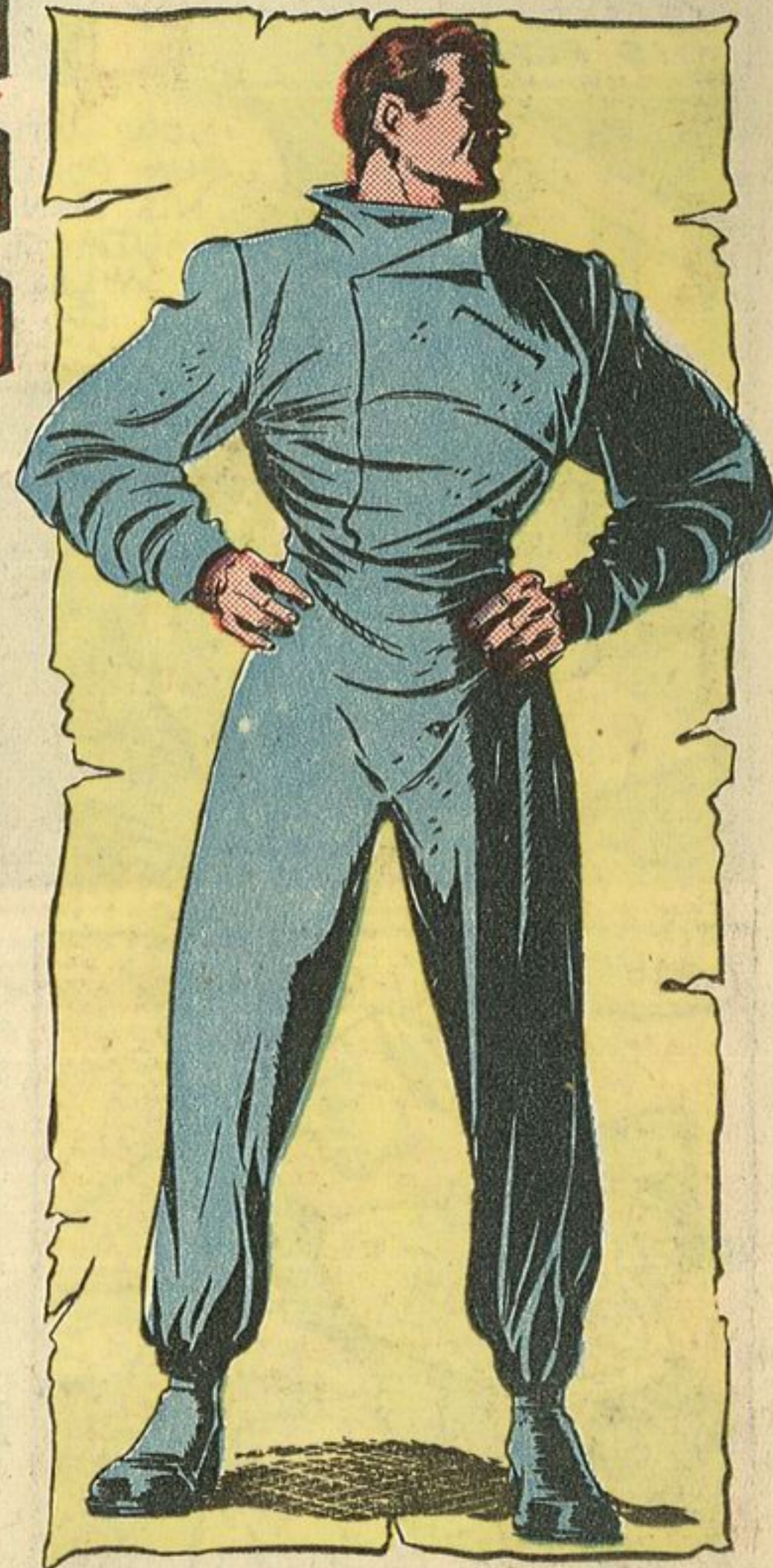
"Merry Christmas, fellers!" called the FBI boys as they drove off.

Jimmy said he thought he would bandage his bullet-scored ribs.



LARRY NOBLE... The YANKEE EAGLE

DANGER WON'T WAIT!... AND THE YANKEE EAGLE FINDS HIMSELF IN A COUNTRY WHERE DEATH STANDS AT EVERY MAN'S SHOULDER, AND LIFE IS JUST A BRIEF EPISODE BETWEEN BIRTH AND MURDER! FOLLOW THE EX-STUNT MAN, LARRY NOBLE, ON A THRILLING CHASE THRU' THE MOST DANGEROUS COUNTRY IN THE WORLD,-- WHILE THE HOWLING WOLVES OF DOOM RACE AFTER HIM, TO PROVE THAT HE, TOO, IS ONE OF THE... "MEN MARKED FOR DEATH!"



CAREFULLY, THE STAGE IS PLANNED!!



NOW, WITH THE GUN PLACED IN HIS HAND, THE AUTHORITIES WILL BELIEVE IT SUICIDE!!

AND THIS NOTE COMPLETES THE EVIDENCE!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT-- RAMON, THE SERVANT ENTERS ---



WHA... MY MASTER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



MURDERER!



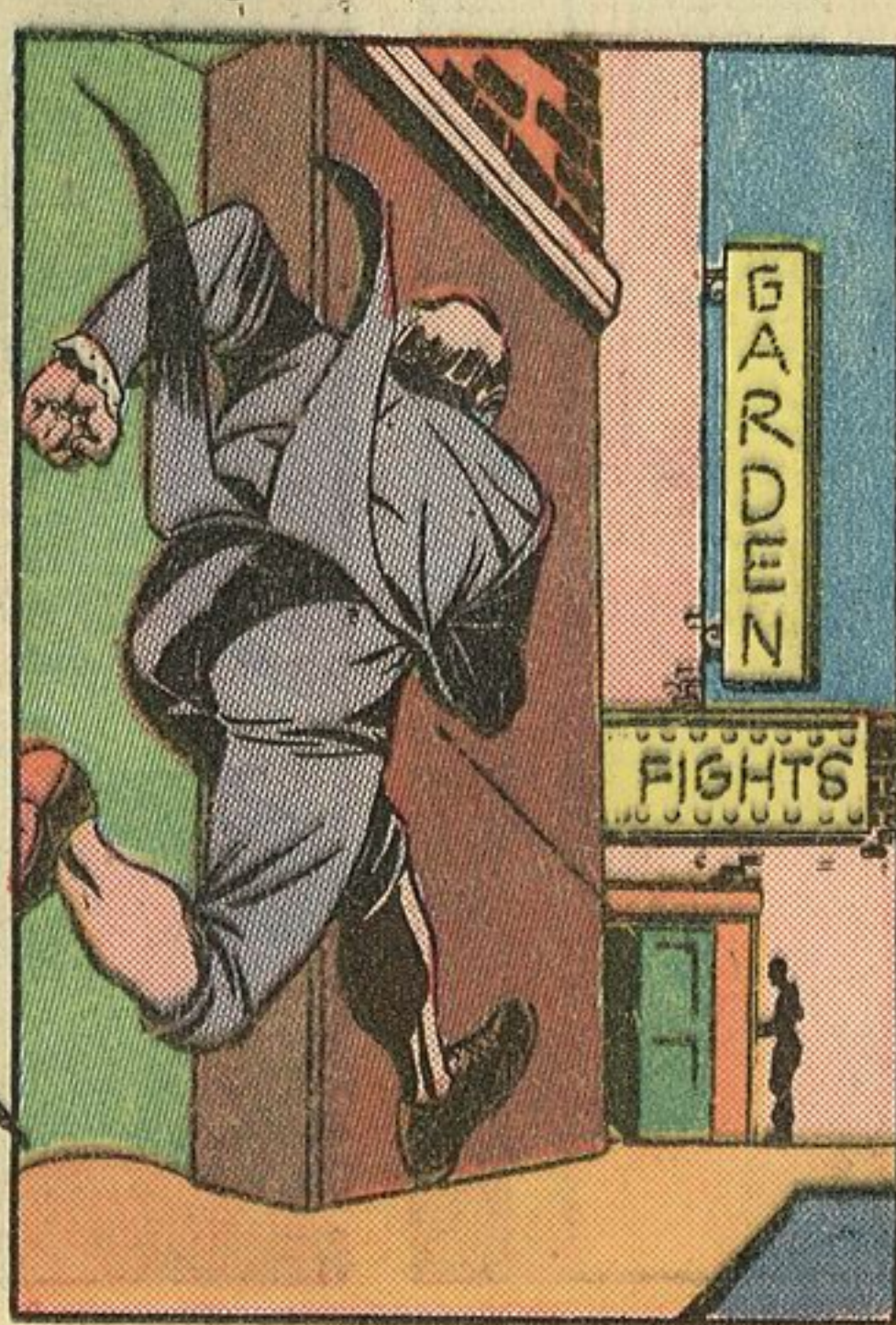
FOR THAT... YOU TOO WILL DIE... "MR. INTRUDER!"



NO! NO! POLICE... HELP... POLICE!



DIOS MIO!!

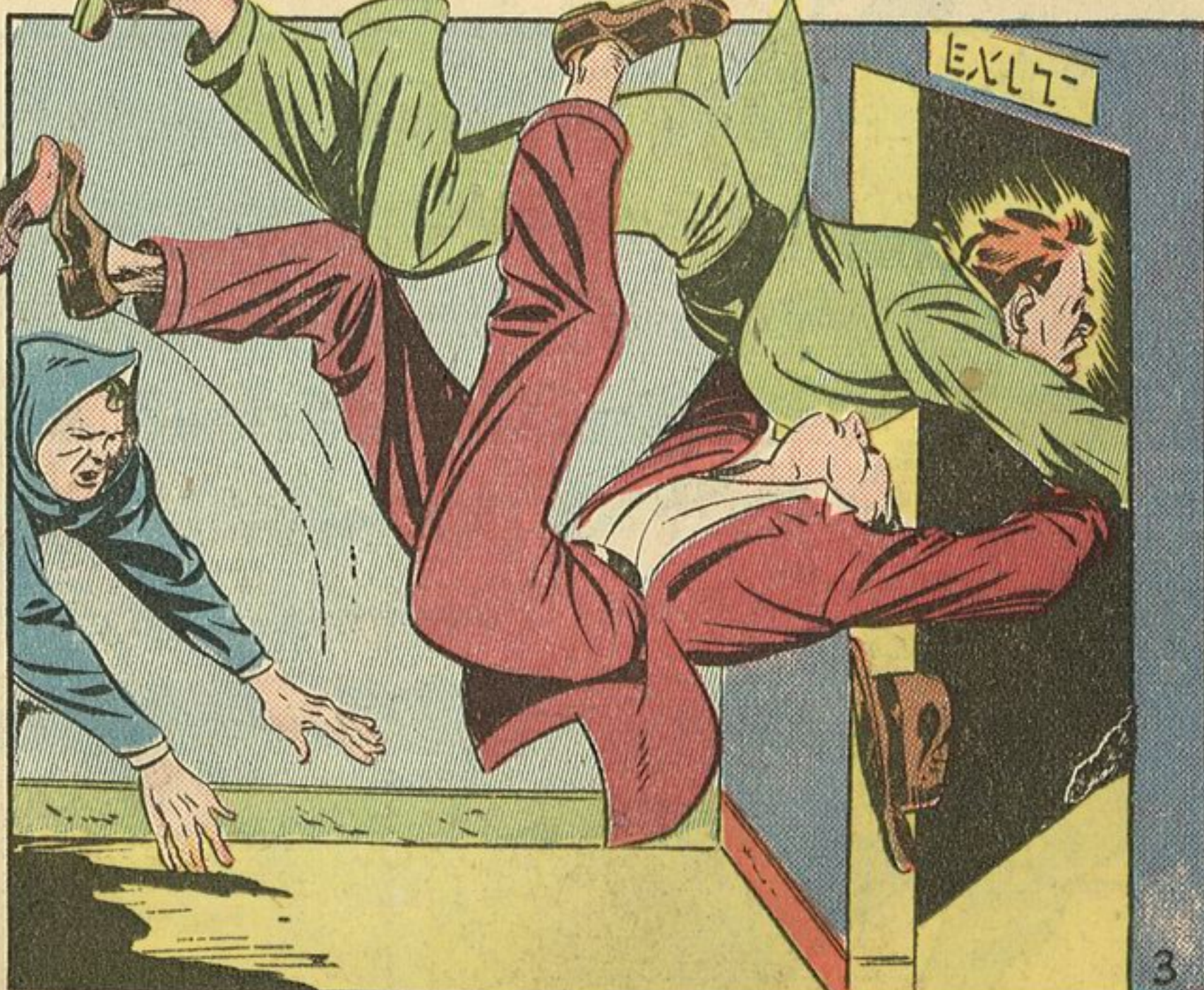
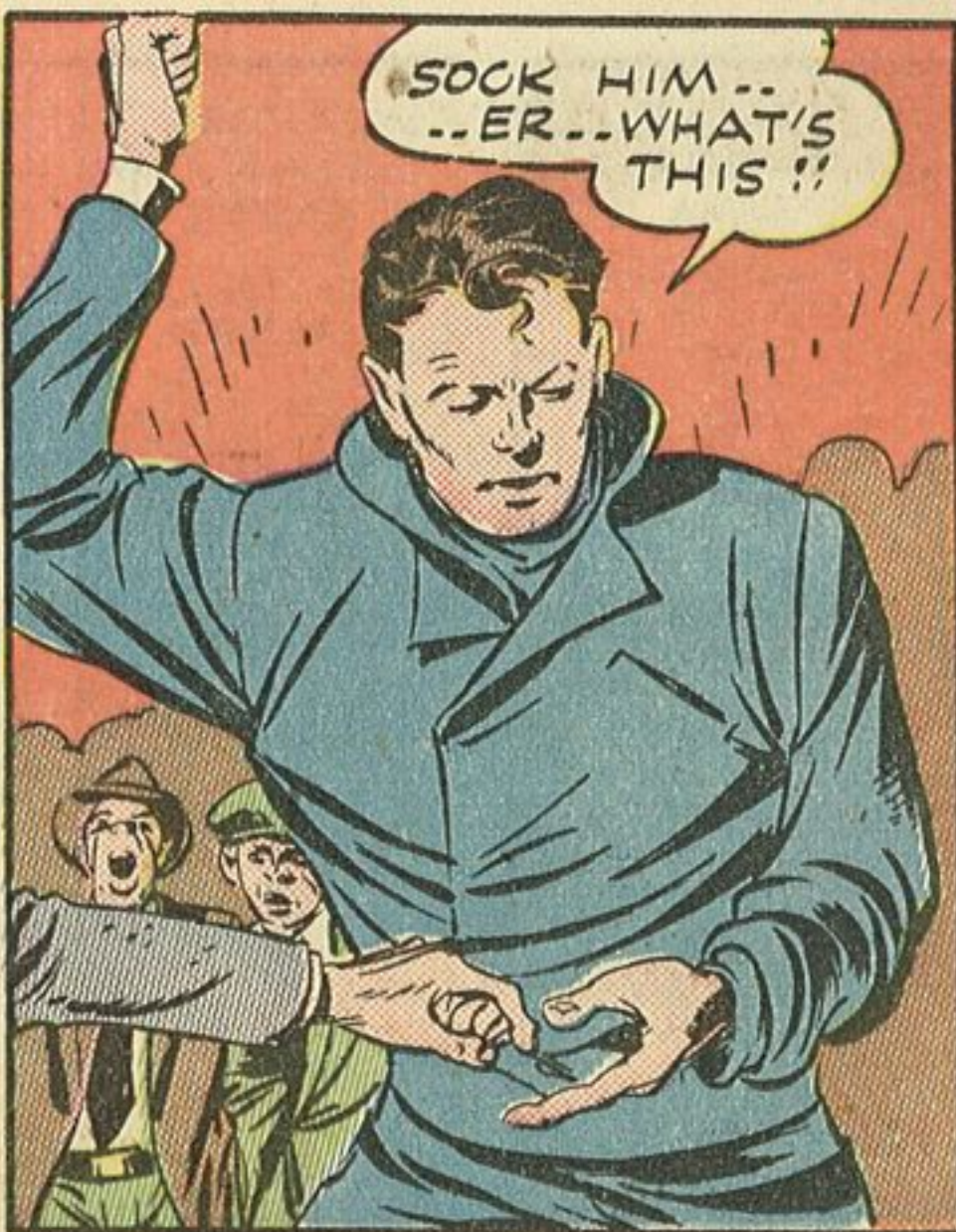
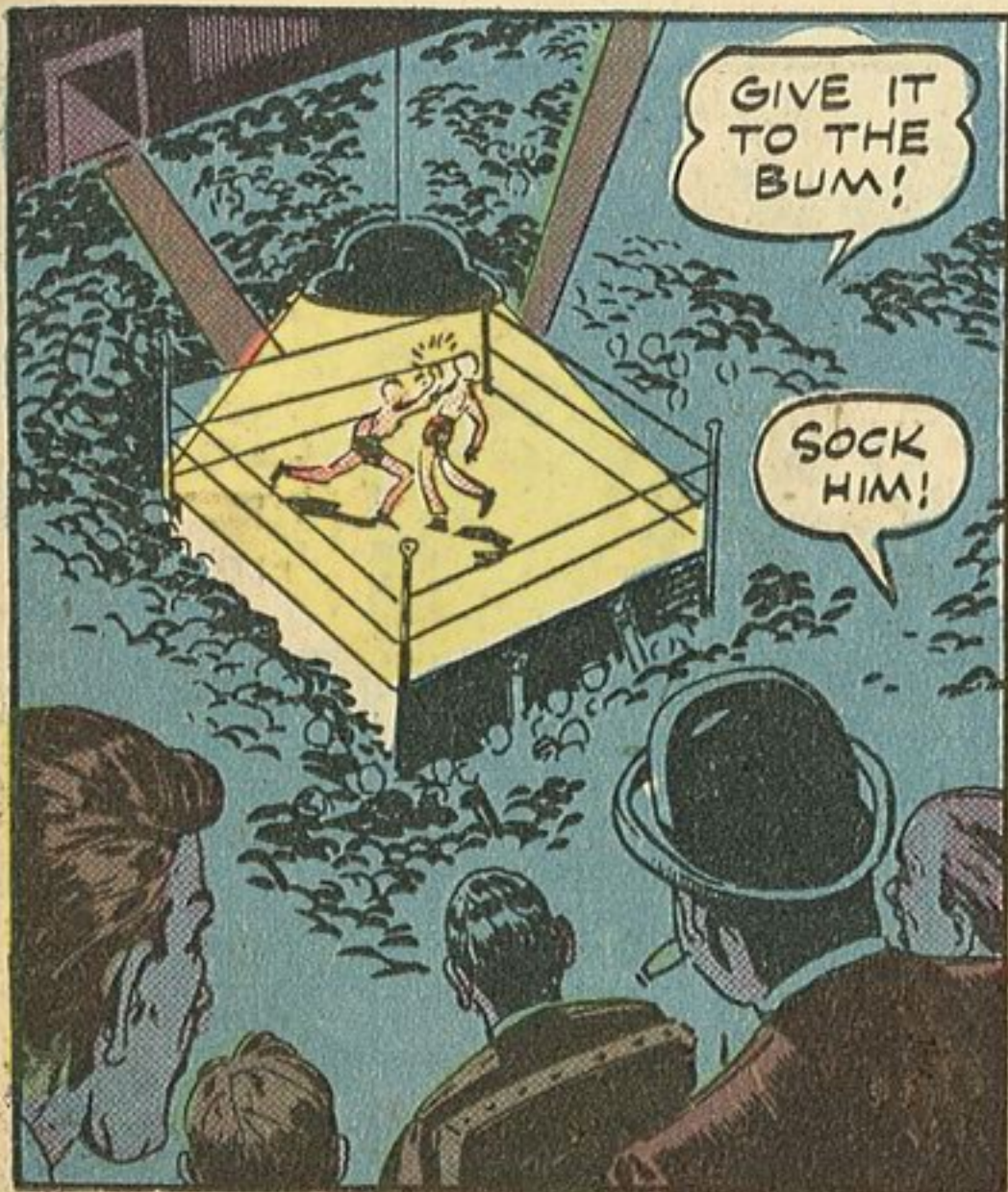


MEANWHILE, THE SCENE SHIFTS TO LARRY NOBLE, THE YANKEE EAGLE...



ONE, PLEASE.. .. GOSH THAT GUY IS IN A HURRY!

ADMISSION 55¢ ... 1.50
TONIGHT BOXING
FIGHTS TONIGHT

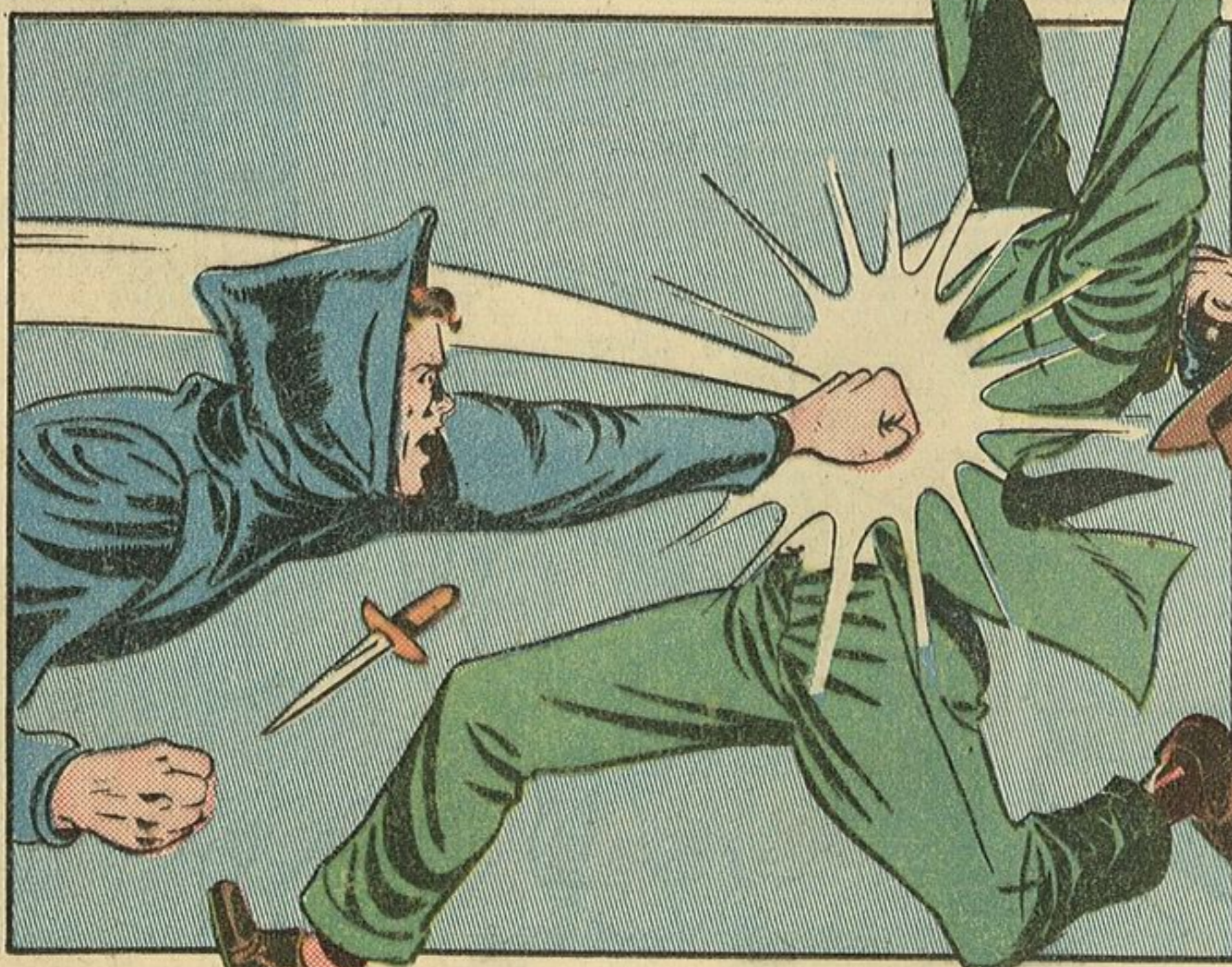




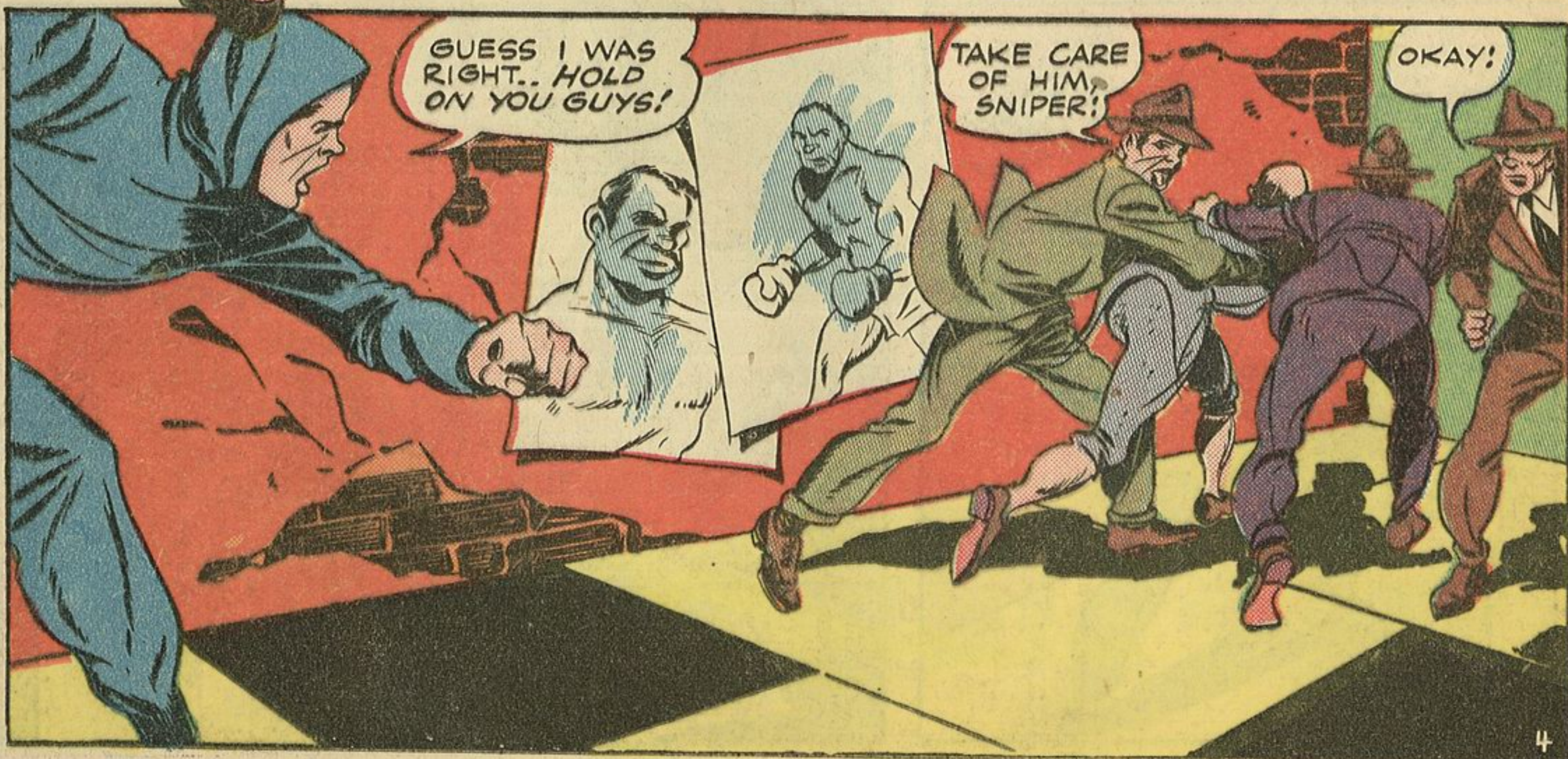
I AM SILVERA'S SERVANT.
THESE MEN KILLED
HIM... **LOOK OUT!**



SO, YOU
KILLED THE
NITRATE KING,
EH?... WELL
I'M CUTTING
IN ON THIS!



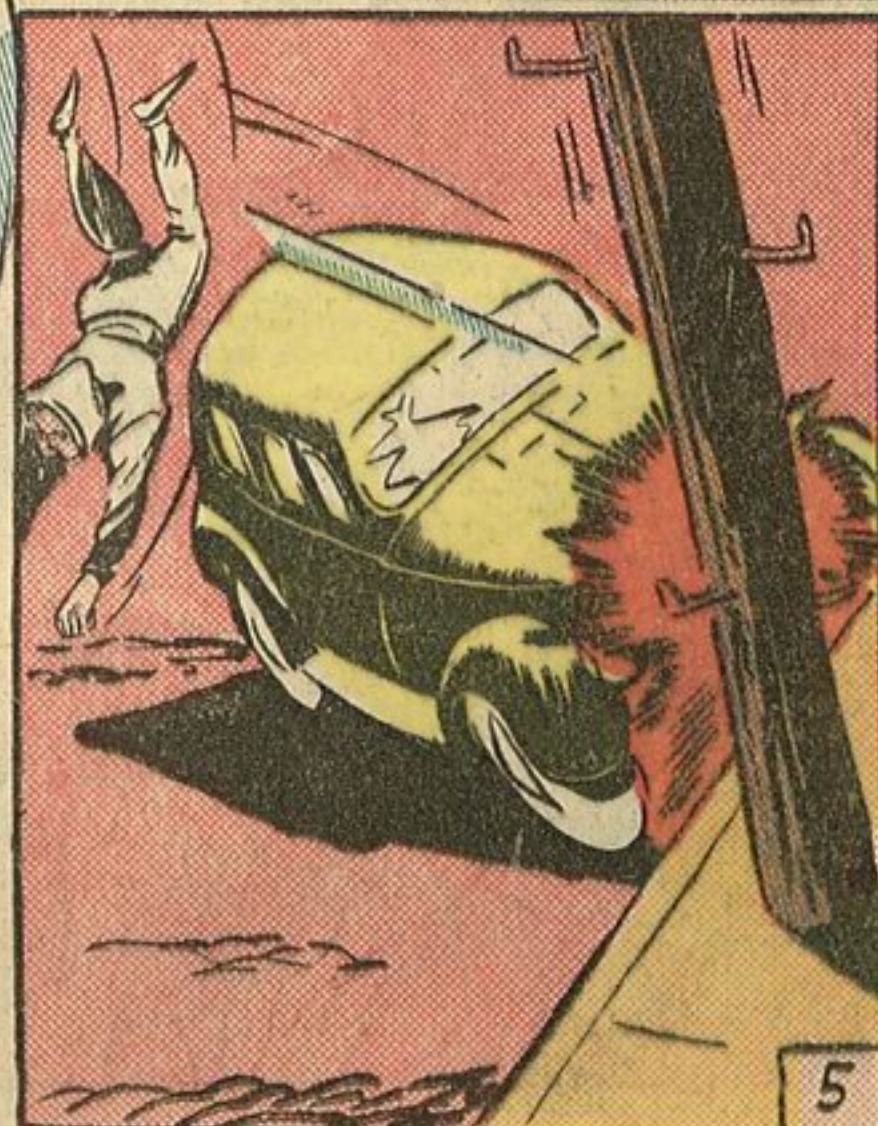
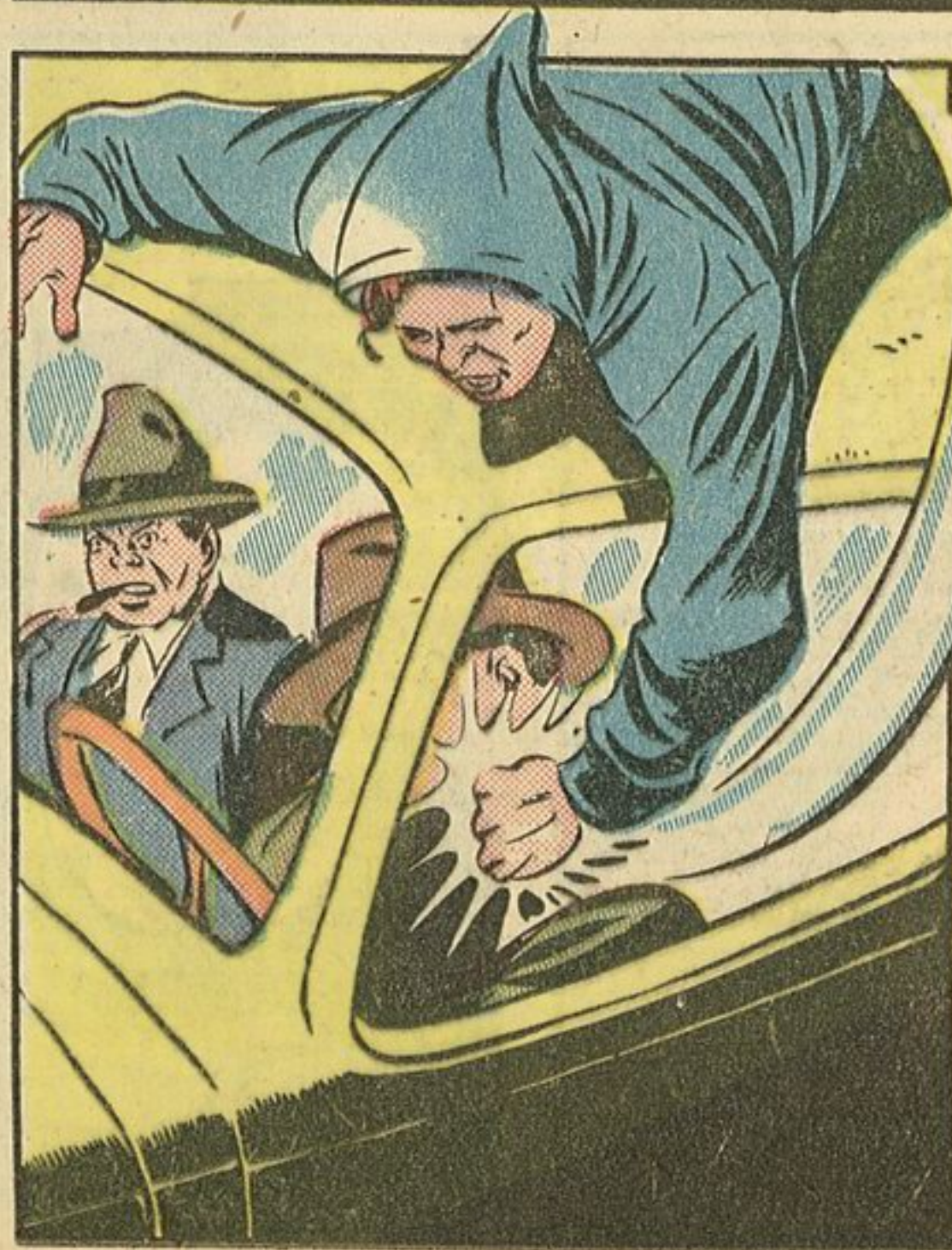
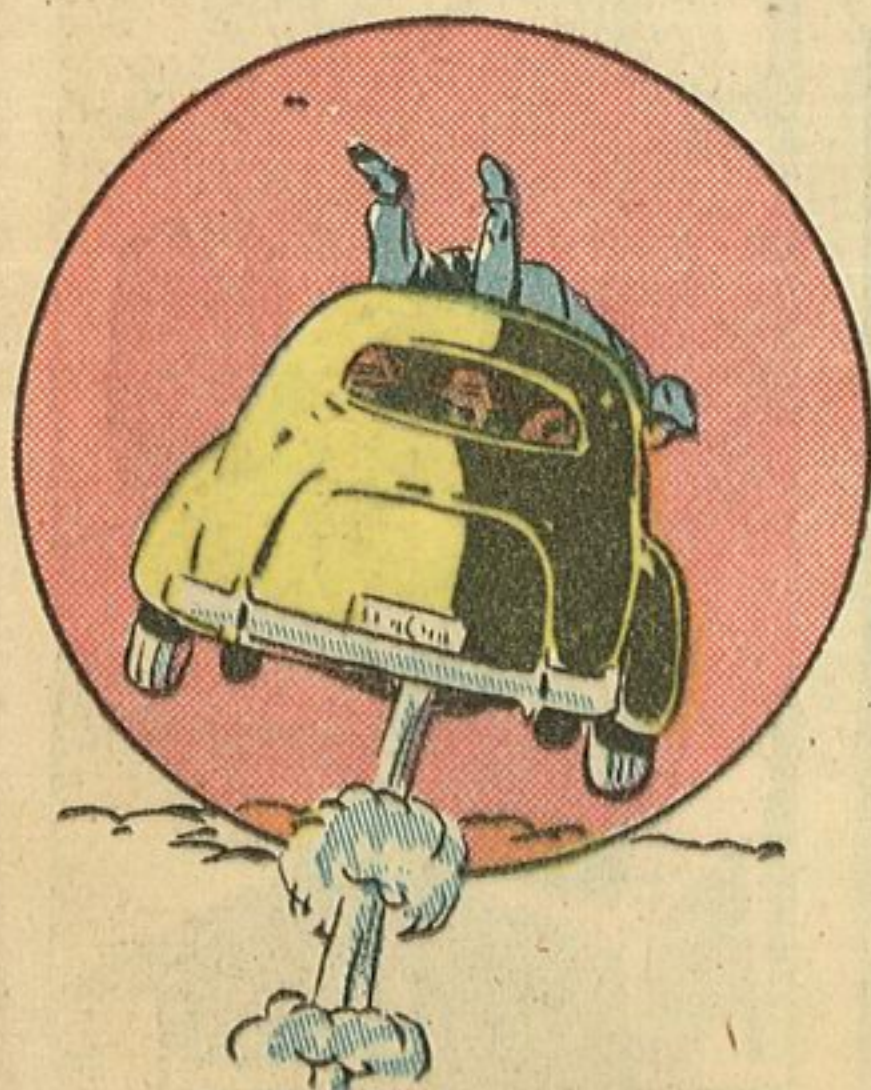
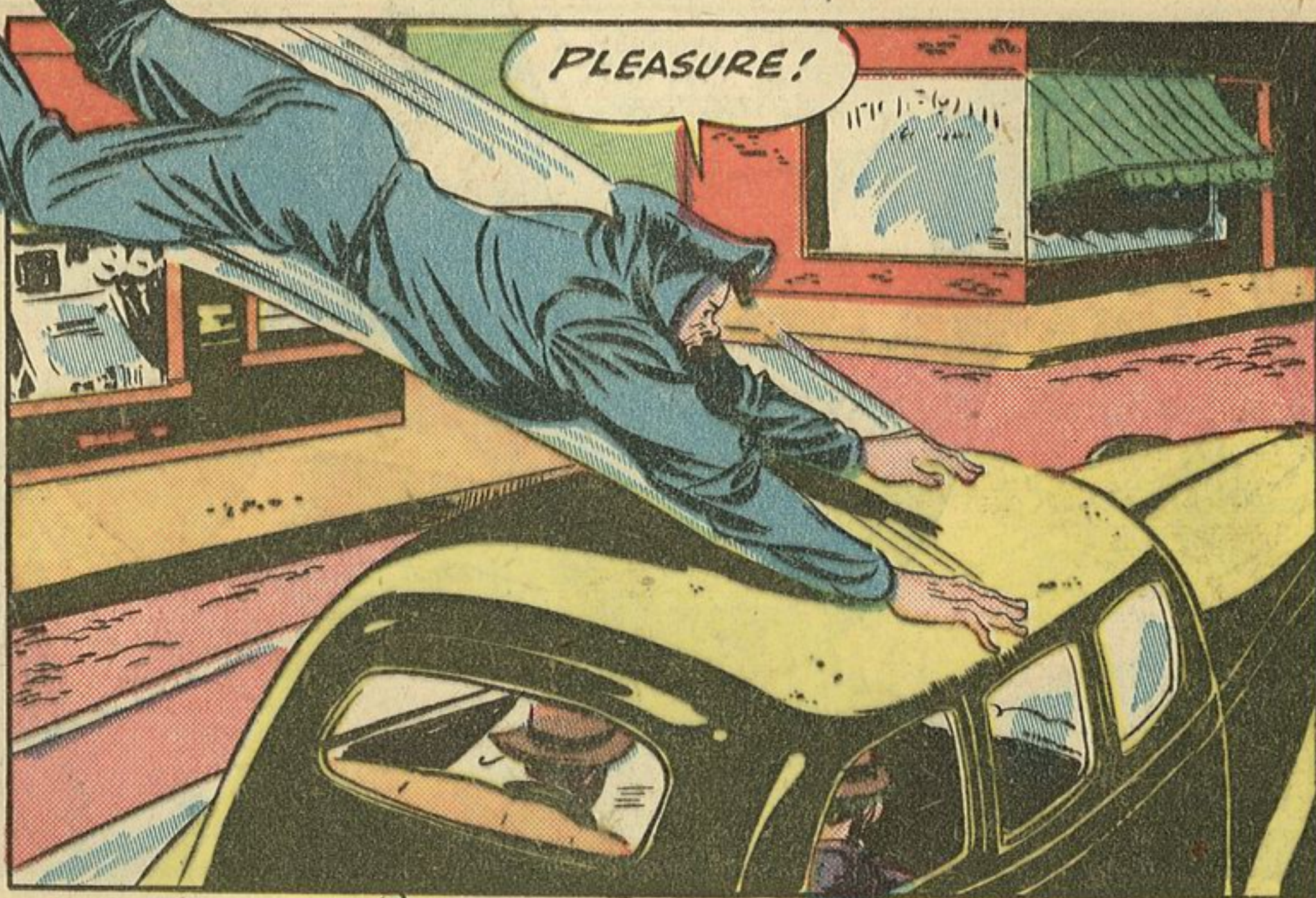
THEY'RE GONE!
...THEY COULDN'T
HAVE GONE
FAR!!



GUESS I WAS
RIGHT... **HOLD
ON YOU GUYS!**

TAKE CARE
OF HIM,
SNIPER!

OKAY!





AFTER THE THUGS ARE SUBDUED, THE FREED RAMON SHEDS LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY.

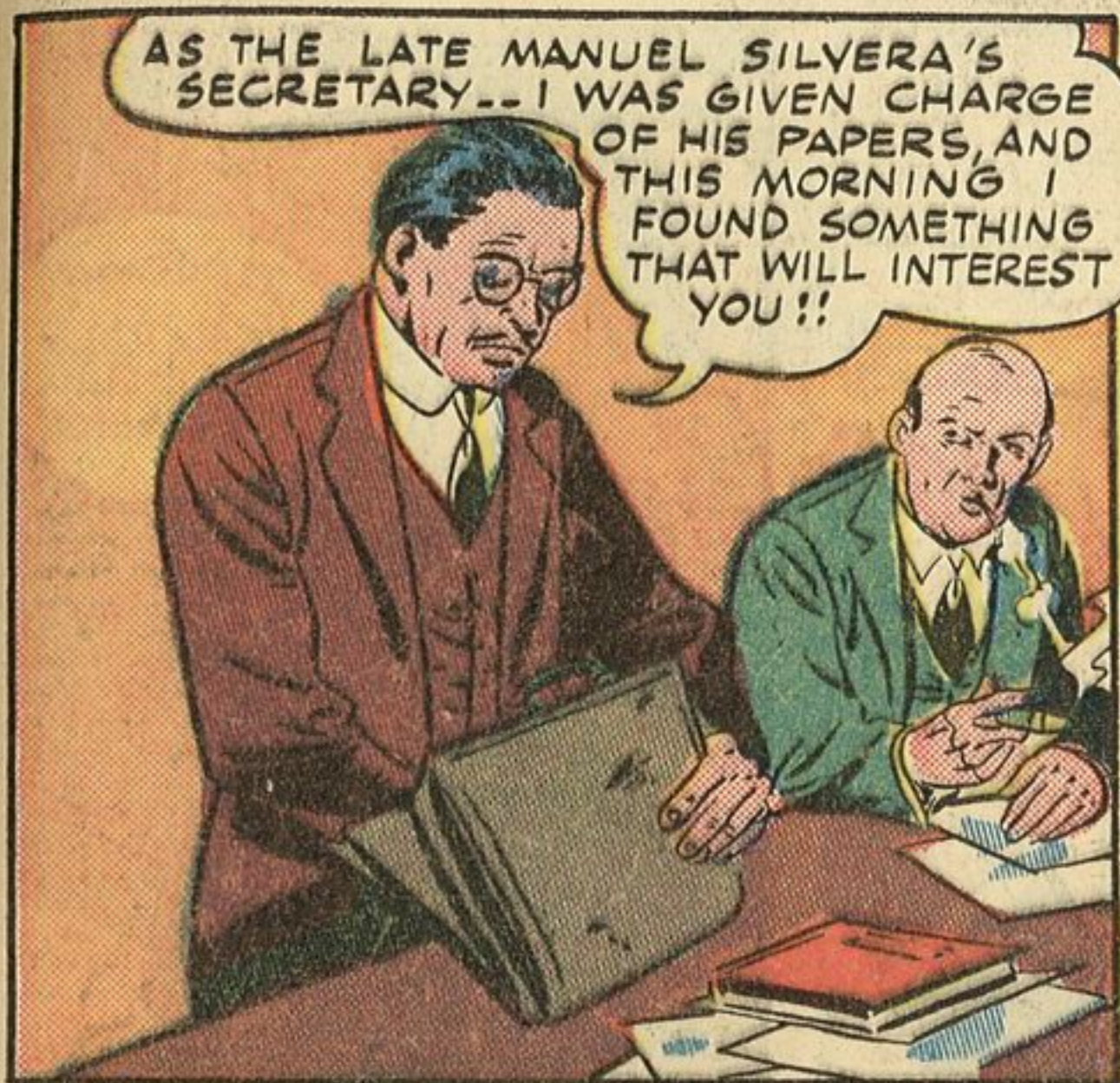


APPARENTLY, A STOOGES IS GOING TO CAST SILVERA'S VOTE, BY PROXY. BUT I THINK I CAN STOP HIM!

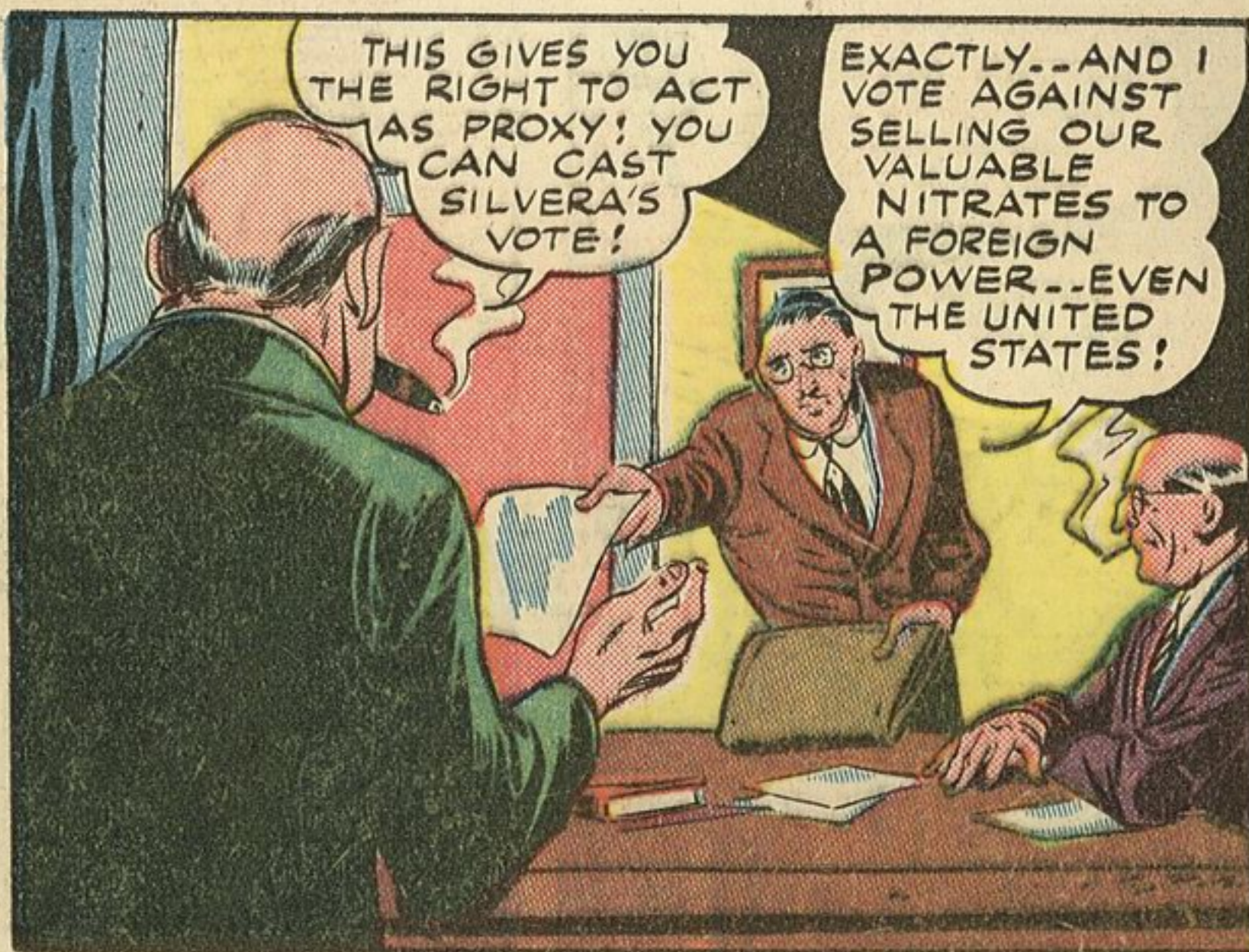


NEXT DAY, AT THE DIRECTORS' MEETING OF NITRATES INC.,





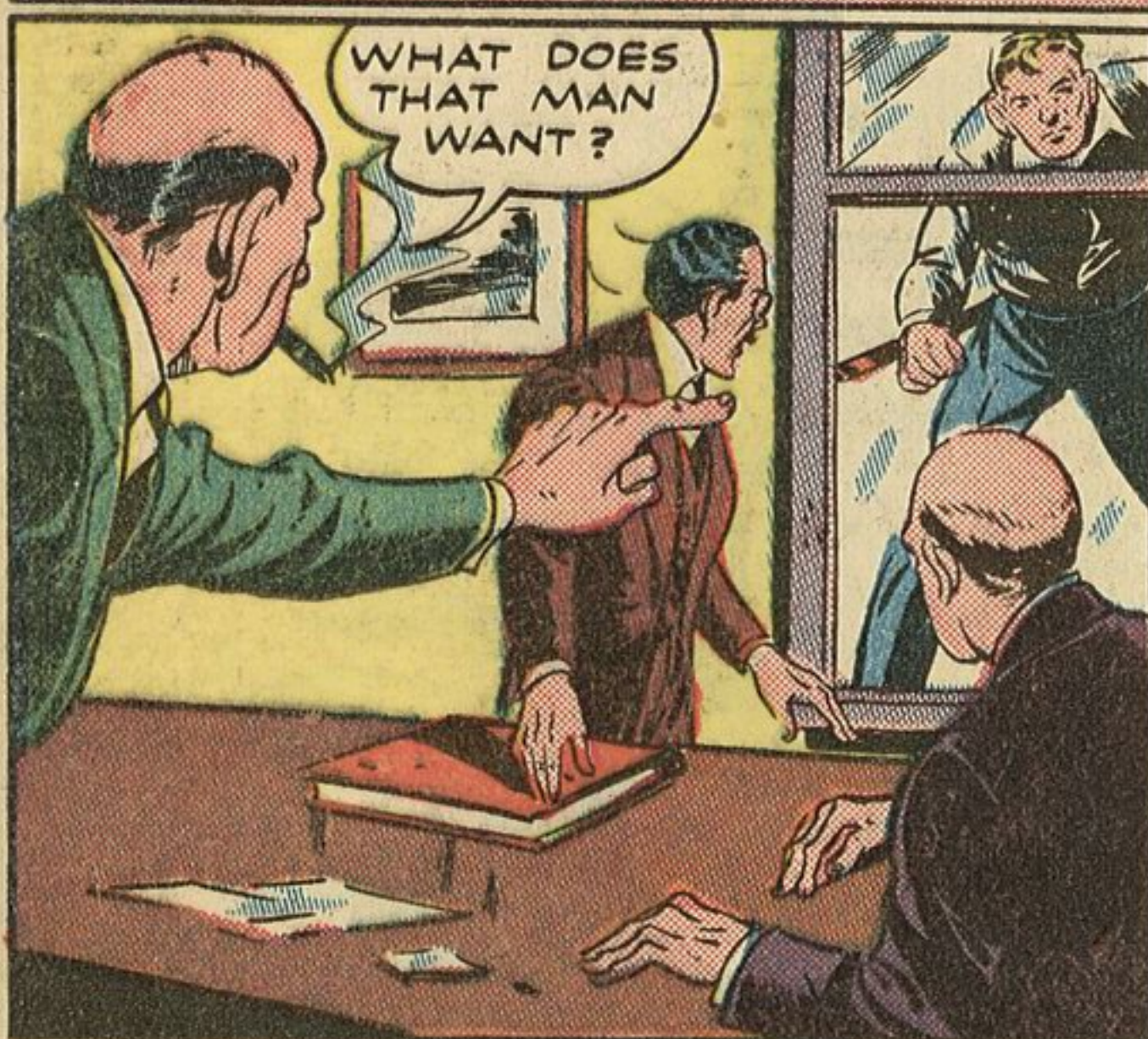
AS THE LATE MANUEL SILVERA'S SECRETARY... I WAS GIVEN CHARGE OF HIS PAPERS, AND THIS MORNING I FOUND SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST YOU!!



THIS GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO ACT AS PROXY! YOU CAN CAST SILVERA'S VOTE!

EXACTLY... AND I VOTE AGAINST SELLING OUR VALUABLE NITRATES TO A FOREIGN POWER... EVEN THE UNITED STATES!

A SUDDEN TAPPING AT THE WINDOW DISTRACTS THE DIRECTORS' ATTENTION...



WHAT DOES THAT MAN WANT?



I GUESS HE WANTS IT OPEN



WHA...A... LET GO OF ME!



WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

DON'T LET GO OF ME!

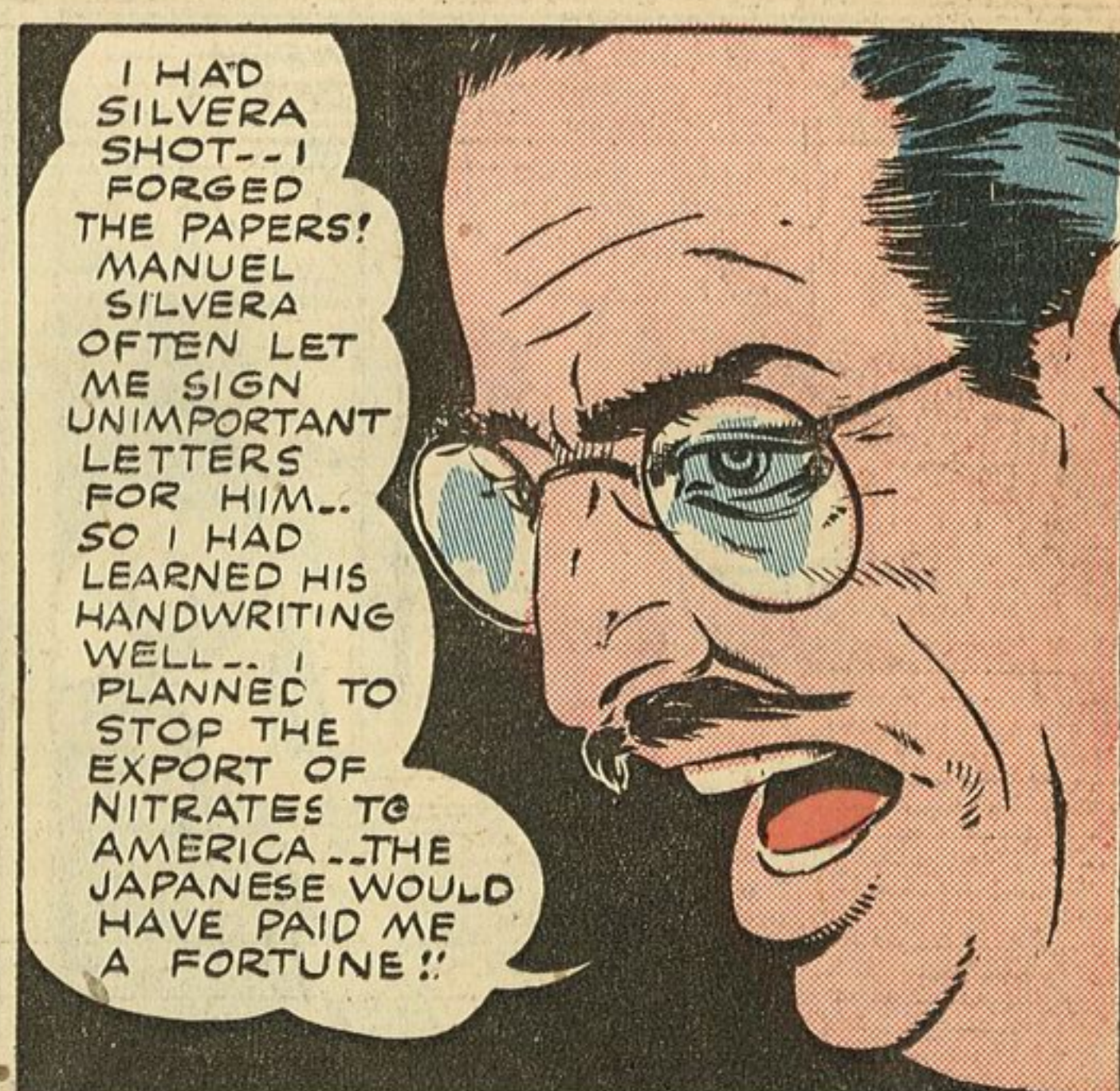


YOU MUST BE MAD!... ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM??



I'M JUST HOLDING HIM HERE UNTIL HE CONFESSES THAT NOTE WAS A FORGERY... JUST LIKE THE SUICIDE NOTE THEY FOUND ON SILVERA'S BODY!!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!



FREE
WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT



illustrations cram three gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened, over a foot wide!

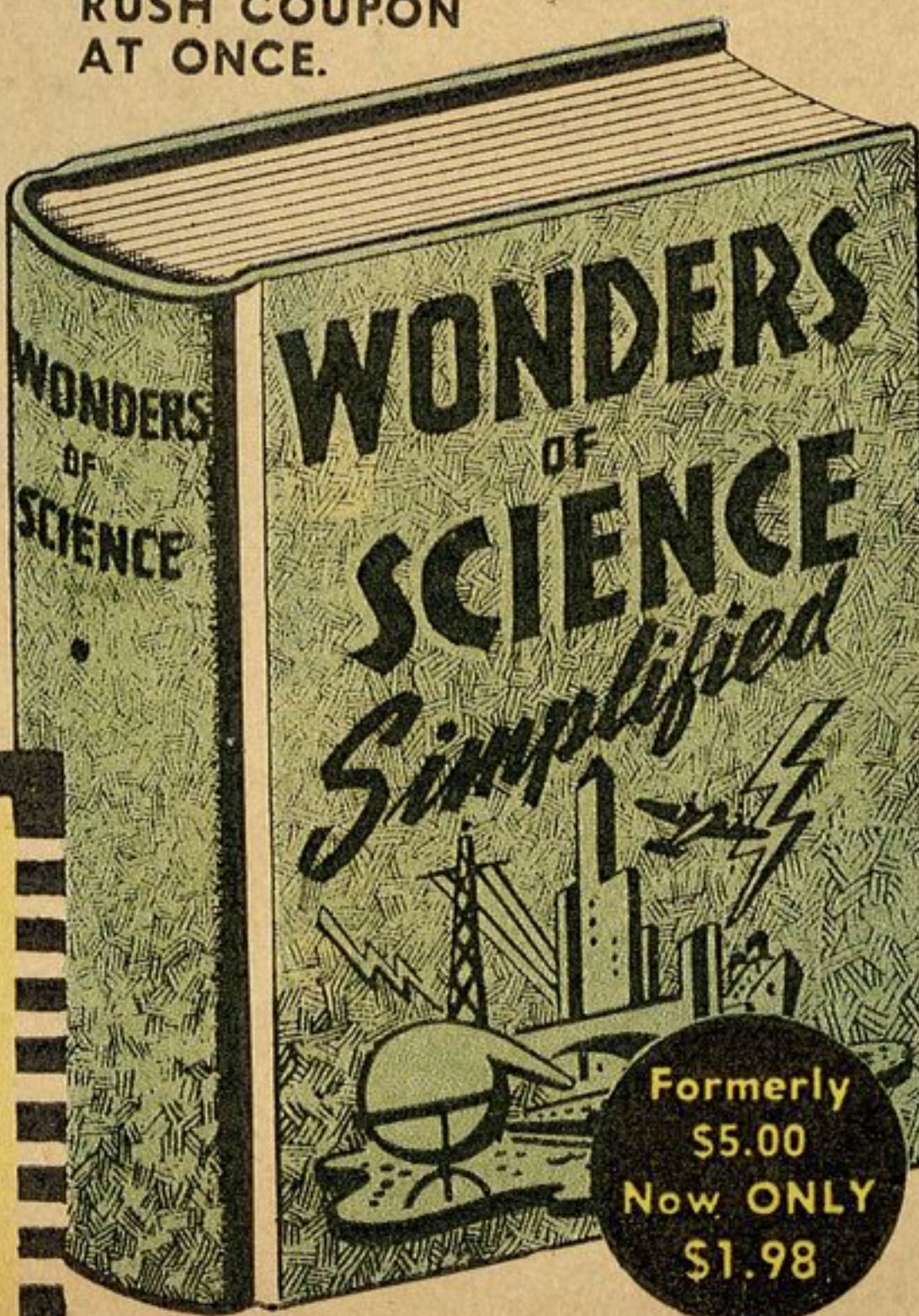
YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention, Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting wonderbook becomes a "walking encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

BIG FREE OFFER — SEND NO MONEY

These three great, profusely-illustrated volumes of **WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED** (bound together) formerly sold for \$5.00. But it is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include **FREE** with your order the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within five days. **ACT NOW**—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again.

**RUSH COUPON
AT ONCE.**



Formerly
\$5.00
Now **ONLY**
\$1.98

**HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS,
MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.**

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF NATURE

- BOOK 1. History & Mystery of Astronomy**
How Men Used to Think of Earth and Sky
How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars
- BOOK 2. Oddest Phenomena on Earth**
Spouting Fountains of Boiling Water
A Marvellous Mountain of Solid Salt
- BOOK 3. Watching the World Change**
How Continents and Oceans Were Formed
How We Know Ground Sinks and Rises
Strange Tale of a Buried Town
- BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified**
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth
The Strange Antics of a Ball of Fire
- BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of Nature**
The Regions of Frost and Fire
The Inside of an Active Volcano

Volume II—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

- BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress**
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships
Queer Forerunners of the Motor-Car
Development of the Modern Locomotive
- BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science**
The Mystery of the Burning Glass
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays
- BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World**
How a Telescope Brings Things Near
How a Microscope Makes Things Big
The Latest Method of Television
- BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments**
Science Experiments for Everybody
Experiments With Simple Chemicals
- BOOK 10. How Great Inventions Work**
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

Volume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF LIFE

- BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages**
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago
- BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life**
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth
- BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea**
Some Nightmares of the Deep Sea
Queer Fishes That Crawl on Land
- BOOK 14. The Animal Wonder Book**
The Animal the World Nearly Lost
The Ugliest of All the Animals
- BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man**
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works
What Your Body Looks Like Inside

METRO PUBLICATIONS
50 W. 17th Street, Dept. 585, New York

WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of **WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED**.

3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hundreds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc.—dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size! These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. — 585

50 W. 17th Street, New York

Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (three dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).

Jim Prentice ANNOUNCES HIS **ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**



Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on sturdy wood frames size 14 x 16 inches. Electrically illuminated. Colorful Handsomely Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

One Minute to Play--
70 yds. Down the field

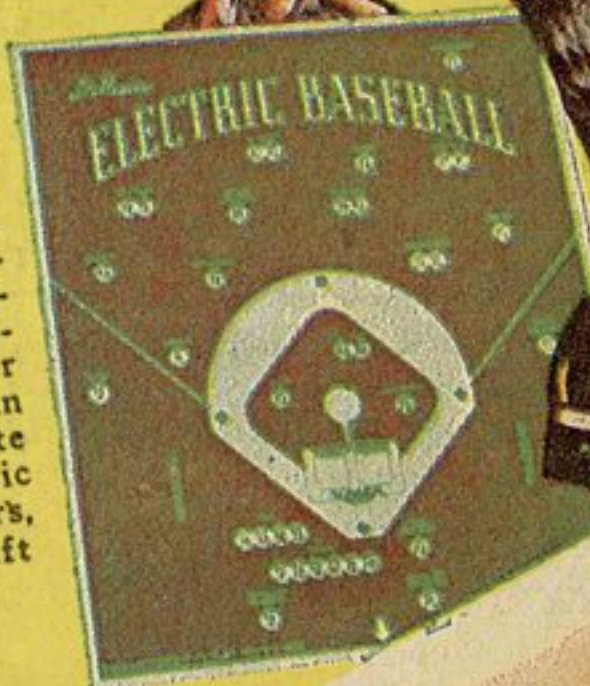
THIS is just one of 176 exciting moments you face playing Jim Prentice's new idea of America's Greatest Game. You get all the breath-taking thrills, the hours of good fun, making long field goals, intercepting forwards, bucking the line, winging bullet-like passes, blocking, tackling, smearing fake kicks, trick plays, and so on.

You call the plays and direct the strategy. If you know winning football and out-smart your opponent you gain more and lose less yards as the little pigskin moves up and down the field. The uncertainties of an actual game are ever present, always providing a fighting chance for the team that's trailing.

This is the greatest game ever invented, America's No. One Best Seller. Comes in an attractive gift box. \$2.

Electric **Baseball**

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric features, Runners, etc. in bright red gift box. \$2.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW - AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH

26 ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.
 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Amount
 Enclosed

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL \$2, postpaid.

ELECTRIC BASEBALL \$2, postpaid.

Name

Address

Town

\$2 less Batteries

Batteries available at
 your neighborhood store

**ORDER
 EARLY!**